★ Sept. 23, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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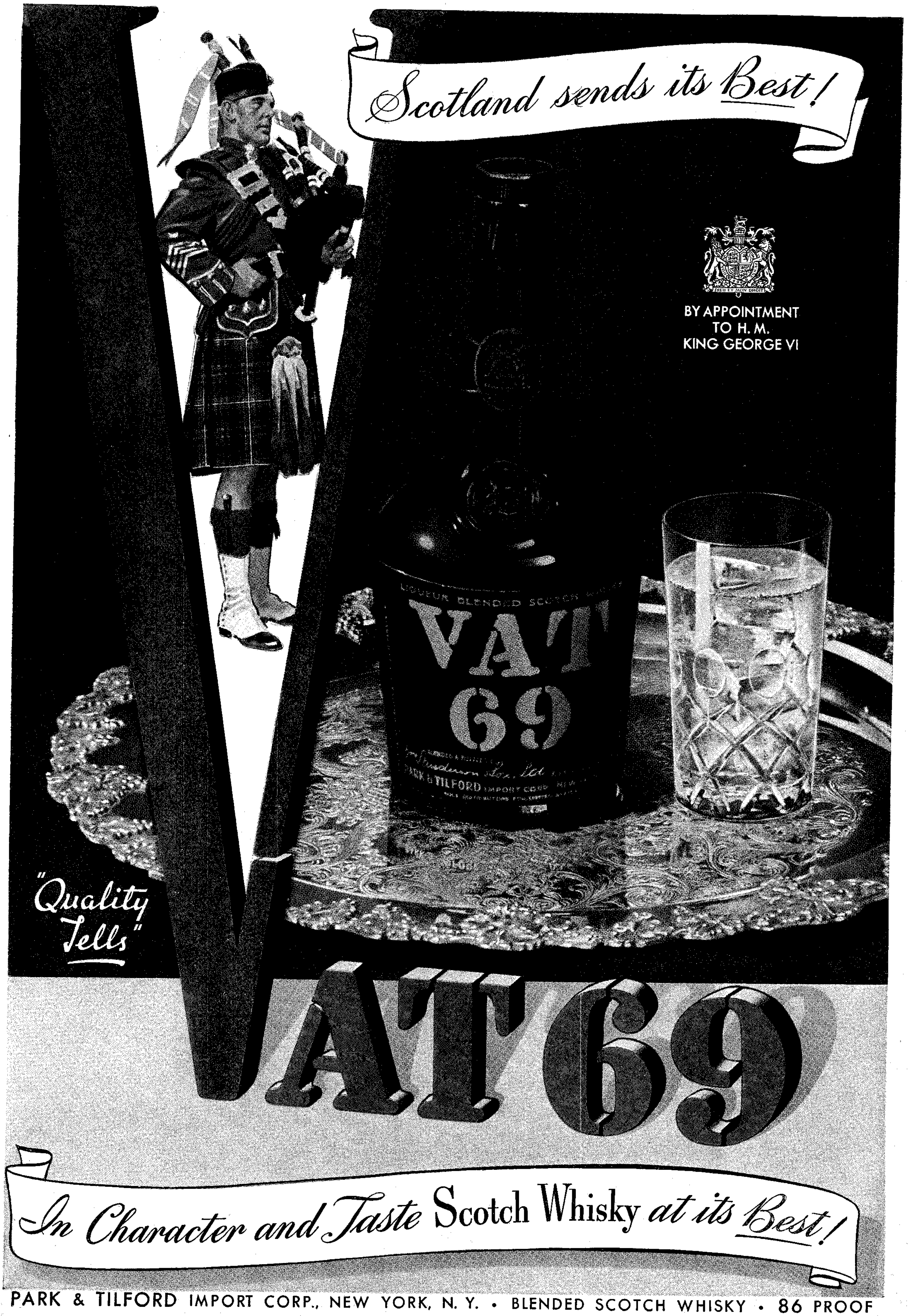
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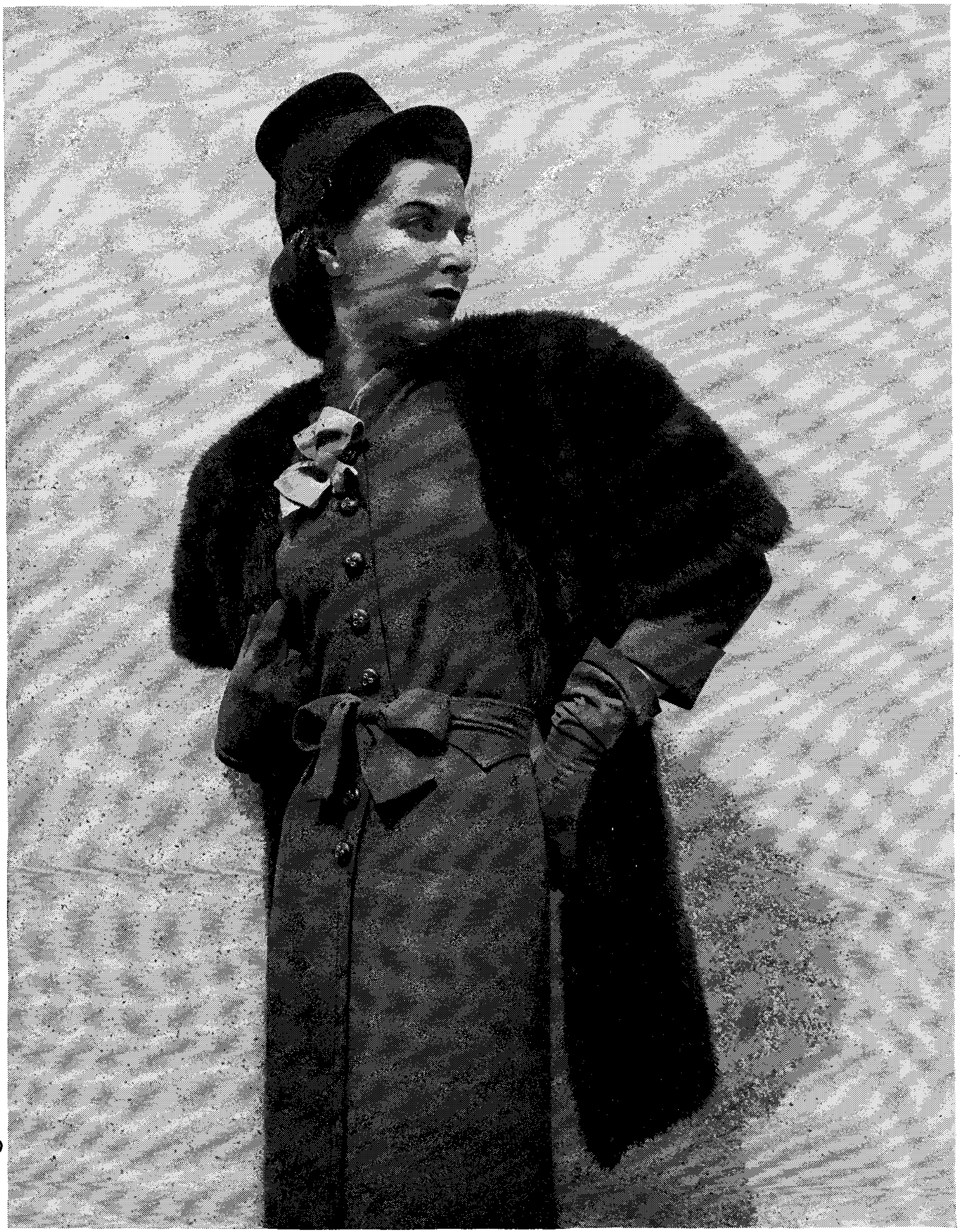

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute has finally made its Broadway appearance, and is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a very strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West's new tendency to confuse herself with Duse rather spoils what might have been a funny show. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Day Will Come—Hitler takes a Russian village but finds himself no match for a Jewish patriarch. Amateur theatricals, with Harry Green and Brandon Peters. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Sept. 23.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes and several others of the original cast in a brief return engagement of this play about the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40, from Wed., Sept. 27, through Wed., Oct. 4. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is rounding out its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. Possibly more interesting as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan and Pamela Rivers. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

While the Sun Shines—A farce by Terence Rattigan, with Melville Cooper, Anne Burr, and Stanley Bell. Directed by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Sun., Sept. 24, at 2:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, handsome musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Handsome and nice to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star Time—A vaudeville show with Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, the DeMarcos, Shirley Dennis, and the Berry Brothers. A few bright spots but on the whole pretty routine and dull. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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MISCELLANY

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Les Sylphides," "Rodeo," and "The Red Poppy," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 21. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Scheherazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Fri. Eve., Sept. 22. . . . "Swan Lake," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Le Beau Danube," Sat. Aft., Sept. 23. . . . "Serenade," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "The Nutcracker," Sat. Eve., Sept. 23. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "The Red Poppy," Sun. Aft., Sept. 24. . . . "Swan Lake," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "The Red Poppy," Sun. Eve., Sept. 24. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Variety Show—A program by Jimmy Savo, Richard Dyer-Bennet, Mary Lou Williams, and several others. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Fri., Sept. 29, at 8:40 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. Many of them are closed or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Spacious, and summery. Jules Lande's orchestra plays quietly for dinner and supper dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room will reopen on Fri., Sept. 22, with an ice show and Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Burl Ives, Hazel Scott and Ed Hall's orchestra; that is to say, little room for improvement.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with solid folk songs by Josh White and solid music by Benny Morton's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis filling this enormous room with sound and fury. Dance music by Abe Lyman's orchestra. Never mind the rest of the show. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Adrian Rollini Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—College-prom atmosphere, with college-prom music (after 9:30 P.M.) by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Dr. Giovanni, the accomplished pickpocket, at work. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as pleasant and handsome as a roof can be. Fred Miller's orchestra plays for dinner and supper.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Irwin Fielding's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the big and elaborate Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the streets. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof there's a trio of acrobats (yes, acrobats) at suppertime, along with Mischa Borr's neat rumba band. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dancing throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—LE RU-

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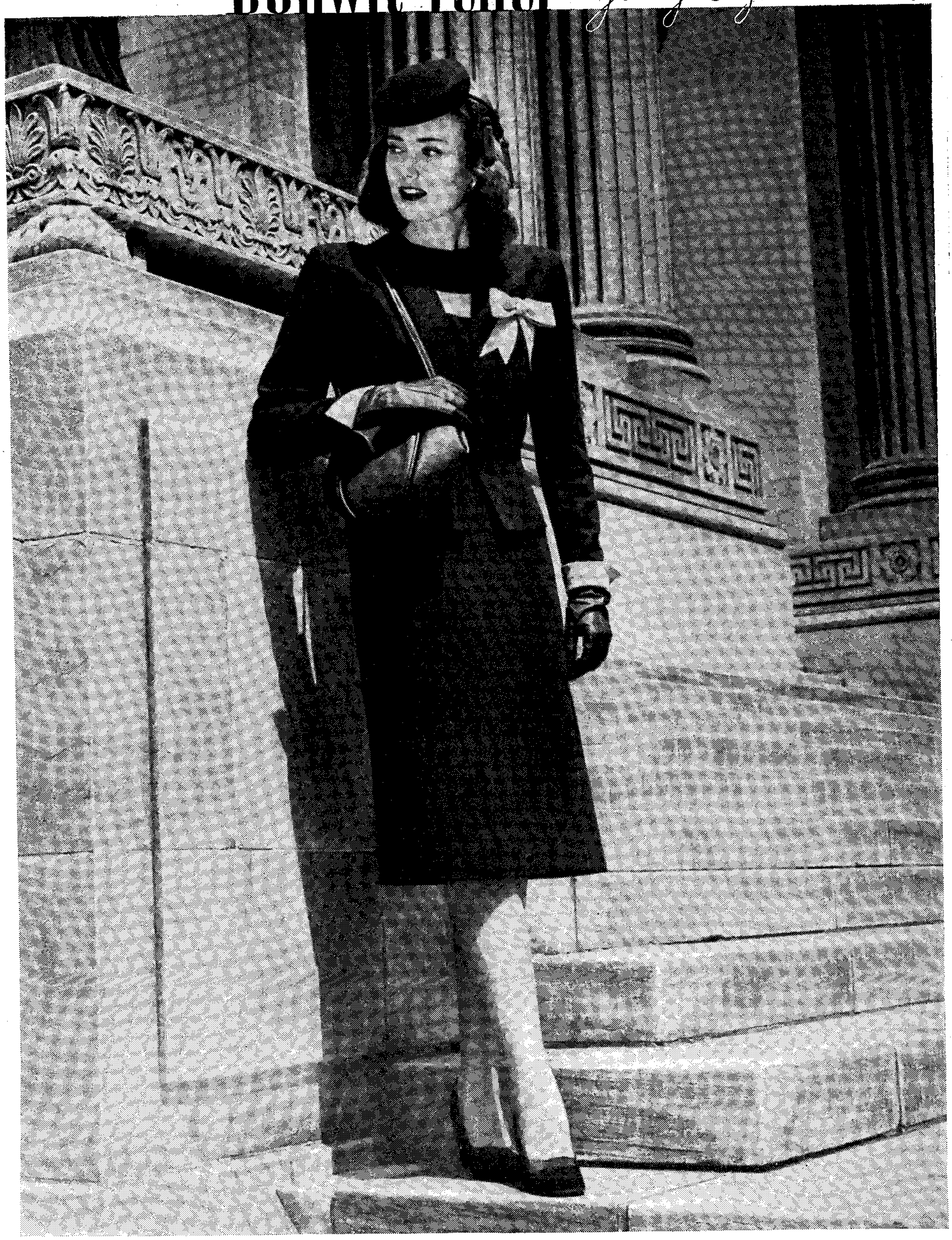

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • ALSO WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

BAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): comedy by Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, songs by Dawn, Day, and Dusk, music by Cedric Wallace's Trio. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): this baroque little place has George and Gene Bernard, Richard Dyer-Bennet, the Herman Chittison Trio, Stuart Ross, and Pearl Bailey. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her ballads about the special problems of life in New York. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): quiet and pleasant, with Ted Hunter rambling along at the piano.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls and (at the supper hour) Dwight Fiske, with his raised-eyebrows songs. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Bela Bizony's ensemble after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): José Morand's rumba band and Sammy Kaye's orchestra; through Sat., Sept. 23. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space.

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Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): jazz and nothing but, by Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and Miff Mole. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky playing trumpet and heading his band; James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith playing the piano in between times. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the noise is supplied in quantity by Hot Lips Page's quintet and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins, his eminent saxophone, and his band, as well as Billie Holiday and her desultory songs. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala, Adele Girard, and their band are, happily, back at their old stand. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Slam Stewart's trio doing a nice job. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio hard at work; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

George Biddle—The European war as Mr. Biddle sees it: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 29.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—About six-hundred of the twenty thousand prints made by the Mexican, Posada. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

European—Old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 4 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30.

Folk Art—Late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century art from New England and New York: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30.

French—At the **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 23. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: landscapes, most of them Impressionist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30.

Oronzo Gasparo—Water colors and a few oils: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30.

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 23. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce and Betty Parsons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Oct. 14. . . . **PUMA,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Weekdays, except Sat., Sept. 23, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: an early and a recent work by each of forty painters and sculptors; included are George Grosz, Adolf Dehn, and Thomas Benton. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: recent paintings and water colors by twenty-five or more contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 7. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: modern French and American paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 29.

Huseyin Halit—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters back from their hideaway in Whitemarsh, Pa.; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sat., Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting and sculpture (through Oct. 15), and architecture and industrial art (through Oct. 22); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and members of his studio workshop (through Oct. 8), and about a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Nov. 19). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

Karl Priebe—Recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 7.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Open for the season with an exhibit selected from the permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

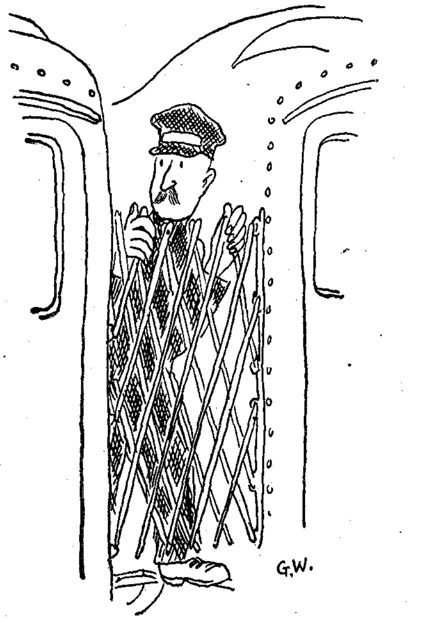
SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 21-22, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., Sept. 23, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 24 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Mon. and Wed., Sept. 25 and 27, at 2:30 P.M., and Tues., Sept. 26 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 28-30, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., Sept. 21, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sat., Sept. 23, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 24 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Mon. through Wed., Sept. 25-27, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 28-30, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tami Mauriello vs. Joe Baksi, heavyweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Sept. 22. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Football—Columbia vs. Union, Baker Field, Sat., Sept. 30, at 3 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park at 1:15 P.M.; through Oct. 7. (Matron Stakes and Manhattan Handicap, Sept. 23; Lawrence Realization Stakes, Sept. 26; the Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Sept. 30.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station weekdays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.



Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, at 8:40 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30, with the final week a benefit for war charities. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sun., Sept. 24, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.,** 5 Ave. at 51: a full-size replica of a German robot bomb, shipped here from England, along with photomurals of the destruction these weapons have caused. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 26. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas dealing with the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground; also, the development of our Navy from 1776 on, graphically presented by means of four hundred models, including every type of vessel now in service. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **AMERICAN RELIEF FOR FRANCE,** 457 Madison, at 51: a photographic exhibit of Free French activities on the Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French Underground. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 29.

Harvest Show—New York City Victory gardeners exhibiting their prize vegetables, fruits, flowers, and canned goods: C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42; Thurs., Sept. 28, from 12 noon to 9 P.M.; Fri., Sept. 29, from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; and Sat., Sept. 30, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plans for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., demonstrated by a large exhibition of scale models, maps, and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; and Wed., Fri., and Sat., 12 noon to 9 P.M.

Americana—A collection of John Rogers sculpture, including such groups as "The School Examination," "Football," and "The Favored Scholar": New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 77. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 30.

Auction—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—European and Oriental ivories, French and English furniture, and tapestries and Oriental rugs, owned by Mrs. Harold C. Bishop, the late Claire L. Schmelzel, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 21-23, at 2 P.M. . . . English and French furniture, Spanish rugs, and objects of art, owned by the late Mrs. Christian R. Holmes: Tues. through Sat., Sept. 26-30, at 2 P.M.

Note—The Post Office is now accepting Christmas packages, without a letter of request, for service men overseas. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men in all branches of the service must be mailed by Oct. 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

ON THE AIR

Campaign Speeches—Governor Dewey: Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 21-22, at 11 P.M., and Mon., Sept. 25, at 10 P.M., WEAF. . . . President Roosevelt: Sat., Sept. 23, at 9:30 P.M., WABC, WEAF.

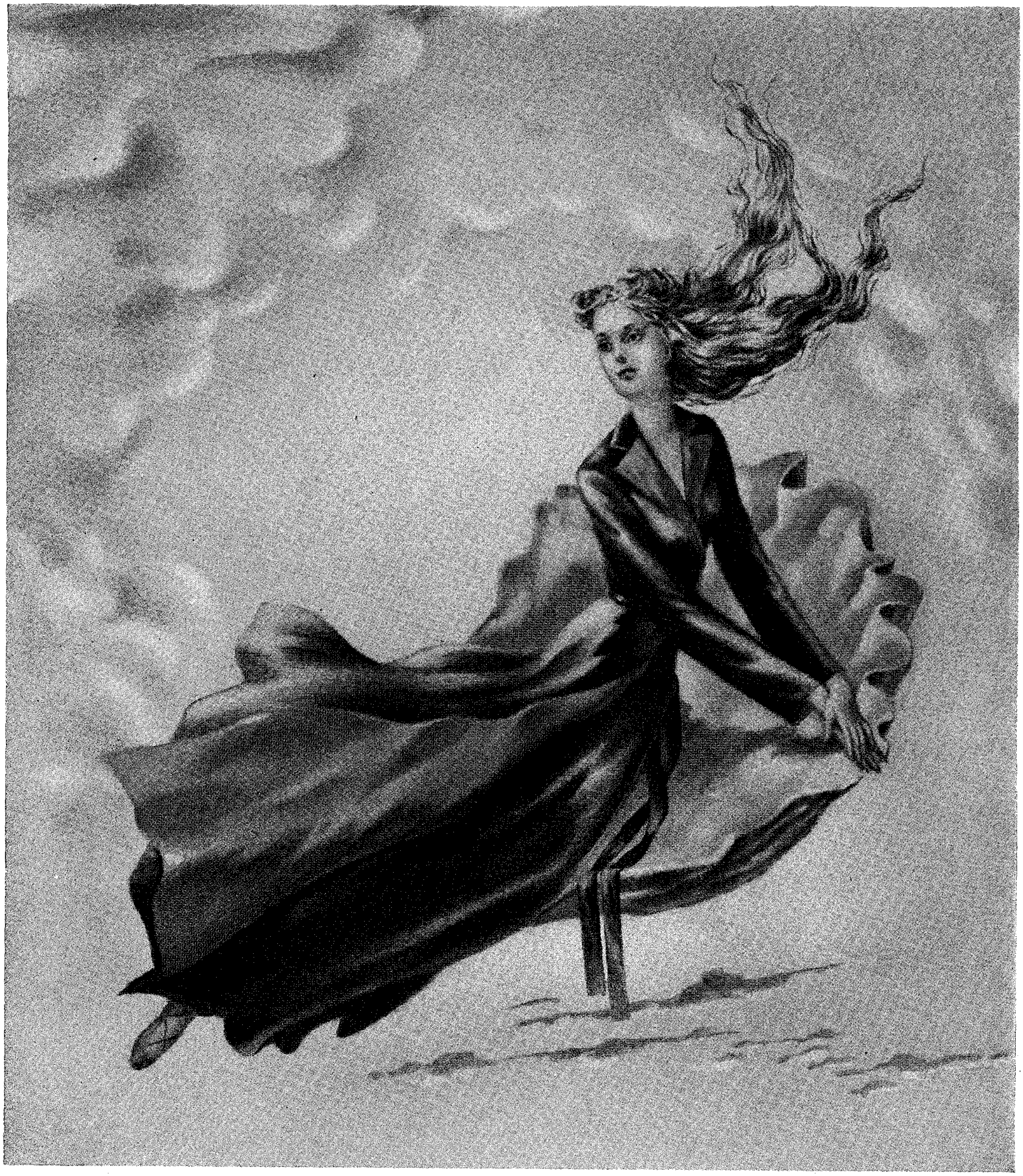
Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Sun., Sept. 24, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Sept. 30, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Sept. 23 and 30, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Tami Mauriello vs. Joe Baksi, Fri., Sept. 22, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football: Pittsburgh vs. Notre Dame, Sat., Sept. 30, at 1:45 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., and Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Arsenic and Old Lace—Pretty funny, as might be expected. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and John



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

Alexander, of the stage cast, are teamed with such newcomers as Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Casanova Brown—About as funny as a picture can be which involves the kidnapping of a new-born baby. In short, not altogether funny, but well played by Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Frank Morgan. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Christmas Holiday—Gene Kelly and Deanna Durbin as a criminal type and his enduring wife. Heavy stuff for Miss Durbin, but she handles it well enough. From a book by Somerset Maugham. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Sept. 21.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 22-25... Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Tues., Sept. 22-26.)

Double Indemnity—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband, with considerable ingenuity. The cast is headed by Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

The Eve of St. Mark—An adaptation of, and an improvement over, Maxwell Anderson's play about a soldier at home with his girl and at war in the Philippines. William Eythe, Anne Baxter, and Vincent Price. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Sept. 21.)

48 Hours—A neat bit of conjecture by the British on what might have happened if German parachutists had landed in one of their villages back in pre-invasion days. Leslie Banks and others. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27.)

Going My Way—Quiet adventures in a Catholic parish in New York, with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as members of the clergy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Sept. 21.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Mon., Sept. 25.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Thurs., Sept. 28.)

The Hitler Gang—A realistic reënactment of the rise to power of Hitler and Company. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and Poldy Dur. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Sept. 25.... Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83rd; through Wed., Sept. 27.)

Home in Indiana—Trotting horses and young love, mildly and rather pleasantly portrayed. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Tues., Sept. 26.)

The Impatient Years—Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn are deftly comic in this account of what happens when a wife forgets what her soldier-husband looks like. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

Kismet—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich looking handsome and lighthearted in a riot of Technicolor in old Bagdad. No significance attempted and none gained. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Mask of Dimitrios—A slow but workmanlike version of an Eric Ambler thriller. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Sat., Sept. 23.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 22-25.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 26-28.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 27-28.)

Mr. Skeffington—Bette Davis again holds a long, somewhat bumpy picture together with her acting. She plays a giddy heartbreaker, and Claude Rains plays her patient husband. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Sept. 23.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Sept. 27-30.)

Once Upon a Time—About a caterpillar that dances when anybody plays "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." Cary Grant, Janet Blair, James Gleason, and Ted Donaldson. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Sept. 22.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 24-26.)

Since You Went Away—Tears and laughter on the home front. An abundant cast, led by Claudette Colbert, moves tenderly from cliché to cliché for the best part of three hours. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Sept. 27.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—Jimmy Durante steals a variety show which also has Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, Harry James, Xavier Cugat, Gloria De Haven, and Van Johnson. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 24-26.... Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 26-28.)

Up in Arms—All Danny Kaye and a yard wide. The story has faintly to do with Army life. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 21.)

Wilson—*Isolationism's famous victim is treated* with reverent speed, and in Technicolor, by Producer Zanuck and a huge cast led by Alexander Knox. Sketchy history but a good show. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., Sept. 26.... Victoria, B'way at 46; from Wed., Sept. 27.)

Wing and a Prayer—An all-male cast, including Don Ameche and Charles Bickford, does well by this stirring if not very novel *treatment* of Navy flyers on a carrier in the Pacific. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Tues., Sept. 26.... Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., Sept. 29.)

Note—"Battle for the Marianas," a new short documentary film, is being shown at almost all first-run theatres. *These terse and vivid action pictures* were photographed by combat cameramen and are presented by the Marine Corps with no editorializing whatever.

REVIVALS

Across the Pacific (1942)—Spies and counter-spies. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet. (Thalia, B'way at 95, Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 26-28.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 24-25.... Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 22-25.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 26-28.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 24-26.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Sept. 21.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 24-26.)

Pastor Hall (1940)—Germany in early Hitler days. Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 27-28.)

Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 23.)

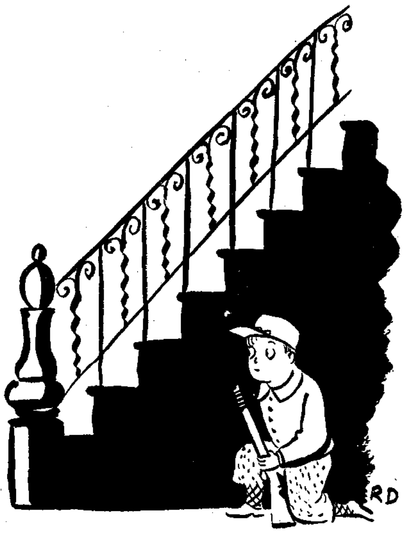
Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Sept. 29.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—Hitchcock film about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, and Macdonald Carey. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 22-23.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—The old Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 27-28.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: **THROUGH SUN., SEPT. 24:** "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903), and "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess.... **FROM MON., SEPT. 25:** "Wild Bill Hickok" (1923), with William S. Hart.



CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

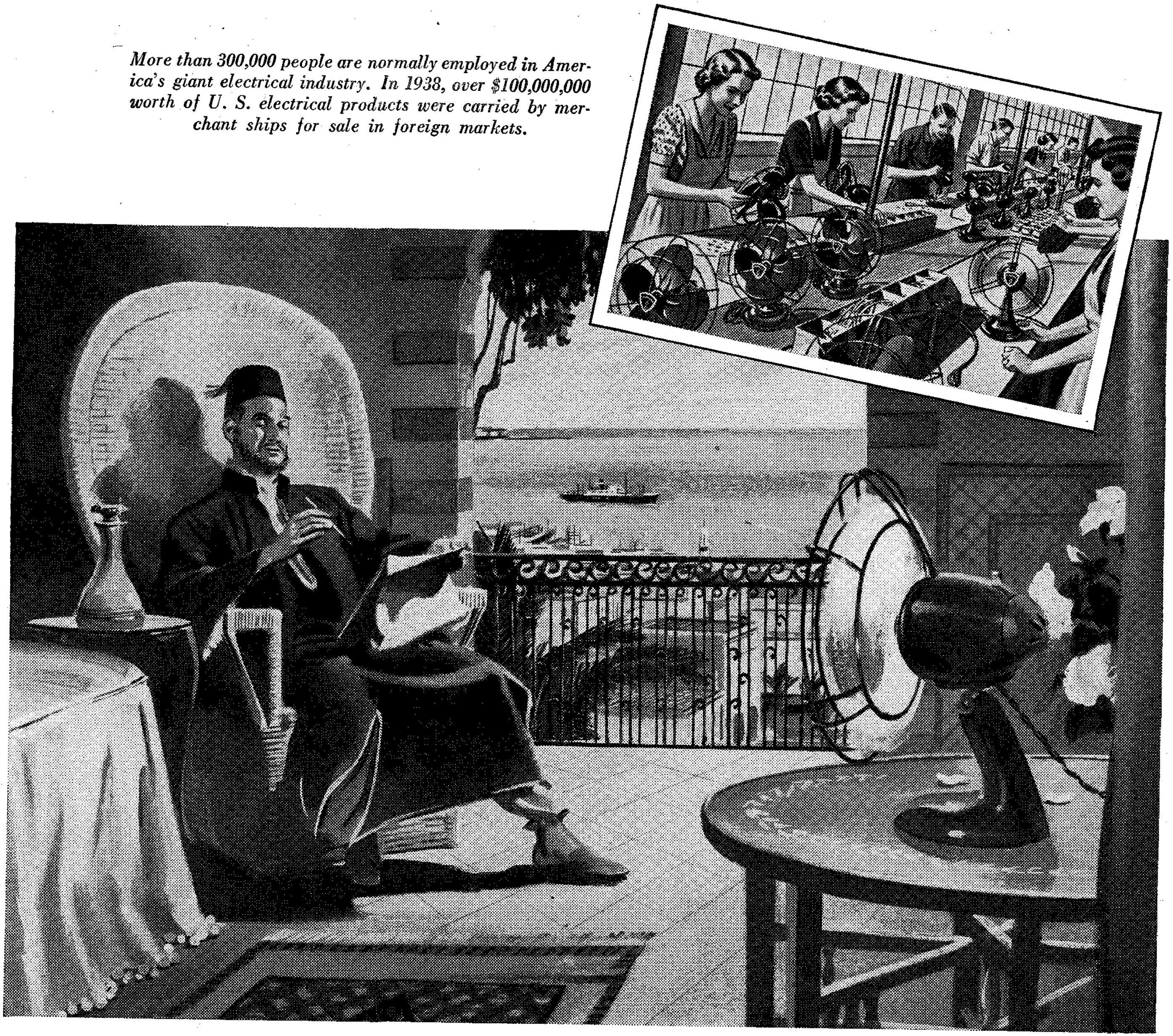
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week as receptionists in Department of Health clinics; women to work two or three half days a week as assistants in nursery schools.... **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women to take a forty-hour course and then work four hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals.... **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487).... **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, or dietary or ward aides; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as clinic or surgical-supply aides and (especially on weekends) as ward aides.

Note—The War Manpower Commission needs volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Red Cross is greatly in need of Type O blood, to be flown overseas in whole-blood form. Volunteers who are Type O, as well as all other donors, whose blood is needed for plasma, are urged to call MU 5-6400 for an appointment.... A drive is on to collect practical clothing, in good condition, to be sent to the liberated countries of Europe; contributions will be accepted by all churches and synagogues, which will turn them over to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration for distribution.... American Relief for France, 457 Madison, at 51 (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the organization's offices.... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, pocket-size books, and pool and tennis tables. Two organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976).... The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for overseas Christmas kits.... *Musical instruments of all* kinds, but especially drums and brasses, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).... Good books of all kinds *are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If* you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.



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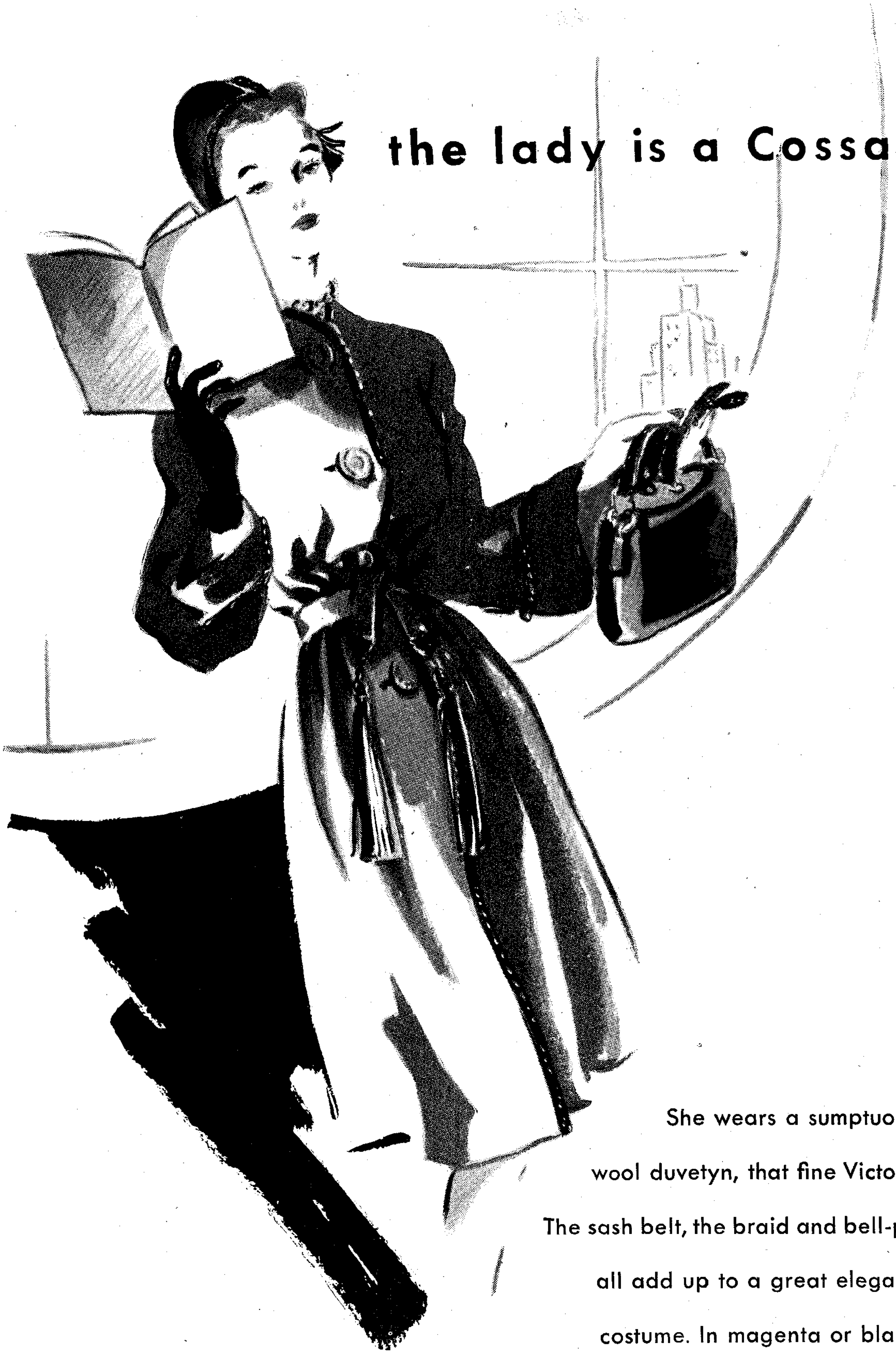

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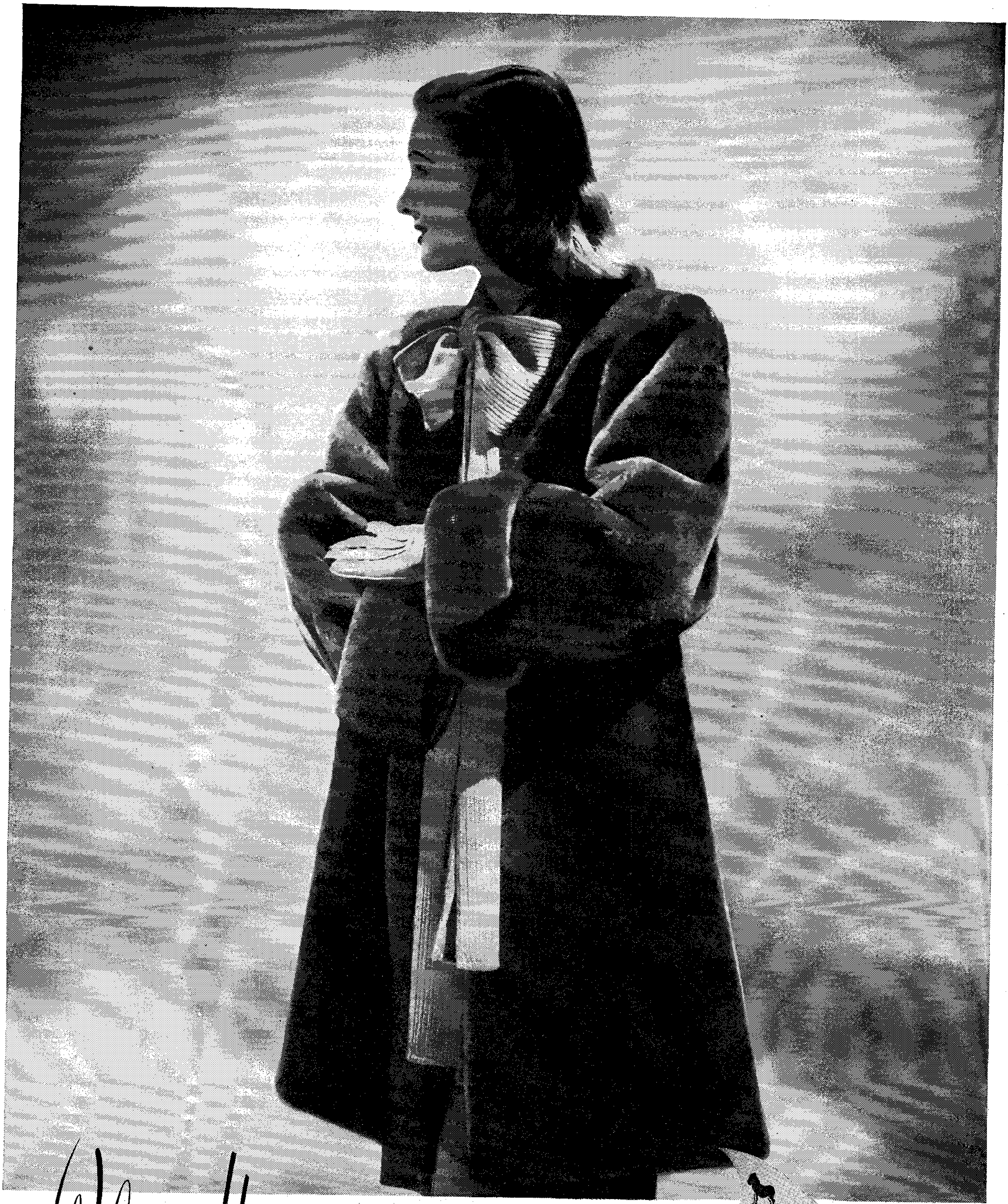

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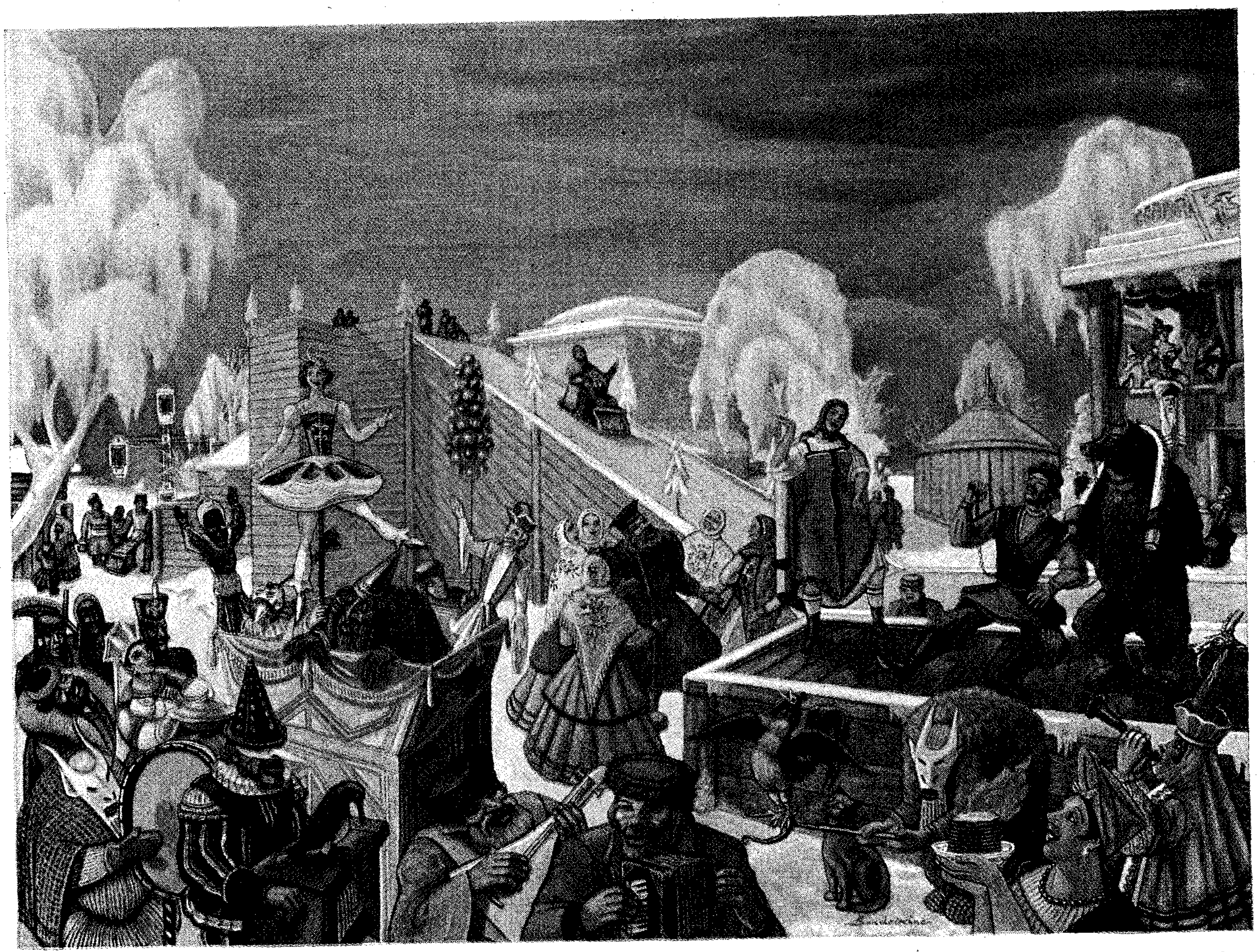

The carnival scene from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," painted for the Capehart Collection by Serge Soudeikine. The canvas depicts the puppet show characters . . . Petrouchka, The Ballerina, The Blackamoor, and The Showman . . . in the colorful animation of the entire carnival. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

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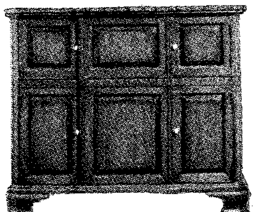

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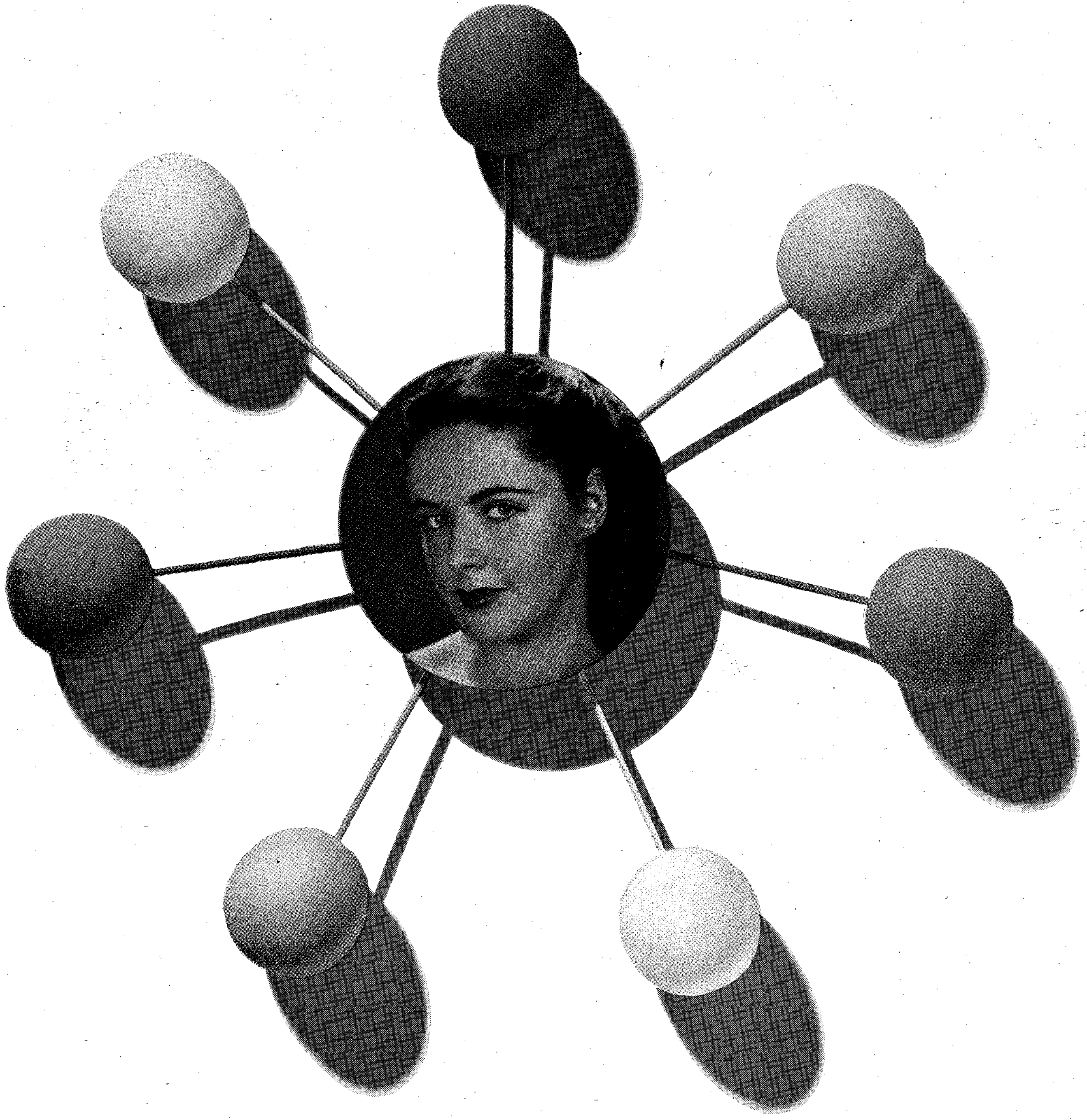
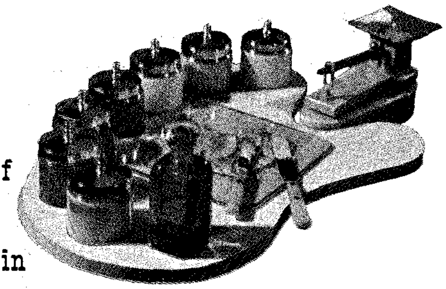


Jacqueline
COCHRAN



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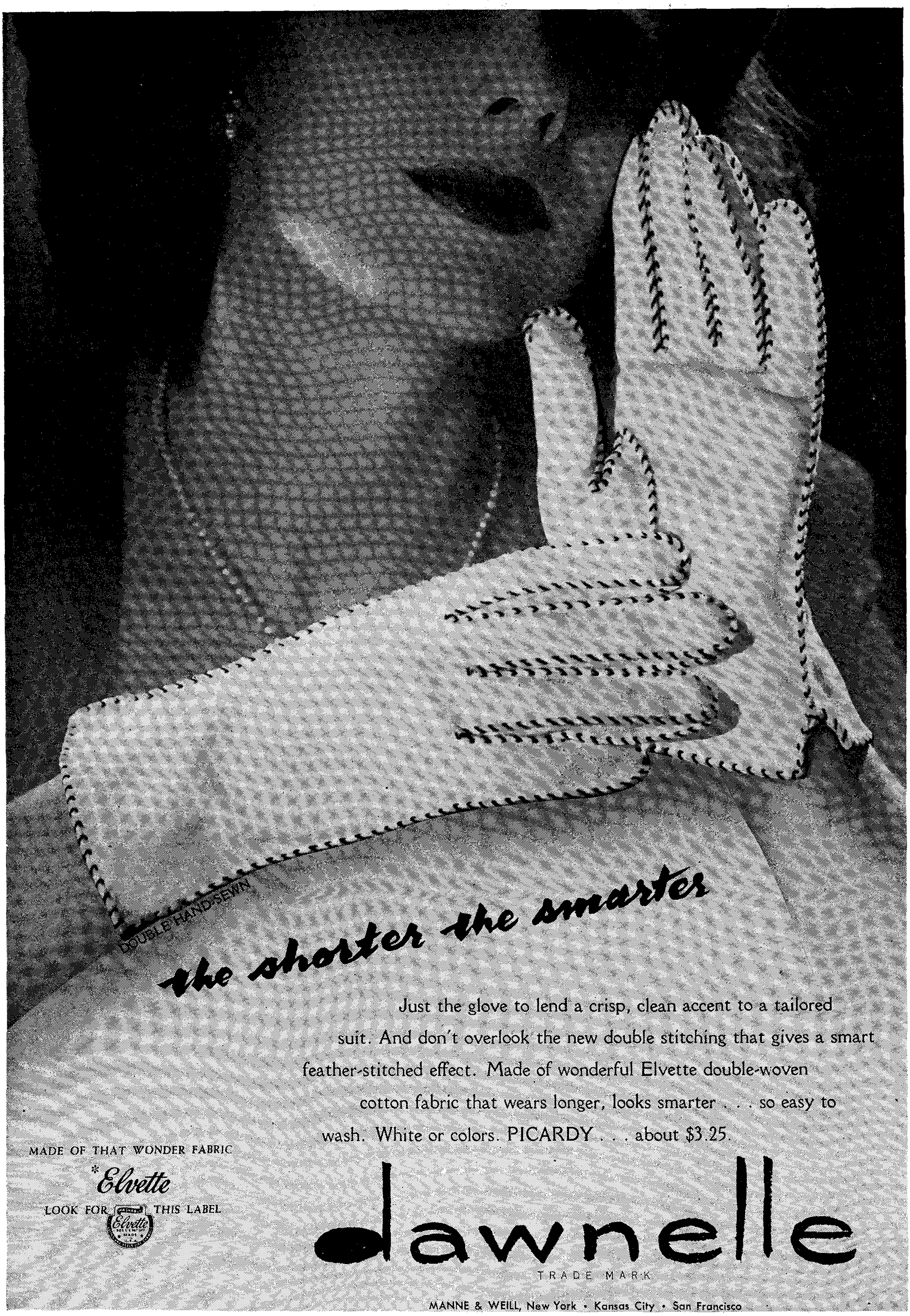

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THE NEW YORKER

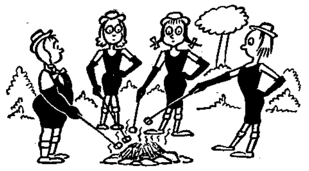
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Department of Agriculture has sent us a list of the achievements of its scientists during recent years. It is a list that makes one proud. A cork substitute, a phosphate drink for cattle, a louse powder for the armed forces, a small turkey, starch from sweet potatoes, lacquer from cow's milk, tannin from sumac, a new method of dehydrating cheese, a new poison bait for the Mormon cricket, a preservative for chicken feathers, a smear for screwworms, a hybrid onion, and a design for a hydraulic drop structure for gully control. Such tangible evidence of human ingenuity and perseverance should be an inspiration to our statesmen, who are still fumbling among their test tubes for a substitute for war and a smear for tyrants in the larval stage. The world, gentlemen, is your laboratory, and please don't blow us all up trying to develop a preservative for national sovereignty. You've fooled with that one long enough.

General Mark Clark has *his* postwar world all mapped out, we see by the papers. He intends to retire to an island in Puget Sound and fish for the rest of his life. A good program. All we ask of him is, if he should notice any Japanese fishing boats in the vicinity, and they seem to be taking soundings, to let us know.

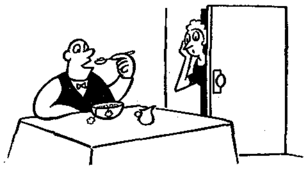
AT a recent Girl Scout conference upstate, one of the topics formally discussed was "how to compete with the high-school siren who wears a long platinum bob, a tight black dress, and black gloves with rings on the outside." This gives us a startling idea of what the Girl Scouts are doing and talking about these days. In our time, if a girl cousin's accounts are to be trusted, they sat around campfires toasting marshmallows and singing sea chanteys. Now, seemingly, they sit around conference tables and discuss sex relations. Where it will end we have no idea, but at least the problem has been squarely faced. Sooner or later the girls are bound to realize that there is only one effective way to compete with the high-school siren, and if they decide upon a broad-scale attack on the problem, either the Girl Scouts are going to suffer a severe drop in membership or the official uniform will become the tightest black dress and the longest black gloves you ever saw.



THEATRICAL producers, like starlings, swoop about in unison; galvanized by tiny impulses too delicate for our gross human senses to grasp. This season they are all putting on plays with titles containing the word "for." After years of relative obscurity, this humble preposition has, as the saying goes, arrived. We are to have a dramatization of "A Bell for Adano" and four other productions entitled, respectively, "A Goose for the Gander," "Errand for Bernice," "Mirror for Children," and "Champagne for Everybody." "School for Brides," which has already opened, got bad notices but is tooling right along, secure in the possession of the password. Matter of fact, we're putting up fifty per cent of the backing for a production of "Measure for Measure," a script which has been kicking around the Leland Hayward office for several years. If it's not hot now, it never will be.

Items from a Bubbling Caldron: A woman in California inherited from a friend 540 dresses, 277 blouses, 53 nightgowns and slips, 280 sweaters, 303 scarf sets, 462 cuff sets, 231 purses, 240 pairs of gloves, 160 pairs of nylon stockings, and some cash. A wife in Trenton bequeathed two dollars to her husband on condition that he use half of it to buy a rope to hang himself. The War Manpower Commission, in a decree reducing hotel services, defined a hotel as "a service establishment commonly known in the community as a hotel," and the city commission of Fresno, California, devoted its attention to a proposal to provide free licenses to dogs honorably discharged from the services.

One of a gang of Long Island high-school boys, arrested for a series of holdups, revealed that he had learned safecracking at the age of eleven while visiting an uncle in Florida who had an old safe he could practice on. The city custodian sent to one of the local night clubs in the Mayor's recent investigation told the newspapers he could recommend the food and liquor. A snake turned up in the coin box of a bus in Rome, New York, a man in Kansas ate his wife's bowl of nasturtium seed under the impression it was a new breakfast cereal, and the F.B.I. discovered an illicit cache of eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of high-grade zipper fastenings.



A court in Los Angeles awarded $8,170 to a girl for injuries received when she was sent into a spin in a dance hall by a "jive-maddened" Marine. A rear admiral told a Senate investigating committee what the Navy did when it found it had too many cans of beans on hand. ("We serve more beans," he said.) A truck in Oklahoma threw its driver out of the cab on a curve, jumped a ditch into a field, circled to get a running start, and came back on the highway and ran over the driver. The Republic Pictures Corporation announced that Roy Rogers, its cowboy hero, would be allowed his first screen kiss in forty-three pictures, the Roy Rogers Fan Club having voted two to one in favor of kisses for their hero.

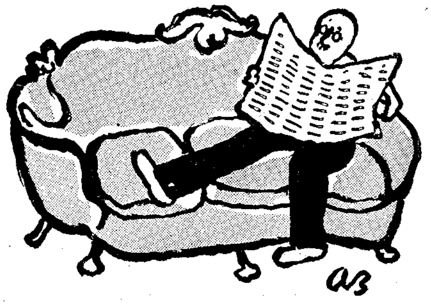
P.O.L.

"BLITZKRIEG" has no equivalent in our language, but the fact remains that American forces covered the distance between the Normandy beachhead and the Siegfried Line faster than any other army in history ever covered that great a distance. The principal secret of this spectacular advance, perhaps, was a system of pipelines which, from D Day on, carried gasoline and oil right up to the front lines, or very close to them. Petroleum, oil, and lubricants—"P.O.L.," in Army jargon—are the biggest items of supply for a modern invading army. For instance, two hundred and fifty thousand men on a beachhead use up 332,000 tons of supplies a month, and of this P.O.L. accounts for 100,000 tons. Not only that, but a proportionately greater amount of P.O.L. is necessary when an invasion breaks out of a beachhead and the mechanized equipment begins to cover more ground. Anyway, we have the censor's permission to say that, in the opinion of some military men who were on the spot, the Normandy invasion and the liberation of France wouldn't have been possible without the pipelines.

Technically, P.O.L. in cans or drums is the concern of the Quartermaster Corps, but the Engineers have jurisdiction over it if it is in pipes. Actually, of course, the two outfits work pretty closely together. On D Day the first wave of motorized equipment was fuelled on the beach from big fifty-five-gallon drums. Meanwhile, the Engineers were laying a pipeline from tankers offshore to big storage tanks which were then being set up. These were either portable rubber affairs with a three-thousand-gallon capacity or huge ten-thousand-barrel storage drums which were landed in sections and assembled within a day. Once the beachhead storage tanks were set up, the Engineers started laying a pipeline inland, in the wake of the armored columns. Here we get into restricted information, but it may be said that when the first Allied troops entered Paris, the pipeline was only thirty-five miles behind them, and thirty-five miles of pipeline is no more than a twelve-hour job for three companies of Engineers. Three companies of Engineers can lay seventy miles of pipeline in a day, each company covering a third of the distance. The pipe comes in twenty-foot lengths, with malleable iron couplings that have synthetic rubber gaskets. The tolerance at the joints provides the give for up-hill-and-down-dale work. The pipe, by the way, isn't like any pipe you ever saw. It is made of a flat steel strip wound spirally, like a soda-fountain straw, and is stronger, cheaper, and easier to make than ordinary pipe. To increase the factor of safety, and also to get more fuel through, our Engineers usually lay two parallel pipelines, some distance apart.

Without going into the exact capacity of the pipes, we can tell you that the pipeline system is far and away better than any system of truck supply. For one thing, trucking requires ten times as much manpower as laying and maintaining a pipeline. In case of sabotage or a lucky bomb hit, only a few lengths of pipe are damaged, whereas a direct hit on a truck convoy would probably be much more serious. There are pumping stations every ten miles or so along the lines, and their pressure gauges immediately register any break in the pipe; if a break occurs, the flow is cut off and repair crews are dispatched. Somewhere near the front, the fuel is pumped into drums or tank trucks, as conditions require. One thing we never knew before is that fuel trucks cruise the battlefield areas awaiting radio calls from tanks and other pieces of motorized equipment in need of gasoline and oil.

Lubricating oil is too heavy to be sent through pipelines and must be trucked to the front in drums. All other P.O.L. supplies go through the pipes, though—high-octane aviation and tank gas, lower-grade stuff for staff cars, stoves, and the like, and Diesel oil for bulldozers and certain types of tanks. Another thing we never knew about pipelines is that one kind of fuel can be piped through right behind another kind without their getting mixed up.



Burdened

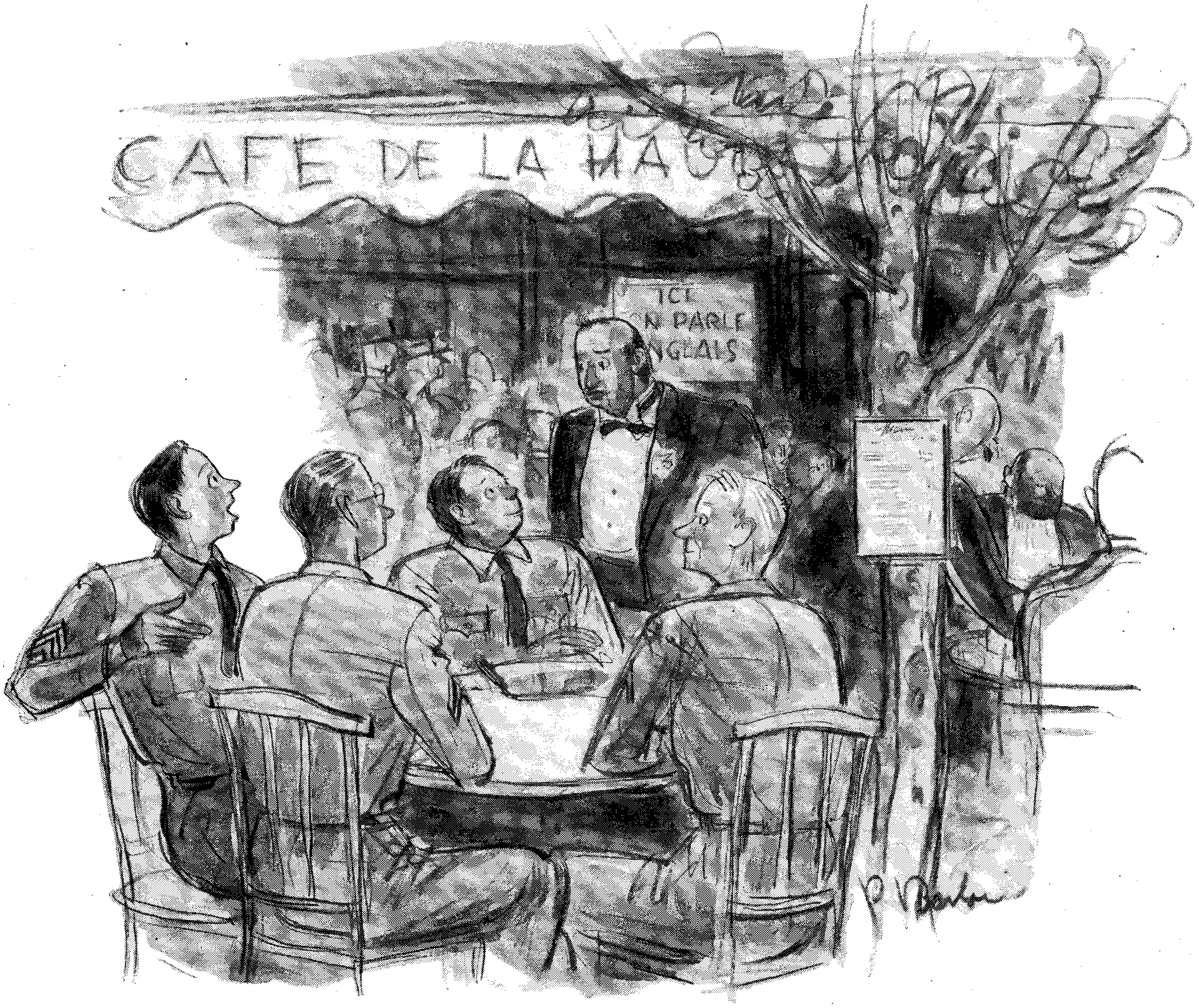
"BERTHA's husband looks awful," the lady in Schrafft's remarked. "Poor man, he's all the time worn out, like he was carrying an atlas on his shoulder."

Good Chest, Bow Legs

ONE of our Washington operatives spent an hour or so last week compiling a dossier on Frank J. Krupp, a cheerful, white-haired little tailor whose shop is above a Liggett's drugstore at Fourteenth and F Streets. Mr. Krupp is regarded among the military as the dean of Army tailors. He told our man that he doesn't have much to do with the temporary officers, who are likely to retain fancy civilian notions about colors and flares, but of the regular Army he said, "By gosh, by jingo, I've made uniforms for pretty near anybody you want to name—Pershing, Malin Craig, Eisenhower, Eichelberger, Mark Clark, maybe a hundred other generals. And maybe two thousand colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants." Lowering his voice, he added, "I've even made uniforms for a couple of enlisted men, but it didn't work out. I never got paid."

In good times or bad—which to the uniform trade means in war or peace—Mr. Krupp has stuck by the Army. He was born in Rheinpfalz, Bavaria, in 1872, where his father and grandfather had been tailors before him. He came to the United States early in the nineties. After scouting around the West for a few years, he settled down to a job with the tailoring firm of Hatfield & Son, who occupied the old Lorillard mansion at Thirty-sixth and Fifth. In 1903 he took a job in Washington, where he has been ever since. After a while he and another tailor went into partnership; for the past twenty years it's been just plain Krupp.

Deep in the litter of cloth and yellowing paper patterns in Mr. Krupp's shop are a number of dog-eared account books. These contain the names and measurements of his customers. Some of the early patrons were high officers in the Spanish-American War and have long been forgotten; others, entered as second lieutenants with thirty-two-inch waists, are now three-star generals, girth confidential. Stimson got his uniforms from Mr. Krupp during the last war, and since then he has been making



"He wants an order of snails. The rest of us are just going to watch."

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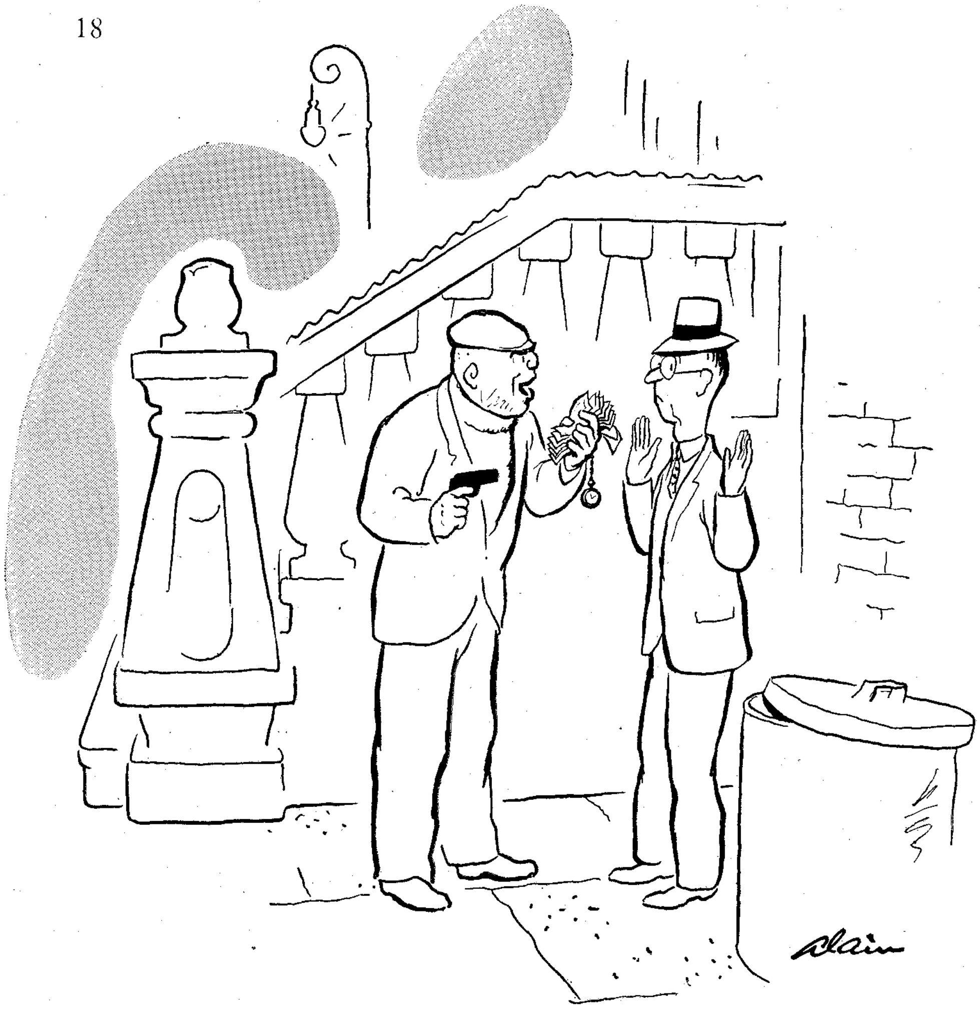
Mr. Stimson's civilian clothes. "I don't care much for civilian business, though," Mr. Krupp said. "Uniforms give a tailor something to think about. Even a peppery little fellow with a big seat ought to look like a hero."

Following the customers' measurements come notes on their physique—"very good figure," "square shoulders"—by which Mr. Krupp sets the style of each uniform. One major general is bluntly described as "good chest, bow legs." In the first World War it was easy, because the blouse had a closed collar, to build up a man's chest, but in modern uniforms there is less room for padding and other subterfuge. Mr. Krupp is notoriously lax about sending out statements, and many a young lieutenant has ordered a uniform and not got around to paying for it until he was a captain or major. "They're all good boys," Krupp says. "By gosh, by jingo, if you can't trust an American officer, who *can* you trust?"

Most of Mr. Krupp's customers, naturally, are now out of the country. General Marshall, though, came in during the summer to see about a lightweight uniform. Mr. Krupp was sorry to have to tell him that on account of the war it wasn't possible to get any more of the material he wanted. Officers' wives, fearing that their husbands will get to looking seedy, have frequently had Mr. Krupp send them new uniforms. He forwarded a couple to Mark Clark in Italy last month, on Mrs. Clark's say-so, and the General sent word that the fit was fine. It is in Army regulations that a general can wear anything he wants in the field, which explains some of the current wearing apparel. Chiefs of staff may design their uniforms wherever they are. Marshall hasn't done anything about this yet, but his predecessor, Malin Craig, worked out a beauty, encrusted with golden buttons, shoulder loops, and purple embroidery. Generals of the Army may also design their uniforms. Mr. Krupp's masterpiece is the uniform General Pershing wore when he represented the United States at the coronation of King George VI. It was of midnight blue and was accompanied by an artillery cape, gold spurs, and a diamond-studded sword. "You never saw a handsomer man," said Mr. Krupp. "Even at that age he was forty-two chest, thirty-eight waist."

Politics

WE'VE heard from a man who took a parcel into one of the local express offices last Saturday. There was no clerk behind the counter and before the counter was another customer with a parcel, a well-dressed, middle-aged lady whose pursed mouth and tapping foot indicated that she had already been there quite a while. The cause of the



"It just goes to show you can't go by appearances. I was on the point of passing you up."

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delay became apparent when the telephone rang and the clerk appeared from a back room to answer it. "Listen, Bill," he said, "I'll have to call you back. We got a big shipment of government stuff we got to get out. Government comes first, you know." Over the face of the lady at the counter there quickly stole several changes of expression. She glanced around to see if anybody was looking, and then she took her Dewey button from her bosom and dropped it into her purse.

Our Own Baedeker

IF you read the story about Rumania which we printed last week, you could make an awful lot of good guesses about Bulgaria; nevertheless, we will take no chances. Bulgaria, which is just south of Rumania, is a tidy little nation about the size of Kentucky (at the moment, but you know the Balkans), with a population of just over six and a half million. It is bounded on two sides by the Danube and the Black Sea, and has practically all of the Rhodope mountain range. The mountains lend their name to the Rhodope d'Or, a five-inch Bulgarian cigarette with a rose-tinted filter, which costs as much as a good cigar there and is generally esteemed. In Bulgaria, puddings, pastries and jam are more likely than not to be flavored with rose leaves. One of the romantic but lesser national industries is the making of attar of roses, a greenish-yellow jelly which is a common base of good perfume. At several periods in history, attar of roses has cost more than gold; the current quotation here hovers just under ten dollars an ounce. It is made from rose petals, which are picked at dawn by Bulgarian maidens and loaded onto small donkeys. It takes two hundred and fifty pounds to make an ounce.

Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria and the geographical centre of the Balkans, dates back to the days of the invading Roman emperor Trajan. For the past sixty years it has been almost completely Europeanized. A good many restaurants there and in other Bulgarian cities are called Chuchuliga, which means "The Skylark," just because that's a fashionable name for a Bulgarian restaurant. The male peasants wear sashes, in which they keep money, cigarettes, and the like. They all carry *broynitza*, wooden beads which keep the hands occupied and help the wearer cut down on his smoking. Next to the mayor, the most important man in a village is the undertaker, who is assumed to have special knowledge of how one's relatives may be prevented from turning into vampires after their funeral. The internal politics of Bulgaria are pretty intense, the losers generally winding up in jail, and in her international politics she has made a series of sad grand-scale mistakes. One of the national heroes of Bulgaria is a London *Times* correspondent, the late James Bourchier, who did a lot for Bulgarian independence; he's buried there. One of the things that upset Bulgaria in the Middle Ages was a sect called the Bogomils. They were heretics who believed in celibacy. They carried matters so far that finally they were massacred by the Bulgarian Orthodox Church.

"Bulgar" means, literally, "man with a plow." When a Bulgarian boy wants to get married, he puts on a pair of high laced boots as a signal. Convention dictates that he choose a woman older than himself. Bulgarians rarely get drunk. They are devoted to football (English style) but can't play very well. They are frugal, patient, industrious, suspicious of strangers, practical, and obstinate—something like the lovable old natives of Maine and New Hampshire. The women do much of the work on the farms and stand up when their husbands enter the room. Solo dancing is considered immoral. The Bulgarian language is really something—twenty-four tenses to a verb.

Fun

WE are passing along, as an item of possible interest to parents who are daunted by the prospect of having to plan a party for the kindergarten set, a notion conceived by a lad who will be six next month. Instead of having a regular party, he told his mother, he would rather invite his friends up to the top of the Empire State Building, so they could all throw mud down and maybe hit some buses.

Delirious Moment

WHEN the hurricane was still several hours from New York, we went down to 17 Battery Place to add our tiny contribution to the excitement in the local headquarters of the United States Weather Bureau, on the twenty-ninth floor. The entire staff was standing by—Mr. Benjamin Parry (the weather man), a Mr. Cole, a Mr. Law, among others. There were seven telephones in the offices and several more in the headquarters of the Moran Towing Company, on the floor below, which had been lent for the occasion, and they all rang about once a minute. That accounted for ten or twelve meteorologists and aides. Those left over were frantically plotting the hurricane's course as five teletype machines clicked out reports from all the airports and weather stations southward along the coast. The people who called up didn't want meteorological information so much as specific advice: they wanted to know if the situation warranted cancelling a barbecue or a motor trip or taking the clothes off the line. The policy of the Weather Bureau is not to give out advice—just facts. The callers were told that there would be gales of high velocity and that they must make their own decisions. "We don't want to be responsible for any blood, or anybody moving from one place to another and getting hurt, or *any*thing," Mr. Cole explained to us. "A weather bureau can lose its whole reputation on a hurricane if it's not careful."

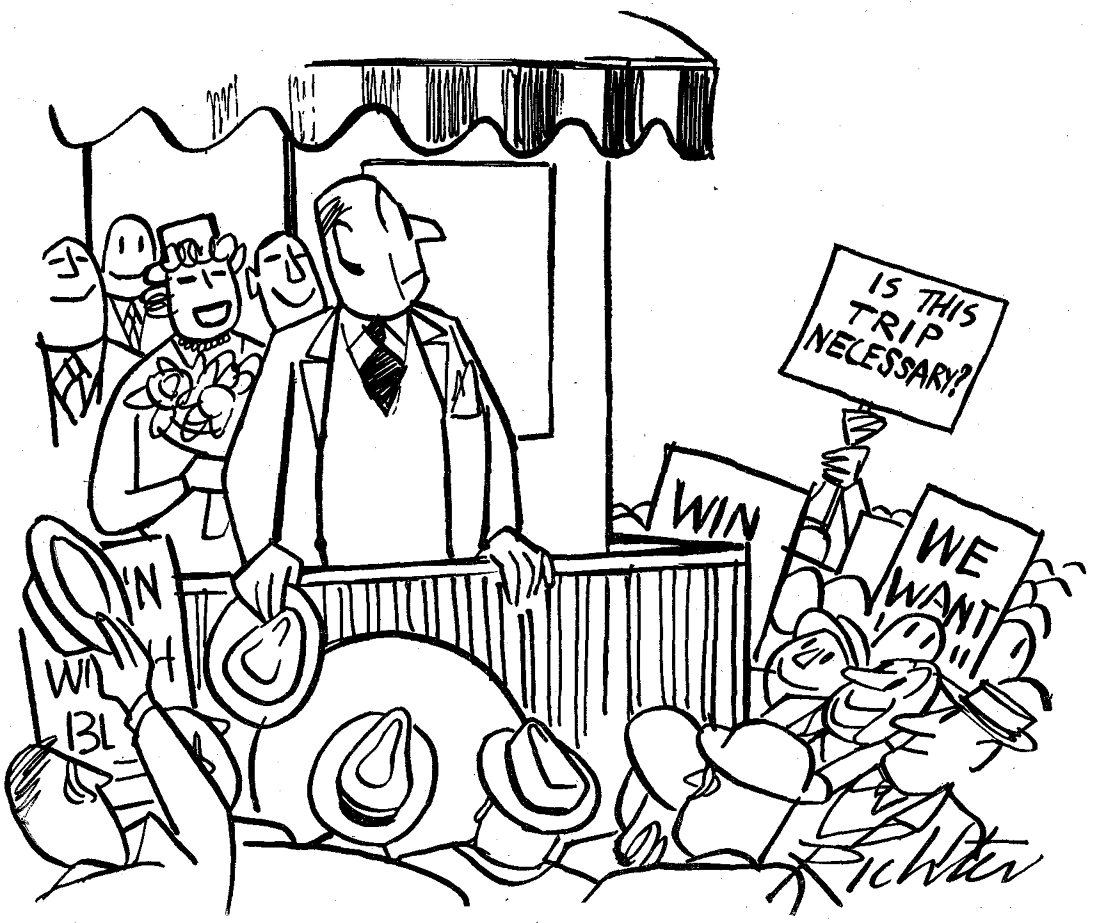
The Weather Bureau people had been aware of the existence of the hurricane since September 8th, when reports of tidal conditions in the West Indies indicated that there was trouble brewing. "I haven't had a chance to draw isobars like that in six years," said Mr. Law, proudly pointing at some lines on a weather chart he had been working on. The humidity, it appeared, was equally remarkable, having reached a hundred per cent the previous evening. "One hundred per cent!" said Mr. Parry, perhaps a trifle smugly. "We got here this morning and the chart paper was like a piece of flannel." At the moment, the wind velocity was nothing special—14 M.P.H., which, according to something called the Beaufort Scale of Wind Velocity, "raises dust and blows paper; small branches are moved." We glanced out the window, and sure enough, there were a couple of newspapers flopping around down on the Battery. A female reporter from the *Post* hurried in and accosted Parry. "Are you advocating moving low-down people from the coast?" she demanded. Cole was sitting in a corner, trying to catch up on his charts between answering phone calls. "I am still back at nine-thirty A.M.," he kept muttering. It was then mid-afternoon. "This has never happened to me before," he remarked to us, "not even on the morning of September twenty-first, 1938. . . . I will be glad to answer your questions, Madam," he said into the telephone, "but I'm still back at nine-thirty A.M."

We got talking to Law about the month of September. "A beautiful and dangerous month, like a Hollywood siren," he remarked. "Like that Veronica Lake." It seems that hurricanes may arrive on the Atlantic coast—mostly the south Atlantic coast, of course—any time from May to December, but one-third of all the really successful ones arrive in September. Two hundred and ninety-eight hurricanes, big and little, have struck the Atlantic coast in the past forty-six years.

"I suppose you think we are taking this all very calmly," Law said. "Well, there are butterflies in all our little stomachs. It's hard to explain to an outsider what a delirious moment this is. We won't stop talking about this day for ten years. A little pathetic, isn't it?" The barometer sank before our very eyes, the wind velocity registered 19 M.P.H. on the anemometer ("Small trees begin to sway; wavelets form on inland waters"), and the telephones rang even more hysterically. "There are five people on the phone wanting to know if they can close their windows!" someone shouted to Parry. "Shall I tell them to close their windows?" "Good heavens, I don't know!" said Parry. "What a responsibility! Tell them there will be gales of high velocity."

Transfer

NATURALLY we can name no names, but somewhere in the Pacific there is an American-held island where life is, has been, and presumably always will be, venomously dull. Once in a while a vessel puts in with supplies, and that's all that ever happens. It was with shouts of joy, therefore, that a lieutenant (j.g.) who had spent some months at this base learned that he was to be transferred. It didn't turn out to be much of a change, though: there is a little bit of an island in the bay, and he was being transferred to it.



SO LITTLE TIME MARCHES ON

Marquand's principal contact with Hollywood was in 1941, when *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* was produced by King Vidor for M-G-M and Marquand went to the Coast to work on the dialog. On Dec. 4, 1941 the film was released at a dual "world premiere" in Loew's State and Loew's Tremont Theaters in Boston. . . . Marquand was rushed around from one press conference to another and photographed wearing a sad smile as he presented to a Harvard librarian the original movie script. Marquand got back to New York from the world premiere with a slight cold and a nervous feeling that something drastic was about to happen. Two days later the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.—*From Roger Butterfield's biography of J. P. Marquand in Life.*

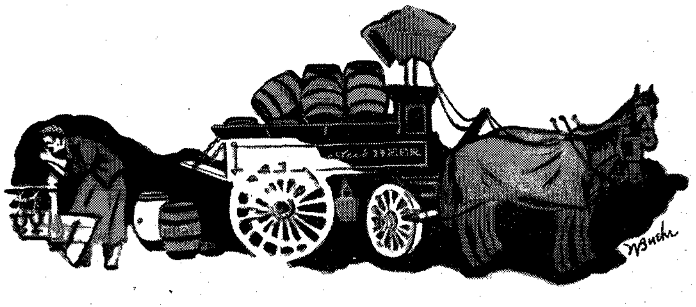
OUT of these things, and many more, is woven the warp and woof of my childhood memory: the dappled sunlight on the great lawns of Chowderhead, our summer estate at Newport, the bitter-sweet fragrance of stranded eels at low tide, the alcoholic breath of a clubman wafted on the breeze from Bailey's Beach. That my family was fantastically wealthy I was early aware, although good taste naturally forbade any excessive display. My father occasionally appeared at table in sack suits checkered with dollar signs, and the gardeners used emeralds instead of gravel on the paths, but the guest who so far forgot himself as to exclaim "Hot puppies!" and fill his pockets with the baubles was rarely invited again. One of my first distinct recollections is of watching the men burn leaves under the giant elms and my momentary surprise when I found that they were not leaves but old banknotes. I felt then, with the kind of intuition children alone know, that my lot would be different from that of my fellows.

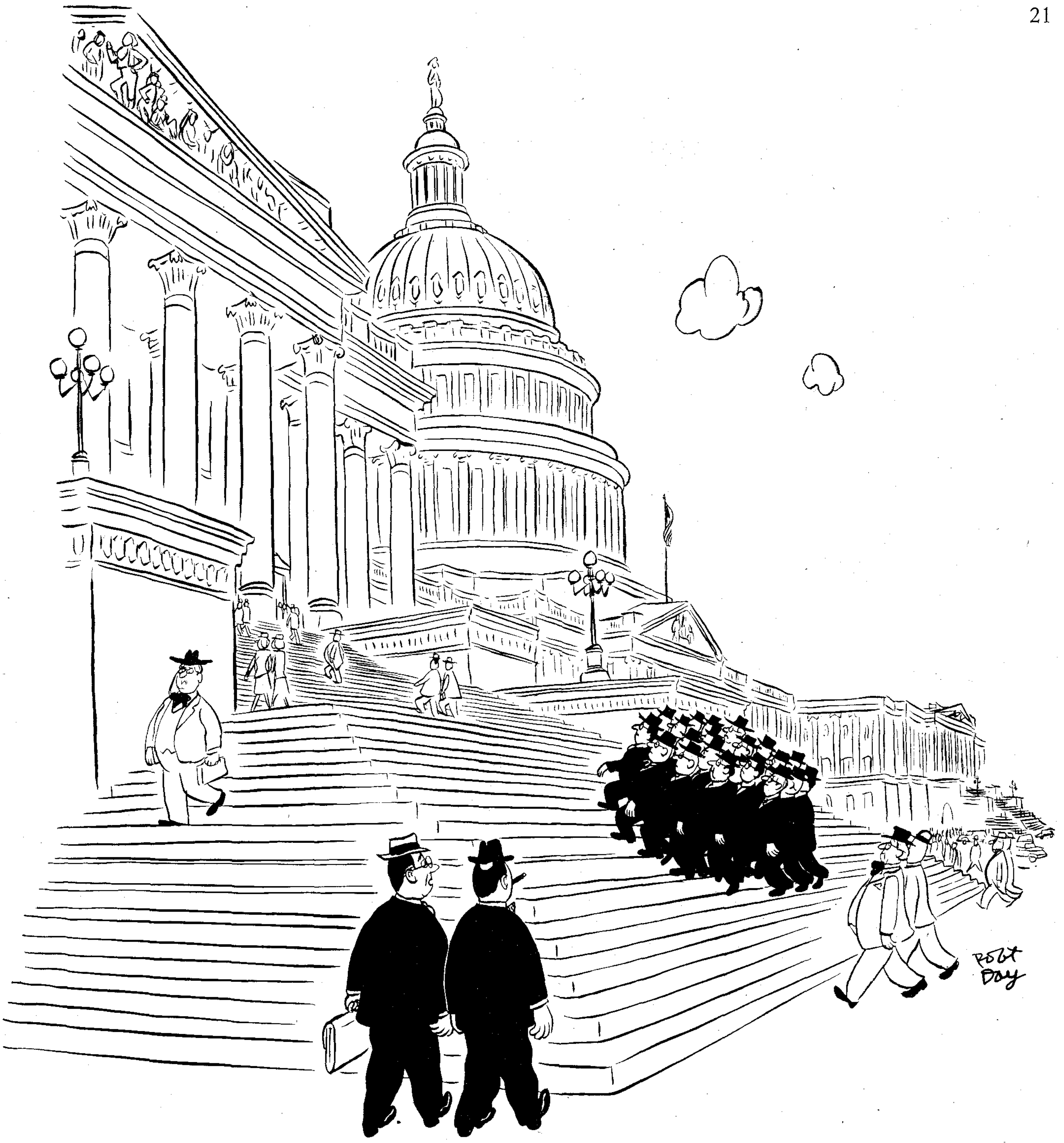
Almost from the moment of birth, it seems to me, I was passionately fond of books; before I was quite five, I devoured in a single afternoon Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," the Pandects of Justinian (in translation, of course), and the novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, a piece of gluttony that ultimately involved the services of three stomach specialists from the Massachusetts General Hospital. It was this youthful predilection for belles lettres that first brought me into conflict with my father. He had been reading "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" and had mislaid it. Fearful lest I might have eaten it, he invaded the nursery and demanded, "Have you noticed any Gissing around here?" "No, sir," I replied submissively, "but I saw you pinching Nannie in the linen closet." He frowned thoughtfully and withdrew, leaving me prey to a strange uneasiness. Four days later, Italy declared war on Tripoli.

Though life at Chowderhead was spacious, to say the least, my father did not believe in pampering the young, and constantly strove to imbue in me a sense of frugality. Until I was eight, I received an allowance of five cents a month, for which I was held strictly accountable. Of course, five cents in those days bought a good deal more than it does now; it bought a firkin of gherkins or a ramekin of fescue or a pipkin of halvah, but since I was expected to furnish my own clothes out of this sum, I had little left for luxuries. I well recall my bitterness when I discovered that the small hoard of pennies I had accumulated over the summer was missing from my knickerbockers. There had been a series of minor peculations at home that year and I suspected the housekeeper's son, a rather ferret-faced lad. I wrung a confession from him, and, to teach the pickpocket a lesson, plunged his head repeatedly into the bay. As luck would have it, my father happened along at this juncture. His jaw dropped. "What are you doing there, young man?" he snapped. "Well, guv'nor," I chuckled, "I guess you might say I was taking a little dip in the ocean." Retrieving his jaw, my father continued his constitutional with a glance that boded me no good. Nine days later, Bosnia severed relations with Herzegovina.

IF my father prided himself on anything, it was his unconventional theories about education. To him the customary progression from the grammar grades through high school to college was so much poppycock. Consequently, when I was eight, I was apprenticed to the proprietor of a delicatessen store in Portland, Maine, to acquire some worldly experience before entering a university. The nine exciting years I spent under the tutelage of genial Ned Harnischfeger did more to mold my character than anything I could possibly imagine. As I wrapped a succulent cut of smoked salmon for a customer, Ned would painstakingly describe the topography of Nova Scotia, the tides in the Bay of Fundy, and the dynamics of spawning; a corned-beef sandwich on rye was a handy pretext for a lecture on domestic cattle, cereal grains, or the general subject of indigestion. My Portland phase terminated in a curious fashion. One noon I was busily filling orders behind the counter. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Grimalkin, our mouser, leap upon a table, seize a customer's lunch, and bolt out into the alley. The customer, thunderstruck, stammered forth some inarticulate comment. "What's the matter, stupid?" I demanded roughly. "Has the cat got your tongue sandwich?" He went scarlet. I saw Harnischfeger's lips tighten and I knew subconsciously that a turning point in my life was at hand. Two days later, Georges Carpentier climbed into the ring at Boyle's Thirty Acres and I entered Harvard.

From the beginning I was recognized as a leader in my class, one of the few whose destiny it is to inspire and guide their less gifted mates. (I often say that college is a microcosm, a tiny world in which is foreshadowed the turbulence of actual life. That is what I often say.) My freshman year, unluckily, was marred by family dissension. Unbeknownst to me, violent quarrels were raging at home, my mother accusing my father of pettiness and cupidity. At last she could abide his stinginess no longer and departed for Reno. The news reached me, oddly enough, during a French class, as we were translating an absorbing passage of Erckmann-Chatrian. His face grave, the instructor halted the lesson and read aloud a curt message stating that my mother had left home because of my father's avarice. "I hope this isn't too much of a shock, old man," he said sympathetically. "No, that's the way of the world," I replied. "Money makes the *mère* go." An expression I could not fathom clouded the instructor's face and I was oppressed by a vague sense of disaster. Three days later a society bridge expert named Jos-





"Some bloc or other, I imagine."

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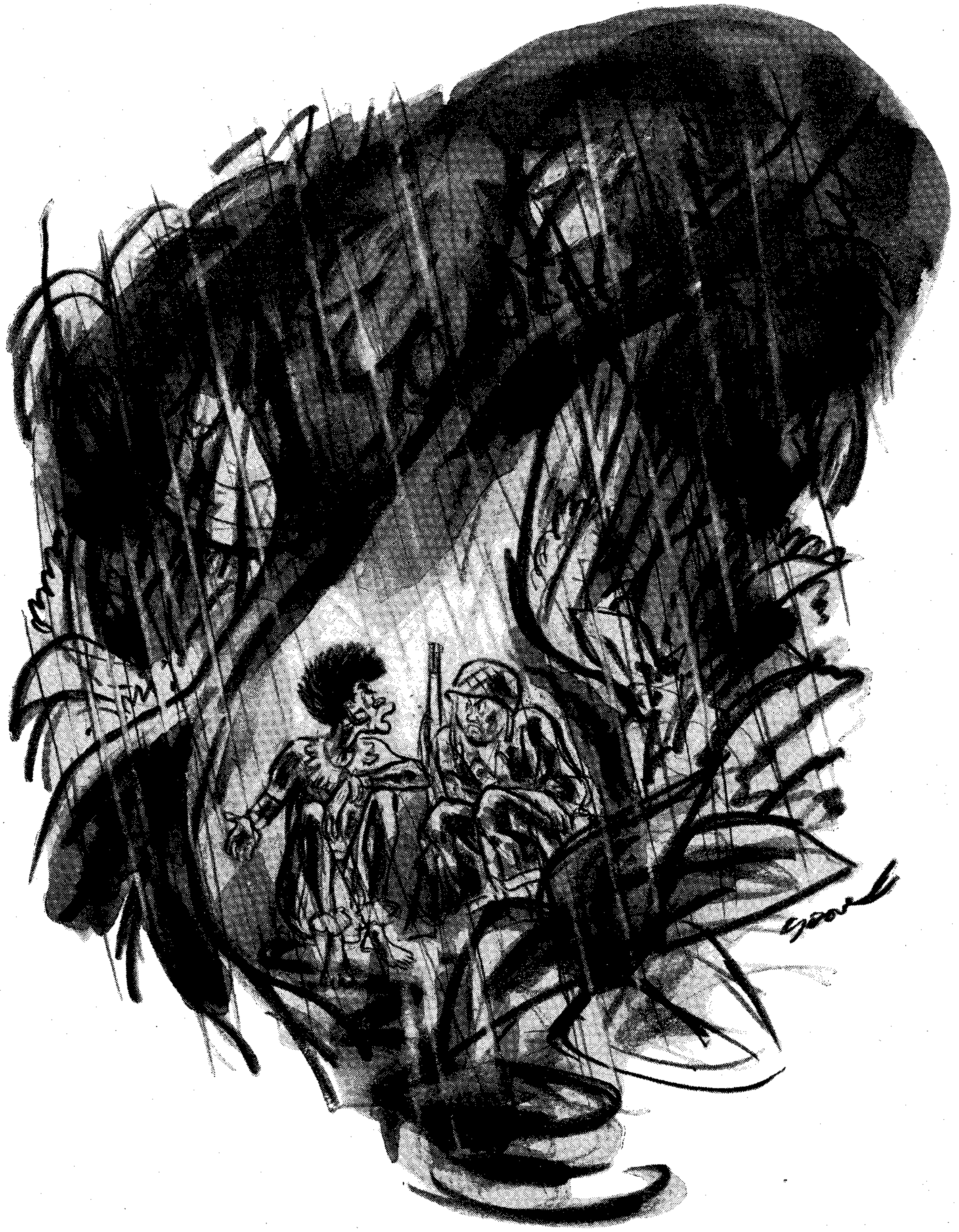
eph B. Elwell padded downstairs with a sleepy yawn, bringing an era to a close.

IT would be both immodest and redundant to detail the triumphs I scored in the balance of my stay at Cambridge. Suffice it to say that I won what paltry distinctions the gridiron, the diamond, and the debating platform could afford, not to mention completing the usual academic course in two and a half years. In one single instance did I come off second best, and then because I disdained to take unfair advantage of a rival in love. The latter was an immensely rich young Corsican upperclassman whose successes with the opposite sex were well-nigh as spectacular as my own. On the surface my relations with César Sporchini were friendly. We often sent each other a dancing girl or a dozen of Imperial Tokay, but we both knew who would be victor if our blades crossed. One evening, at the Old Howard Burlesque, we were both smitten with the same pair of captivating blue eyes. I subsequently persuaded their owner to share a cozy lobster-and-champagne supper in a private dining room at Locke Ober's. Despite the fabulous string of pearls I slyly insinuated under her plate, the silly creature remained obdurate. Again and again, in the weeks that followed, I plied her with gifts, only to discover that Sporchini was outbidding me for her favor. The Homeric struggle that ensued is still a legend in the chop houses along Scollay Square. At



"If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?"

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length, sacrificing heaven knows what vineyards and olive groves, Sporchini presented the fair tyrant with a solid-gold Stutz Bearcat and she yielded up her tawdry charms. I received word that I had been worsted with a philosophical shrug. "Oh, well," I observed, brushing a nascent mustache with my pinkie in the manner of the late Lew Cody, "Money makes the Margot." My roommate stiffened and emitted a cryptic grunt that somehow filled me with anxiety. Five days later, Harry C. Klemfuss, the press agent for Campbell's Funeral Home, formally announced the passing of Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla, better known as "Rudy" Valentino.

THE strident note of a distant banjo was stilled, the echo of undergraduate voices in the corridors hushed at last. It was time for me to face stern realities, to take over the reins of my father's vast industrial empire. Yet somehow I hungered for a creative outlet instead of the sordid money grubbing that awaited me. Acting on impulse at the eleventh hour, I joined a strolling Shakespearean troupe. For a time I was a mere supernumerary and fourth assistant stage manager. Then a dazzling stroke of fortune presented a chance to play a really important rôle. On the afternoon we were to give "Othello," the leading man demanded an increase in salary. Denied it, he resigned in a temper. Shortly afterward, I encountered our impresario seated in the darkened auditorium, head buried in his hands. "I picked him up from the gutter!" he wailed. "I don't understand it!" "It's simple enough," I comforted him. "Money makes the Moor go." He looked up sharply and there was a challenge in his eyes that set my heart racing. One day later, Frances "Peaches" Browning sued for divorce and my theatrical career was a thing of the past.

And there, on the very threshold of life, face to face with the rich, dark promise of the years that lay ahead, let us leave me. Except for the beauty of Apollo and the mind of a Jesuit, I had scant equipment for the struggle: a trifling million or two in tax-free bonds, a leaky old yacht, a great, drafty mansion on Fifth Avenue, peopled by ghosts. The Turgid Thirties were dawning, bringing with them the depression, Hitler, and, above all, the outsize picture magazine. A sense of prophecy was not enough. From now on I must learn how to duck.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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There are 19 dames on the Tennessee's tributaries and nine on the main stream.—*Greensboro (N. C.) Daily News.*

We'll be right down.

BIG BUSINESS

My business career began one day in the early thirties in Paris when Marcel, a French pianist and a member of our orchestra aboard the French Line steamer La Bourdonnais, invited me to join him on a trip to Panama. Marcel had excellent connections in the headquarters of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, in Paris. Somehow he managed to convince one of the *directeurs* that a musician, after twelve months of faithful service to the company, deserved a break. The *directeur*, harboring the erroneous notion that Marcel was out for glory, obligingly offered to get him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Marcel turned down this offer, saying that all he wanted was a reduced-price trip on the French Line steamer Guadeloupe.

The Guadeloupe sailed from Le Havre to Colón, in the Panama Canal Zone, via the French, British, and Dutch West Indies, Venezuela, and Colombia—a fascinating itinerary and the only French Line route which Marcel had never covered. Not that he cared about exotic sights and Baedeker asterisks, but it would be wonderful to travel, for once, as a passenger instead of as a musician. No working hours, no orders from a music-hating *commissaire*, no fat ladies, eager to reduce, for whom you had to play dance music after the customary evening program was over.

Marcel, who didn't like to travel alone, wangled a reduced-price ticket for me, too. I had worked for the *Compagnie* intermittently for three years as violinist and orchestra leader, and was about to take a vacation in Paris. I had had magazine stories and newspaper articles published in my native land of Czechoslovakia and other European countries. Marcel convinced his friend the *directeur* that the daily newspaper which, aboard the French Line steamers, was edited by the radio officer and distributed every morning needed a streamlined, professional touch and that I was the man to supply it on the Guadeloupe. Marcel himself got the job of "Spanish interpreter." I knew he couldn't speak Spanish, and I asked him how he could possibly expect to act as interpreter.

"I have my own method," he said. "I won't study the language in ten easy lessons or something. The average ship's interpreter needs only a few stock phrases. These I'll memorize and speak with perfect pronunciation." He took a wrinkled slip of paper out of his pocket and read aloud: " '*Nosotros lo investigaremos en seguida*; we'll investigate at once. *No era una chinche, Señora, lo que era fué un botón pequeño de su blusa*; that was not a bedbug, Madame, but a small button from your blouse. *Señor, déjese usted de estar molestando a la señora con sus atenciones*; sir, please stop bothering the lady with your attentions.' " He stuck the paper back in his pocket and looked at me triumphantly. "You see, I'm all prepared for my job."

Marcel said that we were to get a seventy-five-per-cent reduction on third-class tickets, with the oral understanding that we were to travel as first-class passengers, and showed me a letter from the *directeur* to the Guadeloupe's *commissaire*, requesting that every consideration be given "*à mes deux bons amis.*"

Marcel was a medium-sized fellow with short legs, a confused mass of light-brown hair, and the face of a vivacious cherub. He usually had a dead cigarette in his mouth and wore sloppy black clothes and a stiff straw hat, tilted well down on his forehead. The straw hat was a tribute to Marcel's idol, the then-great Maurice Chevalier. After a good dinner and a glass of *fine*, Marcel would get up, push the hat over his left ear, thrust out his lower lip, and sing a risqué version of "*Dites-moi, ma mère, dites-moi,*" his voice even coarser than Chevalier's, if such a thing was possible. He was probably the only musician in Paris who admired the teachings of Dale Carnegie and devoured all available books about American salesmanship, business management, efficiency methods, and related subjects. He was a businessman at heart and I was never able to find out why he became a musician, though he was an excellent pianist. "I'm a sad case of split personality," he would say. He had inherited from his father a house in Dunkerque and a small annuity, and he had an account with the Crédit Lyonnais, on the Boulevard des Italiens. He was more interested in the bank's monthly statements than in seeing his name featured on our music programs.

When we were in New York between trips, Marcel would spend hours wandering around the financial district. Or he would go to Macy's and talk to the floor managers until he drove them crazy. A visit to the offices of the National City Bank or of the Pennsylvania Railroad filled him with the holy excitement that musicians usually experience when allowed to sit in at an orchestra rehearsal under Toscanini.

Three days before our departure, Marcel and I went to pick up our tickets at the French Line head offices, 6 Rue Auber. There we ran into L., a friend of mine from Prague, who was vice-president of a leading malt-and-hops export firm. Bohemia, home of the delicately aromatic, pale, *real* Pilsner, Smíchov, Budweiser, Tomáš, and Českomoravské beers, grew and exported the most famous malt and hops in Europe. L. was on his way to the United States and Canada. When he heard of my projected trip, he got quite excited and asked me if I would like to look after his firm's interests in the West Indies and Venezuela, where he didn't have any representatives. I replied that I knew practically nothing about malt and hops, and was about to add that I knew even less about business methods when Marcel kicked me in the ankle and interrupted me to say that I was considered a business genius by my Paris friends.

"Don't be a fool," Marcel whispered when L. was called aside for a minute. "This may be the great chance of your life. Do you want to die as third violinist aboard the Ile-de-France? Take L.'s offer and do what he wants you to."

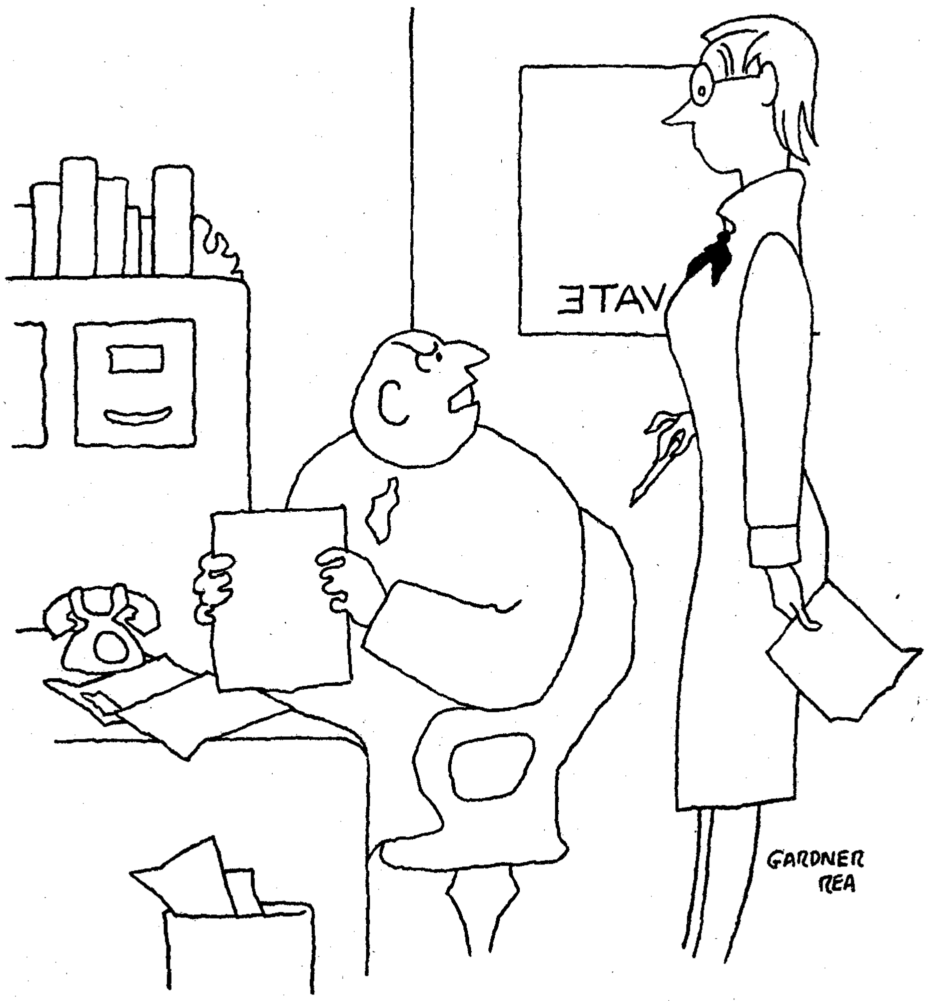
My friend came back, took my address, and said he'd have to leave now but I would hear from him. Three days later, on the morning of our departure, I received an air-mail package from L.'s firm. It contained several samples of different sorts of malt in small tin boxes, a contract letter, and detailed instructions about how I was to represent the firm on my trip. My assignment was to visit the breweries in each stopping place, have a couple of beers with the brewmasters, inquire about their health, wives, foibles, and special wishes, and to sell good will in general and malt in particular. Also enclosed was a check for two thousand francs "for unforeseen expenses." On any sales I was to get the usual commission.

Marcel was triumphant. "You're in," he said. "You're on the royal road to sales commissions. You'll get rich and play music exclusively for your own pleasure—string quartets and beautiful violin sonatas. No more Berceuse de Jocelyn and Toselli's Serenade for those *imbéciles* on the promenade deck."

IN Le Havre we had some difficulty in finding the Guadeloupe. Beside the Paris and a big German luxury liner, which were in port, the Guadeloupe looked like a tugboat. At the gangway we were met by an arrogant steward with shiny shoes and hair, who cast a disgusted glance at our third-class tickets and immediately discovered an interesting vacuum three inches above Marcel's straw hat. Marcel was angry and told the steward that we were *inspecteurs de la compagnie* (who frequently travelled in third class incognito) and that the steward should consider himself fired. We used the momentary confusion following this harsh announcement to run down to the *commissaire's* office, where Marcel presented his letter from the *directeur*. In no time we were installed in a first-class stateroom with private bath. True, it was an inside room, on B deck, near the iron ladder leading down into the engine room, and the shower in the bathroom didn't work. Our table in the dining saloon was in a drafty spot next to the entrance, and the table waiter, who knew us from La Bourdonnais, never bothered to clean up the bread crumbs before he served the dessert, but just the same we felt the marvellous way soldiers feel on the first day of a furlough. We were free and easy. My duties as editor of the daily newssheet hardly took thirty minutes a day. Marcel, as Spanish interpreter, had no work at all, there being no Spanish passengers aboard.

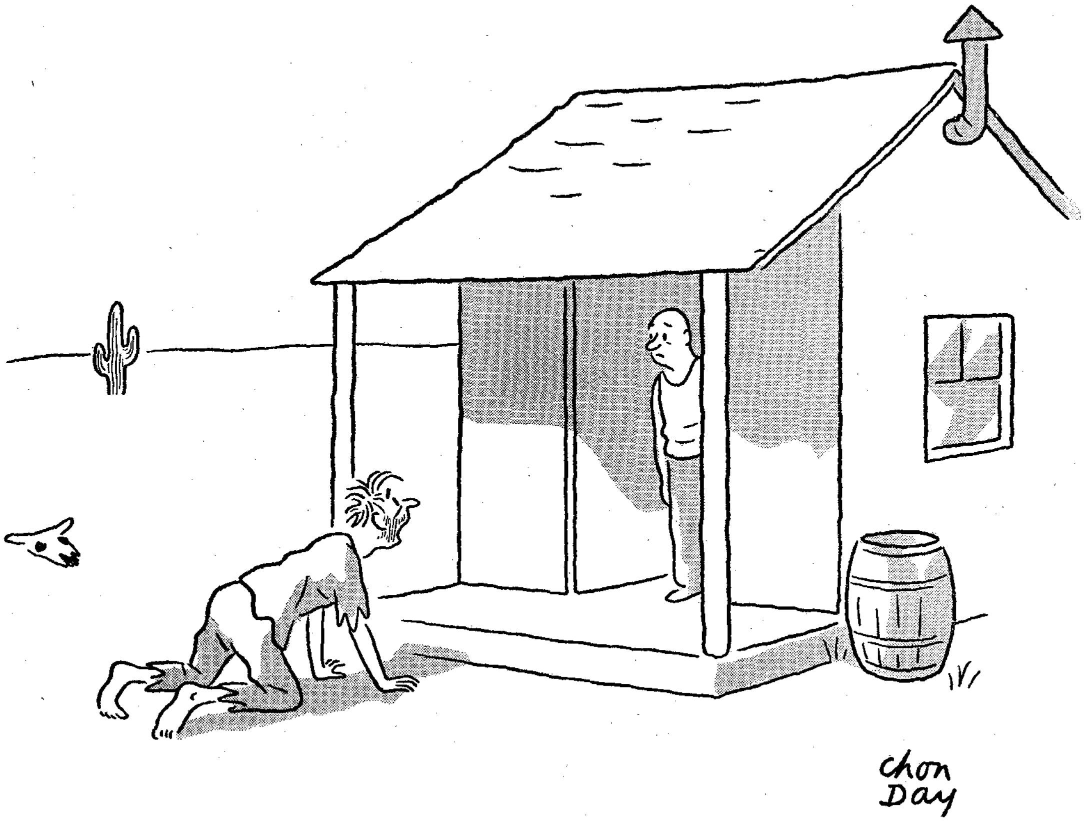
Three days out of Le Havre, the Guadeloupe ran into moderately bad weather and Marcel and I immediately became sick. On our previous trips as musicians we had been through much worse storms without ever having *mal de mer;* crew members cannot afford the luxury of being seasick. But now we were passengers, spoiled brats, and Marcel rang for the cabin steward and ordered tea with lemon and dry toast, and when the tea came, he complained that it was cold and besides, he'd positively said tea with *milk*.

As soon as we recovered, Marcel set out to meet what he called the right people—people, that is, with business connections. There were only a few, among them a Mr. Lyons from Birmingham, who represented a big British textile concern and was travelling with his Russian wife, Tanja, and their Pekinese, Fifi. The Lyonses led a hectic married life, which was the preferred conversational topic of the female passengers. Every second night Mr. Lyons would beat up both Fifi and his wife and move into an adjoining empty stateroom. This would be followed the next morning by a reconciliation scene on the promenade deck. Marcel was the only person aboard who didn't pay any attention to these fascinating events. When he spoke of Mr. Lyons, he always pointed out that the Englishman got half a dozen radiograms a day, that every message meant more sales commissions, and that I should live up to Mr. Lyons' high professional standards so that someday I too would go around with that slightly smug smile that comes from having more customers than merchandise. "They *beg* him to sell them his stuff," Marcel said wistfully.



"I wish to God, Miss Eggleston, you didn't look intelligent! That's what keeps fooling me."

Also among the right people, according to Marcel, was Jake Constanza, Jr., from Los Angeles, who was successfully trying to spend a large part of the money his father was making back home by supplying optimists with oil-drilling equipment. Mr. Constanza, Jr., was a young, lanky, pleasantly lunatic character with nervous gestures and a falsetto voice. He was travelling around the world, he said, for the express purpose of stealing hotel towels, but Marcel and I suspected that Mr. Constanza, Sr., had sent his son around the globe with a silent prayer that he would get stuck somewhere between Bucharest and the Christmas Islands and never return. Constanza, Jr., showed us photographs of his collection of fifteen hundred and fifty-two towels, all stolen from hotels in Europe and the Near and Far East. When he arrived in a town, he told us, he would go to a hotel and take a room, and pay for it in advance. If his schedule permitted, he slept there before he departed with a towel hidden under his shirt; otherwise he simply went up, took a towel, and left. If he couldn't get a room, he went up just the same, walked into any room that happened to be open, and took a towel. It would have been simpler to ask for a towel at the reception desk and pay for it, but that was, as Junior pointed out, against the rules of the game, which also demanded that the prize should be a bulky bath towel, not a hand or face towel. His prize items came not from the Ritzes and Plazas, where they don't bother about a missing towel, but from third-rate hotels. Once he was badly beaten up by the proprietor of the Modern Hôtel in the Vieux Port of Marseille. The proprietor was an ex-wrestler to whom the loss of a towel was a major tragedy, there being only a dozen in the hotel. Another exciting incident had occurred in the Hamburg harbor district at the Hotel Grand Admiral Tirpitz, whose manager sent for the police and had Constanza, Jr., jailed because he hated *amerikanische Jungenstreiche*. Such, Constanza, Jr., said with a sigh, were the risks of his adventurous game.



"You don't have a pair of sun glasses, do you?"

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WITH Marcel and Constanza, Jr., on hand there was never a dull moment during the ten-day trip from Le Havre to Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe. Both were active members of half a dozen committees, organizing raffles, deck-tennis and shuffleboard tournaments, community singing, and amateur theatrical performances. At the Saturday-night dinner, when everybody had a few drinks too many, Marcel, under the pretext of looking for a ring, crawled under the long table in the middle of the dining saloon and interchanged the shoes which most of the ladies had pushed off their feet so they would feel more comfortable. Then he and Constanza, Jr., had a grand time watching the consternation of the female passengers as they put out one foot, then the other, feeling around under the table and discovering that their shoes simply would *not* fit.

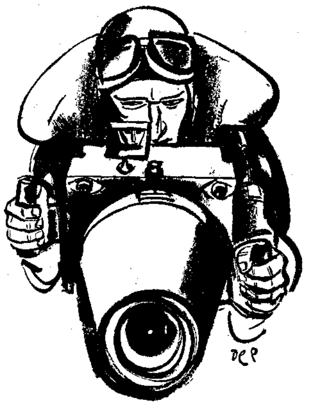
When we reached Fort-de-France, on the island of Martinique, Marcel and I took a cab and went to the local brewery, where, in accordance with my instructions, I asked for the brewmaster. Brewmasters everywhere are either Bavarians or Czechs. The man in Fort-de-France was a fat, bull-necked character with bloated lips like sliced *Bratwürste* and a disconcerting manner of belching after every fourth word. He was from München-Gladbach, in Germany, and he told me bluntly that a compatriot of his had been in Martinique a few weeks before and sold him all the malt he needed. He brought three glasses of beer. Marcel drank his and said it tasted very much like Seine water near the sewers. We took a hasty departure because the brewmaster lacked the customary Bavarian sense of humor and shouted that we should go *zum Teufel*. My business efforts in the ports of Port-of-Spain, Georgetown, and Carúpano were equally discouraging. Everywhere a compatriot of the brewmaster seemed just to have passed through and made a handsome sale. I got plenty of free beer, which had its points in those tropical latitudes, but that was all. Marcel tried to cheer me up. "Look at Mr. Lyons from Birmingham. He's worked hard for eighteen years. All he does now is to sit back and count his commissions."

IN La Guaira, Venezuela, I received a cable from my Prague malt-and-hops firm. I was to visit a big brewery in nearby Caracas, the capital, and see the proprietor, whom I'll call Señor Carlos. The cablegram added that Señor Carlos knew of my arrival and was in the market for a large quantity of malt. The deal was practically set.

From La Guaira a winding, macadamized *autostrada*, one of the continent's great highways, leads up to Caracas. Marcel, Constanza, Jr., and I made the trip in a ramshackle Ford. In Caracas I went directly to the brewery. Marcel and Junior were to meet me there later after what Marcel called "a study of the local drinking habits."

At the brewery I asked for Señor Carlos, but was taken in hand by Pan Vlček, a stocky, rotund, ash-blond Czech with a friendly, open face. Before we had finished the first glass of beer we discovered that we had four mutual acquaintances in Prague; after the second glass we moodily looked back upon warm nights at U Fleků, Prague's famous beer hall, and the unforgettable filet mignon at Piskaček's, prepared with sour cream in the fashion of game. Vlček and I had been, it turned out, opposing fans at soccer games between Sparta and Slavia, the most popular clubs in Prague, a few years before, shouting against one another and uniting our vocal efforts only in abuse of the umpire. Vlček said that the brewery was in dire need of a large consignment of malt. All I had to do was to have lunch with Señor Carlos. "Be sure not to discuss business with him," Vlček said. "Señor Carlos is very strict about the fine points of Caraqueñian courtesy. Just let him do the talking and be nice. At the end of the meal he will take out a letter and sign it, and you will leave with the order. Good luck. *Nazdar!*"

Señor Carlos was a handsome man in his early thirties. He wore a custom-tailored blue flannel suit and there was a dainty scent of lavender around his neck. He had the natural, easy elegance of a Castilian grandee. He offered me a seat in his office and discussed André Gide, local politics, Debussy, alleged American imperialism, the preparation of vol-au-vent Toulouse, and the late Picasso, never even mentioning such trite subjects as beer or malt. His office was full of oils, books, Oriental rugs, and heavy mahogany furniture. Señor Carlos said that he would be honored to take me to lunch, I bowed from the waist, and we went outside and got into a black, shiny American limousine. We passed rows of houses with small balconies and enormous doors with heavy iron knobs, and then crossed the beautiful Plaza Bolivar. The car stopped in front of a quiet, expensive-looking hotel. In the dining room, which had an air of dimness and refinement, distinguished Caraqueños were having their midday meal in an intimate, unbusinesslike atmosphere.



A French maître d'hôtel took the order. Señor Carlos's French was excellent, but he didn't speak English. "I can't even pretend that I feel sorry about it," he said, with a faint, diplomatic smile. The food was splendid, the wines exactly right, and Señor Carlos was a charming host. We were having our dessert and I was wondering how I would spend the money from my commission when the maître d'hôtel approached our table, followed by Marcel and Constanza, Jr. I saw that my two shipmates had made a rather thorough study of the local drinking habits. Marcel wore the waggish smile that usually preceded one of his bright ideas, and Junior was somewhat voluminous around the waist; no doubt he was already in possession of a Caracas towel for his collection.

They sat down without being invited. Marcel said that they had been told about our luncheon place by a little Czech at the brewery. Constanza slapped Señor Carlos's shoulder and told the maître d'hôtel to bring four double whiskeys, straight, and make it snappy, brother. The maître d'hôtel looked as though he had eaten something bad and Señor Carlos's eyebrows went up a quarter of an inch. At that point a sturdy, determined-looking man came in from the lobby and whispered into the ear of the maître d'hôtel. The maître d'hôtel looked horrified and raised his hands in a despairing gesture. Both he and the sturdy man stared hard at Constanza's middle.

Junior got up from the table. "They've found out about that damned towel," he said to Marcel. "Quick! Let's scram!"

The sturdy man came up and put a hand on Junior's shoulder. Junior grew pale and so did I. The maître d'hôtel snapped for air. Señor Carlos gave me a questioning glance.

"Señor Carlos doesn't understand English," I said, because I had to say something and couldn't think of anything else. This was a grave mistake. Marcel patted Señor Carlos's cheek and said, "*Buenos días, cómo estás, Señor.* I'm the ship's official interpreter. Address your complaints to the *commissaire. Nosotros lo investigaremos en seguida*; we'll investigate at once."

The maître d'hôtel drew a deep breath and said, "Gentlemen, there seems to be a—a misunderstanding. The hotel detective just saw this gentleman"—the maître d'hôtel discreetly directed his eyes toward Constanza, Jr.—"come out of Señora Tovar's room with a bath towel in his hand. If the gentleman would explain . . ."

A waiter brought the four double whiskeys, straight, which Junior had ordered. Marcel gulped one down and said, "*No era una chinche, Señora, lo que era fué un botón pequeño de su blusa*; that was not a bedbug, Madame, but a small button from your blouse."

Somewhere behind me a startled diner knocked over his glass and it fell to the floor and broke. Señor Carlos got up, put down his napkin, and said that we might better straighten this out in the office of the manager. His tone was glacial.

We went to the manager's office, the detective firmly holding Constanza, Jr.'s, shoulder. In the office Junior broke down and with a gesture of disgust pulled a towel from under his shirt—a heavy bath towel with the hotel's name on it. Everybody was very quiet for a moment. Then Marcel said, "*Señor, déjese usted de estar molestando a la señora con sus atenciones*; sir, please stop bothering the lady with your attentions."

Señor Carlos smiled, which was certainly another fine point of Caraqueñian courtesy. He said he had to leave—an urgent business appointment. His chauffeur would take us back to La Guaira in his limousine. He bowed with *grandezza* and wished me a good trip. That was the last I ever heard of him, or, for that matter, my Prague malt-and-hops firm. It was the end of my business career.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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CATECHISM

What is your name?

A number.

Where is your home?

A place
I cannot now remember
with a calm face.

What is your station?

Under
the bronze voice of command,
irrevocable as thunder,
I move as planned.

Where are you bound?

Wherever
the ship I board is sent
and lands me to deliver
your testament.

What is your faith?

One called it
a long word from a book,
though I, who must uphold it,
forget its look.

(But I see clear the faces
of those I leave behind,
and the outlines of lost places
cling to my mind.)

How long will you serve?

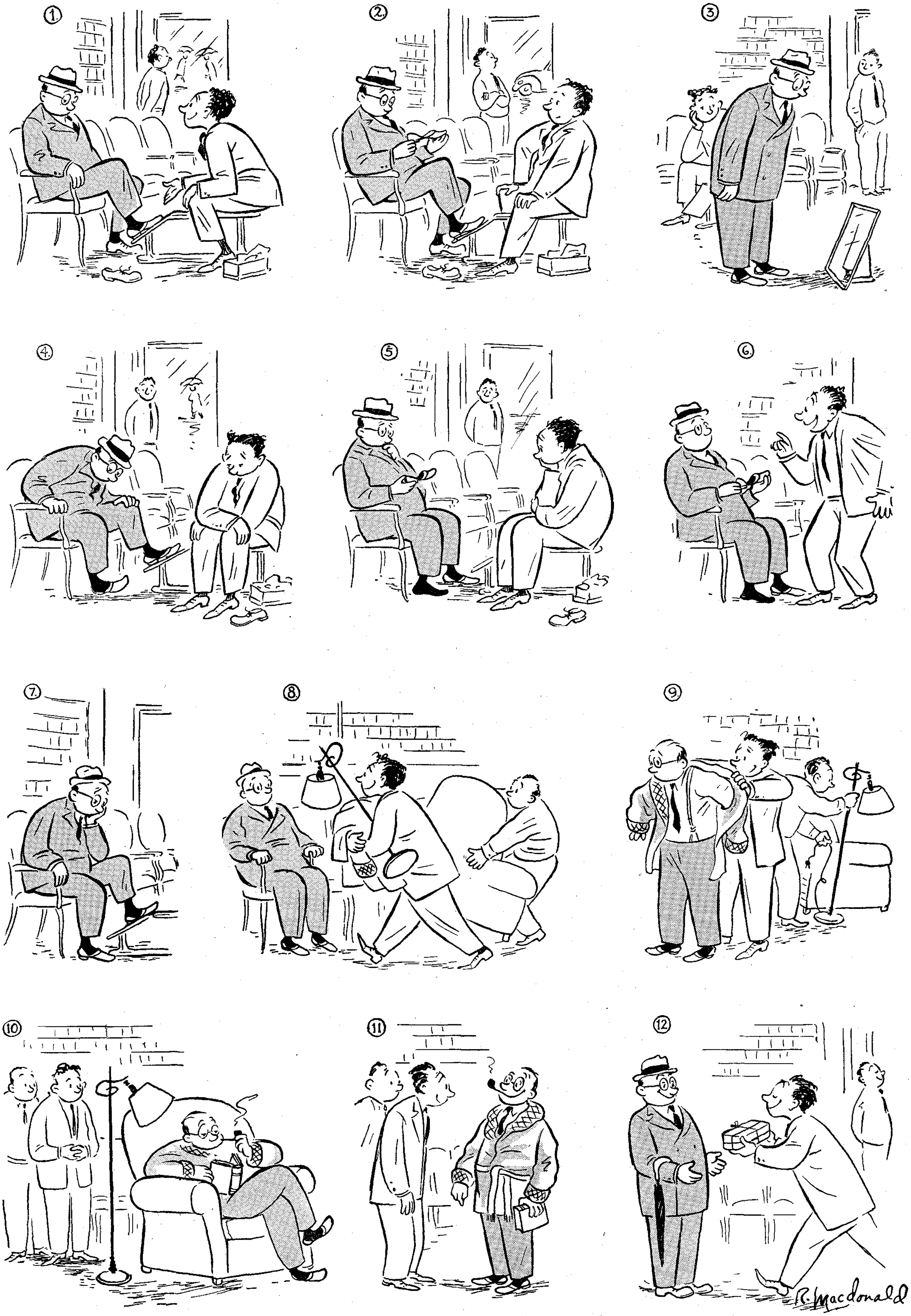
Forever,
if need be.

While you live
what pledges do you render?

All that I have I give.

. . . Yet all the world's abounding
words cannot decrease
my wonderment unending
as death, my sole release,
buys your salvation: peace.

—EDWARD FENTON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R. Macdonald

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SEARCH FOR A BATTLE

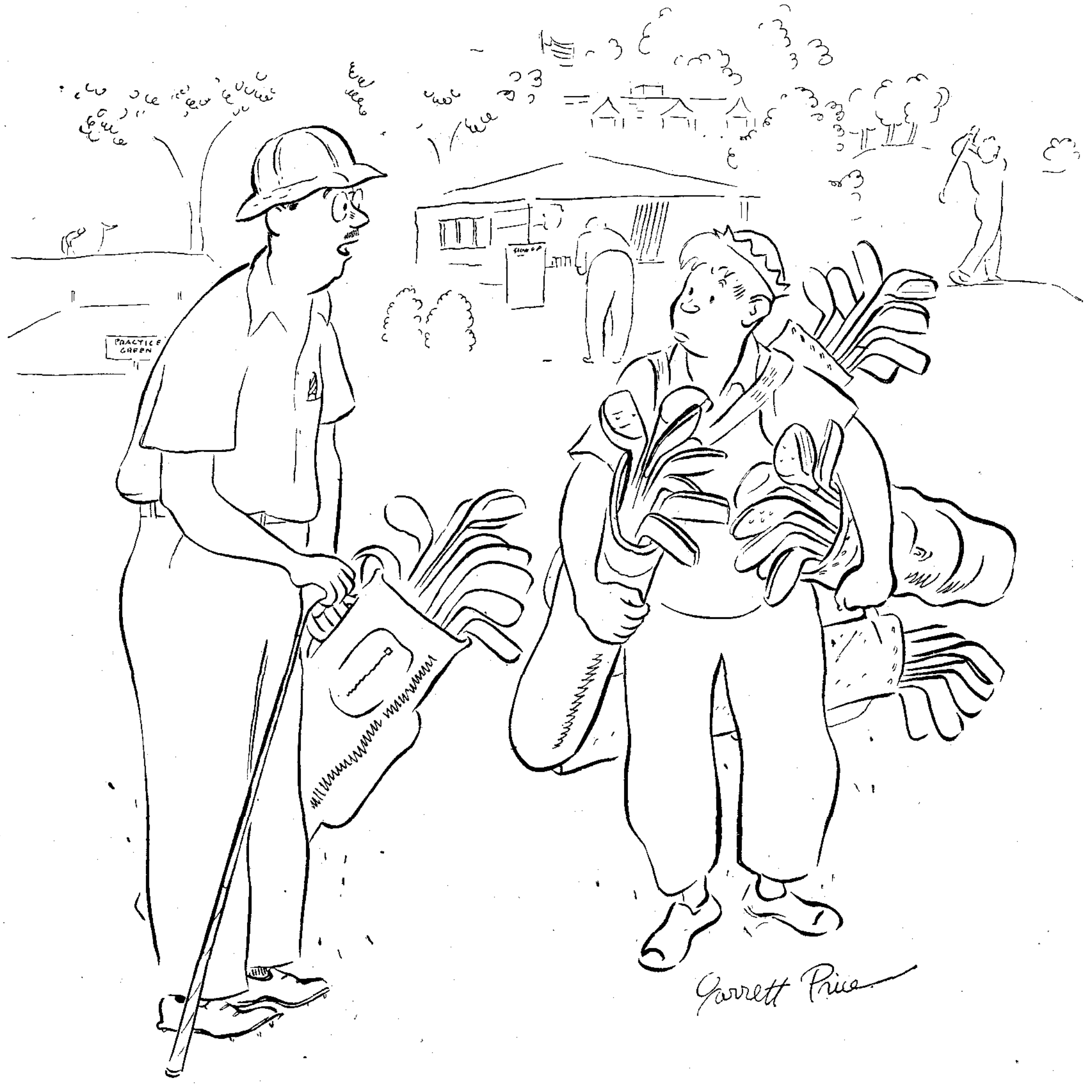
THE attack was to jump off at nine in the morning. The objective of my infantry regiment was a long, steep ridge that stood like a door at the head of the valley we occupied. The pattern of attack was familiar and orthodox: first an hour of dive-bombing to soften the objective, then a half hour of artillery, and finally the infantry to do the dirty work. It was a pattern that had been followed ever since we had landed in Italy. Everyone was getting tired of it. Our regiment had fought through Sicily and all the way up from Salerno, and the men were particularly tired of walking. They were not tired of fighting, if fighting meant that they would get home sooner, but they were very weary of long night marches and then hours of fancy mountain climbing in the face of enemy fire. This struck them as a hell of a way to fight a war that was supposed to be so mechanized and motorized, and they frequently said so. My job in this operation was going to be with the headquarters of one of the attacking battalions. I was now on duty at regimental headquarters, which was in a one-room farmhouse by the side of a dirt road, and the plan was for me to join the battalion as it marched past the regimental command post during the night on its way to the jump-off point. The battalion was scheduled to come by at two in the morning, and someone was supposed to wake me. No one did. When the guard was changed at midnight, the old guard forgot to tell the new guard. At four-thirty the regimental C.P. moved out, leaving me behind. I was asleep in a haystack and they could have moved the whole Fifth Army without my hearing them. A horse nibbling at the hay was what finally woke me. It was six o'clock.

There was no one around the place when I slid out of the hay, and the road was deserted. It was just getting light. Fog lay like chalk over the valley, twisting at the bottom as it began to rise. The air was cold and damp. The only living thing in sight seemed to be the horse, and he was no bargain. I dressed, put on my helmet and pistol belt, then went up to the farmhouse and looked in. There was nothing inside but guttered candles, torn and empty K-ration boxes, and piles of straw on which the officers had slept. I returned to the haystack and made up my bedding roll. Most of the line troops carried only a raincoat and half a blanket. At night they wrapped the half blanket around their head and shoulders, put the raincoat over that, and lay on the ground. I had a whole blanket and a shelter half, a combination which, by comparison, was equal to an inner-spring mattress. After making up the roll, I ate a bar of K-ration chocolate. As the fog lifted, it revealed the mountains along the valley. At the end of the valley was the ridge we were going to take, looming black and forbidding through the mist. I finished the chocolate, slung the bedding roll over one shoulder, and started along the road toward the front.

THERE was no activity at all on the road, which seemed strange, considering that an attack was coming off. The valley was completely quiet. There were not even the ordinary morning-in-the-country noises. I walked for about a mile without seeing anyone and then passed an artillery battery dug in beside the road. The guns were camouflaged with nets. The men sat beside them, eating out of C-ration cans. No one looked up as I passed. Ahead of me, growing larger, was the high ridge. Before it were a few small hills. Between these hills and the ridge was another, smaller valley, running at right angles to the one I was following. Our men would have to cross it under fire. It was seven o'clock now, and there was still no sound of gunfire.

I had gone half a mile past the artillery when I heard a car behind me. A jeep was coming up the road. It stopped when I thumbed it. A colonel was sitting next to the driver, and he said, "Hop in." I climbed into the back and sat on my bedding roll. "We're going to the regimental C.P.," the colonel said. That suited me; I could find out there where my battalion was. The colonel must have been important, because the driver, a staff sergeant, drove very carefully, as if he were driving a sedan instead of a jeep. The road was full of holes, and he actually went into second for some of them, which is a rare thing to do with a jeep. I kept my eye out for planes. The ceiling was still very low, but you never could tell. The road curved to the right, when we came to the first of the little hills, and then headed straight for the ridge. The colonel told the driver to slow down. We caught up to a young lieutenant walking along the road, and the colonel leaned out and asked him where the regimental C.P. was. "Damned if I know," the lieutenant said. He needed a shave and looked tired. "Well, what outfit are you?" the colonel asked. "Support battalion," the lieutenant said. He turned off the road and started across a field toward some vehicles parked under a tree. The colonel looked as though he were going to call him back, but finally he ordered the driver to go ahead. A hundred yards beyond, we came to a crossroads, and there was an M.P. here. The colonel shouted his question about the regimental C.P. at him and the M.P. waved us to the left. We took the road he had indicated, but it soon turned into a cow path and finally petered out altogether in front of an old farmhouse. Another M.P. was standing there, scratching his head. We stopped beside him and the colonel asked directions again. The M.P. kept scratching his head, but he pointed across a field to a wooded hill. The driver started off again. The M.P. called, "Hey!" We stopped, and the M.P. said mildly, "You better be careful crossing that field. It's supposed to be mined." None of us said anything for a moment; then the colonel sighed and told the driver to go ahead.

The driver went slowly across the field, following what he probably hoped were wheel tracks. I shifted around so that I was sitting on the side of the jeep with my feet on the back seat. I wondered briefly whether I shouldn't sit on my helmet, but decided that it wasn't really necessary. We didn't hit any mines, but we thought about them and it seemed like a long time before we got across that field. There was a dirt road on the other side and we followed it as we ascended the hill. Halfway up the hill we reached the C.P., which was in a grove of trees. I saw the regimental commander and his executive officer standing in a large excavation; the C.O. was talking over a telephone. The drivers and other head-



"Would you like to make a little extra money?"

quarters-company men were digging foxholes and putting up a blackout tent. We parked under a tree. I thanked the colonel for the lift and went off to see if I could find someone I knew. I finally found the sergeant in charge of the intelligence platoon, a New Yorker named Vrana, whom I had been with in Sicily. He was sitting in a ditch by the side of the road, fooling around with a hand radio. I asked him where the battle was and he said it hadn't started yet. "We got observation on top of this hill," he said. "I was just talking to them. They said they couldn't see a damned thing." Vrana thought that the best way to find the battalion was to go up to the observation post and try to spot it from there. I could climb to the crest of the hill and walk along it until I found the post. He thought it was safe. He said that there had been only a little shelling, and that the enemy had settled down to throwing one shell into the C.P. every twenty minutes. "But on the nose," Vrana said. "You can set your watch by those bastards."

I said goodbye and started up the hill. It was easy climbing and I got to the top without much trouble. I came across a telephone wire there and followed it along the crest. The hill dipped into a saddle. I went down into it and was halfway up the other side when I heard the sound of men descending above me. They turned out to be two infantrymen, looking very dirty and completely bushed. One carried a rifle and the other had the base plate of a mortar. The rifleman said wearily, "How do you get out of this damned place?" I told them to follow the wire.

"You know where C Company is?" the mortar man asked me.

I asked him what outfit.

"Second battalion," he said.

"We just got relieved," the rifleman said. "Only nobody knows where we're supposed to go."

"I ain't even sure we been relieved," the mortar man said.

"I'm sure," the rifleman said. "The lieutenant come by and said we were relieved. That's good enough for me."

"The lieutenant got killed," the other man said.

"So what?" the rifleman said. "He relieved us before he got killed."

I said that I didn't know where C Company was but that they could probably find out at the C.P., and then it developed that they weren't even from our regiment. Their outfit had been in the line for eight days, and had held the hill we were on against four counterattacks; they had been spread all over the place and when our regiment had moved through, the night before, they had got mixed up. Now all they wanted was some hot chow and a place to sleep for a few days. Finally they decided to go down to the C.P., and moved off, cursing with the mechanical passion that everyone picks up in the Army.

I continued to follow the wire. It led up the slope to the top of the hill, which I suddenly realized was now flat and grassy. I felt very conspicuous. I ducked low and was creeping along beside the wire when a voice called my name. In a hollow between some rocks were three members of our regiment's intelligence platoon. The man who had called me was a private named Caruso, a small, dark man whom I had also known in Sicily. I crawled down to them. They said that they were the observation post. The two others were a lieutenant named Bixby and a private named Rich. You couldn't see anything from the hollow, but they said it was more comfortable there. "It's also healthier," Caruso explained. At that moment we heard the whine of a shell, growing steadily louder, and then a great swish, as though someone were cutting the tops of the trees with a giant scythe.

"See what I mean?" Caruso said.

"They throw one like that every twenty minutes," Lieutenant Bixby said. "You can set a clock by it."

I said I had heard about that before;

the shells were landing below, in the C.P.

Caruso laughed. "I bet they're sweating down there," he said.

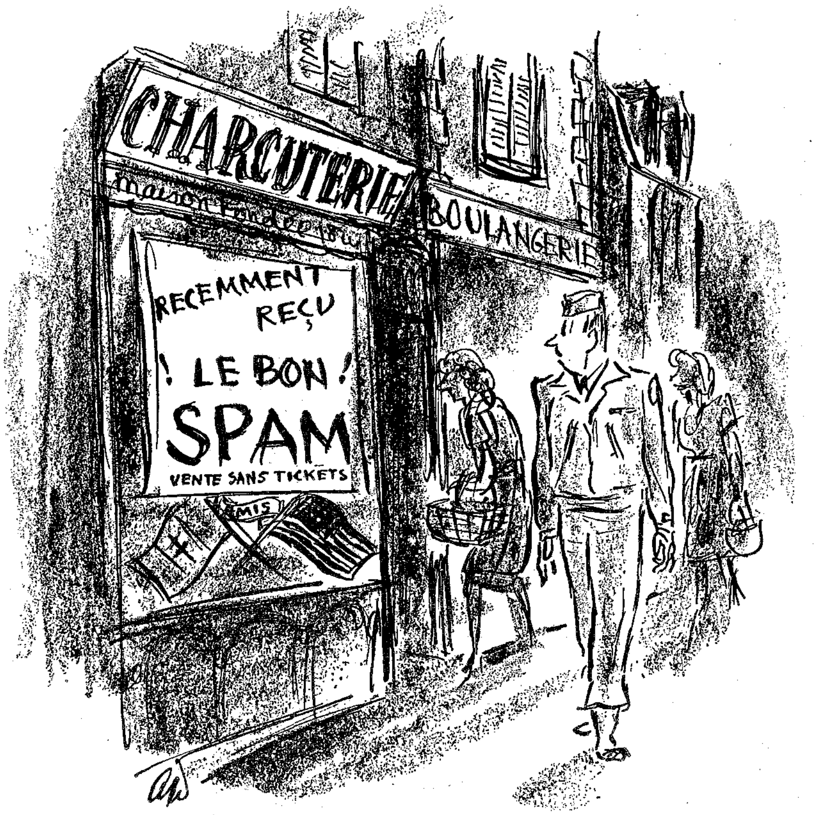
The fact that the shells were aimed at the C.P. and not at them seemed to make them happy. Caruso reached behind a rock and drew out a cardboard box full of rations. "How about something to eat?" he said.

"You just finished breakfast," Rich said.

"I got something better to do?" Caruso asked. He rummaged around in the box and came up with a can of meat balls and spaghetti. He opened it with a trench knife and ate the whole can, using the knife as a spoon.

While Caruso was eating, the lieutenant kept looking at his watch. Finally he said, "Listen." Very far away there was the faint cough of a gun, and then a rising whine and a sudden heavy rush of air as another shell passed over our heads. "See?" the lieutenant said, looking very pleased with himself. "Twenty minutes on the nose."

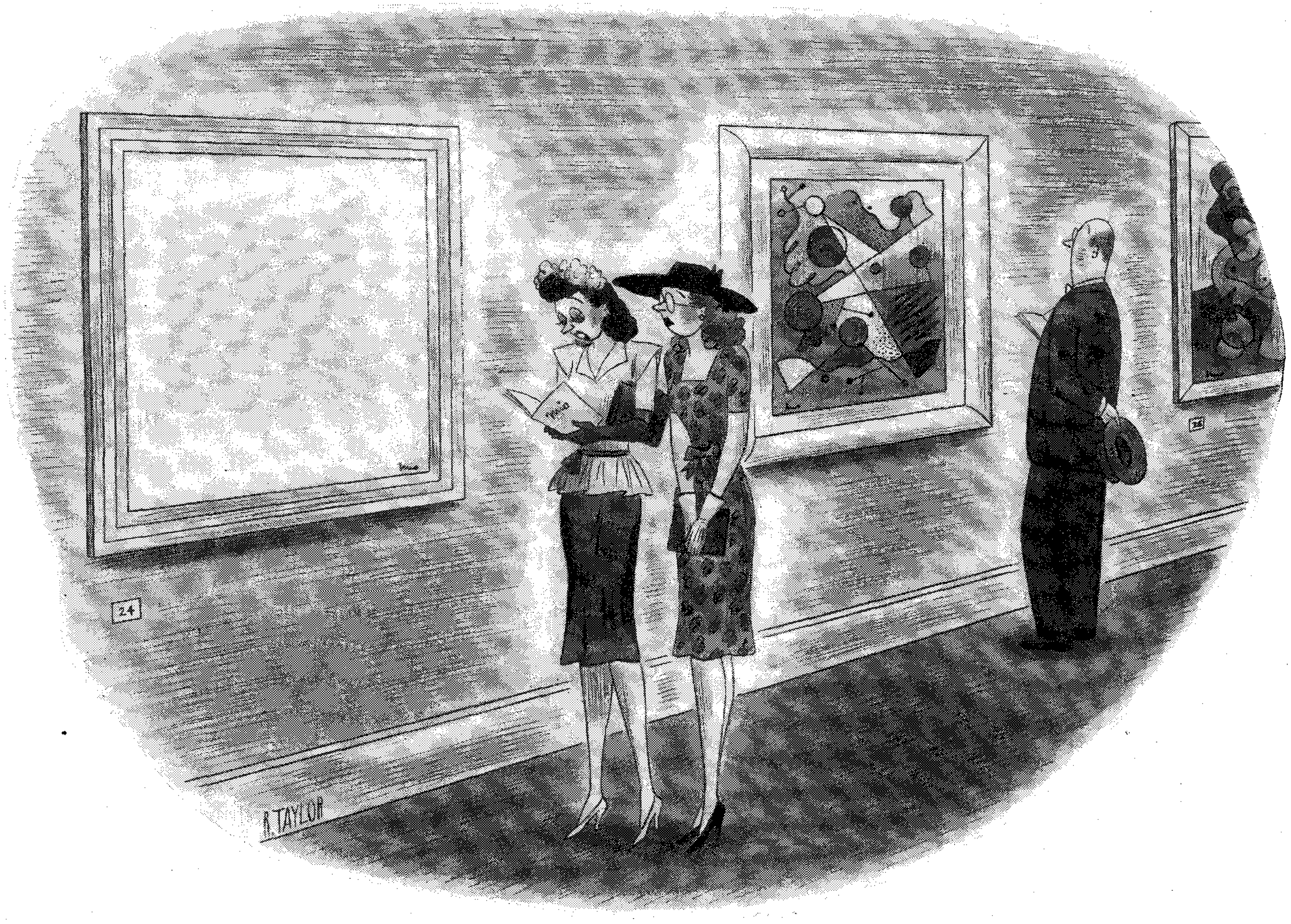
When Caruso had finished his meal, we climbed out of the hollow and up to the crest of the hill, where we lay on our stomachs, looking across the smaller valley toward the ridge. The lieutenant had a pair of field glasses. He looked through them and said, "There's fighting on the side of the ridge." He handed me the glasses. Through them I could see faint puffs of smoke halfway up the ridge and movement among the trees and rocks. "That's for me," I said. I was greatly tempted just to stay at the observation post. Sitting in the hollow was safe and secret, and no shell in the world would find me there. The air was getting warmer and the grass was soft and only a little wet. I could sleep. But I had to find the battalion, so I stood up, shouldered my roll, said goodbye, and started off again.



LIEUTENANT BIXBY had said to follow the wire, which he thought led to the ridge. There was not even a suggestion of a path, and if you didn't know regimental wire teams you wouldn't think the wire could possibly lead anywhere. Finally, halfway down the hill, the wire brought me onto a muddy path that ran diagonally down the hill. The path was screened by trees and seemed insulated from the rest of the world. The air was cold down there. The only sound was the squish of my shoes in the mud, and even that was a cold, clammy sound. It was easy going, but there was nothing pleasant about it. It was like walking in a cold jungle. But I soon lost myself in the rhythm of walking. It wasn't until I was almost at the foot of the hill that I discovered that I had also lost the wire. I walked back a few yards, then decided that it wasn't worth going all the way back up the hill. I had no idea where the path led, but if the fighting was halfway up the ridge the valley was probably safe. If it wasn't safe, I was just out of luck. I started to descend again, only slower. It was very quiet. The path straightened out near the bottom of the hill and the trees became sparser. Then it dipped suddenly and I began to walk fast.

The path turned abruptly. Ahead of me was a group of men. I went for the ground, but it was unnecessary—they were Americans. There were four of them, carrying a blanket stretched out between them. Lying on the blanket was another soldier. His feet were drawn up and his face was buried in his arms. He lay very still. The men came slowly toward me, carrying the blanket with great care. They all had rifles slung over their shoulders; their faces were drawn and their eyes were deep in their sockets. They stopped when they reached me and one of the two front men said, "You know where the medics are?" His voice was too tired to have any expression; it seemed to come from a great distance. I said I didn't know. "We got to find the medics," the soldier said. "We got a man hurt bad." I said they would have to climb the hill and then maybe they could send down from the observation post for one of the first-aid men at the C.P. The soldier was silent for a while, then he said again, "We got to find the medics." The three other men stood silent, looking at the one who was talking. The blanket was stiff with caked blood. The wounded man was scarcely breathing. Once in a while his fingers twitched and tapped weakly on the blanket. I said that they would pick up a wire further along and that it would take them to the observation post. "Thank you," the man who had spoken to me said. He shifted his feet, moving very gently so as not to disturb the wounded man. "All right," he said to the others. "Left foot." They began to walk again, synchronizing their steps so that they wouldn't shake the blanket. As they passed, I stepped aside, but not quickly enough to avoid brushing against one of the rear men. He said, "Excuse me." They moved up the path slowly, like sleepwalkers, and I watched until they turned the corner and were out of sight. Then I went on along the path, following the tiny trail of blood they had left.

The path broadened at the foot of the hill and before I knew it I was in the valley. It was wider than I had thought, looking at it from above; the ridge seemed a couple of miles away. The path ended at a dirt road running through the valley, but I decided to cut straight across and head for the ridge. The ground was soft and grassy; it felt good to be walking on the level again. There was a lovely tranquillity in the valley, and the ridge was quiet again. I had walked about two hundred yards from the



"It says, 'During the Barcelona period he became enamored of the possibilities inherent in virgin space. With a courage born of the most profound respect for the enigma of the imponderable, he produced, at this time, a series of canvases in which there exists solely an expanse of pregnant white.'"

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foot of the hill when there was a rush of air and a clap of thunder, and I fell flat on my face. When the ground had settled down, I lifted my head and looked around. A thin cloud of smoke and dust hung peacefully in the air a hundred feet to my left. There was nothing else to be seen. I lay there until I began to feel a little foolish, then stood up and began walking toward the ridge again. This time I got about twenty yards before there was the flat wham of something going very fast and another thunder clap. This time the smoke was closer. Then, while I was still lying on the ground, another shell hit only thirty feet away, throwing dirt all over the place. I stood up, bent low, and ran like hell. Another shell landed somewhere behind me, but I didn't stop until I got back to the foot of the hill. The first thing I saw was a ditch, and I hopped into that. It was full of water, but it was deep. It could have been full of hydrochloric acid as long as it was deep.

I lay in the ditch perhaps twenty minutes. There was no more shelling. The echoes still rang in my ears, but the valley was quiet again. Finally I climbed out of the ditch and started along the base of the hill, keeping under cover as much as I could. The road through the valley curved toward me, and I found myself walking on it. I went slowly, trying to look all around me at once. My clothes were wet and I began to shiver. The valley was deathly quiet. I couldn't stop shivering, and then I felt afraid. I wasn't afraid of snipers, or even of mines, which can irritate you so much that eventually you say the hell with them, just to be able to walk freely and with dignity again. But there is something about heavy artillery that is inhuman and terribly frightening. You never know whether you are running away from it or into it. It is like the finger of God. I felt cowardly and small at the base of this tremendous hill, walking alone on the floor of this enormous valley. I felt like a fly about to be swatted. It was a lousy feeling. I was very angry until I realized that there was nothing I could do about it. Then I began to wish I were somewhere else.

THE road hugged the base of the hill and then swung out into the valley again. I stayed on it, partly from inertia and partly to assert myself. All of a sudden I heard an automobile horn. I looked up and down the road, but nothing was in sight. The horn blew again. It was a nice, raucous city horn; I thought I was imagining things. The horn blew again and a voice called out, "You dumb son of a bitch, where do you think *you're* going?" The voice came from the hill. I looked over and saw a soldier standing above me near some bushes, waving. "Come back here!" he yelled. "You want your goddam head blown off?" I started toward him. I had almost reached him when he yelled "Run!" and jumped in among the bushes. I started to run, and then there was the whistle of a shell and a loud crack and a piece of the hill flew into the air. I hit the ground, digging with my nose, and the soldier stuck his head out of the bushes and yelled, "Here! In here!" I got up and ran toward him and he pulled me through the bushes. There was a shallow cleft in the hill, hidden by foliage, and parked in the cleft was a jeep. In the jeep was another soldier and on the back was a reel of telephone wire. "I hope you got insurance," the soldier in the jeep said, "because the way you travel around this country you're sure going to need it." As soon as I got my breath, I asked him what he meant, and the first soldier took me by the arm and pulled me back to the bushes. He held them apart and asked me what I saw. I couldn't see anything. "Over there by the foot of the ridge," he said. I looked again. "You see it?" he said. I saw it. A German tank was sitting in a field below the ridge. It was far away, but you could see that it was a heavy tank and you could see the black cross on the side. "Get a load of that kraut bastard," the soldier said. "He nearly blew us off the road."

We went back to the jeep and he explained that they and another man had come around the other side of the hill along a wide trail, stringing wire for the battalion, and the tank had opened fire, forcing them to take cover in the cleft. The tank was apparently afraid to come down into the valley, since we had covering fire on it, but it would fire on anything that moved. The one who had yelled to me was short and red-faced; his name was Jenkins. The other was tall, with a long, sad face and huge hands, and Jenkins called him Tex. "He really comes from Oklahoma," Jenkins said, "but he served two years at Fort Sam Houston, so everyone calls him Tex." I asked if they had done anything about the tank. Jenkins said they had sent the third man up to the artillery observation post to put some fire on it. He said we had men working their way up the ridge; he didn't think they were meeting much opposition, since all the firing he had heard had been light and sporadic. There seemed to be nothing to do but wait, so I sat down in the jeep and relaxed. The two other men went into what was apparently a running argument about the relative attractions of French women in Algiers and Italian women in Italy. Jenkins was upholding the French.

"They got more class," he kept saying to Tex.

"Maybe so," Tex said, unimpressed, "but what good is it if you can't get anywhere?"

"That's just what I mean," Jenkins said triumphantly. "That's *class*."

Just then there was the crackle of a shell overhead. "That's it!" Jenkins said. He rushed to the bushes and held them apart so that he could look across the valley. Tex and I followed him. "It's our goddam artillery," Tex said. "They finally realized there's a war on." The shell had hit a hundred yards or so from the tank. The tank began to move, obviously trying to retreat, but something must have been wrong, because it turned only part way around. Another shell landed closer, and Jenkins whispered, "You kraut bastard, stay there, stay there!" The tank looked like a huge bug, twitching as it strained to get away. Another shell came over, but this one was farther off, and then two more, closer.

"How can you hit a tank from that distance?" Tex asked. "It'd be a miracle."

"Shut your face!" Jenkins said, without looking at him. He was whispering to the artillery, "Hit the bastard, hit him, *hit* him!"

But the next shell was off the target and the two after that were even farther off, and then the tank spun around, wobbled for a second, and lumbered out of sight. Two more shells went over, but it was too late. The tank was hidden now.

"God *damn!*" Jenkins said, turning back to us. He looked as if he were going to cry.

"Listen," Tex said. "Them guns have been firing since Salerno. I bet right now they got bores as smooth as a baby's bottom. You're lucky they get as close as two hundred yards to what they're aiming at."

Jenkins got into the driver's seat of the jeep and started the motor. "That tank ain't going to stick his nose out no more," he said. "We might as well get this wire laid." Tex went around behind the jeep, so that he could follow it and see that the wire didn't get tangled as it was reeled out, and I got into the front seat. We drove out through the bushes and headed across the valley toward the ridge but bearing away from the part of the ridge where the tank had disappeared. "He ain't going to bother us," Jenkins said, "but there ain't no sense giving him the chance." We drove across the valley in second, Tex walking behind, paying out the wire. Once we heard the crackle of a shell going over. Jenkins slammed on the brakes and we both spilled out, but the shell kept going and we heard it hit on the other side of the ridge. When we got to the base of the ridge, Jenkins parked the car and said he'd be damned if he was going to lug that wire up a mountain; he was going to wait for the man they had sent to the artillery observation post. I offered to help them, but he said they'd better wait for him. I said I thought I'd be on my way then. I got my bedding roll and thanked them for saving my life. "Hell," Tex said. "He might have missed you." Jenkins warned me to watch out for trip wires on the way up; while they had been pinned down by the tank, they had heard some explosions on the ridge that sounded like mines, and trip wires were the favorite German method of mining a mountain. I thanked them again and started off.

THERE was no path up the ridge here, so I went straight up. It wasn't hard going at first; the ground was soft and I had to fight my way through bushes, but they weren't too thick. Then the soft ground ended and rocks began. They were big rocks, with thickets growing between them, and I had to hop from one to another. Even this wasn't too bad, but then the rocks ended and there was nothing but thickets, which I had to claw my way through. They were full of thistles, and after a few minutes my hands and face were bleeding. Finally I stopped and looked back. The valley was just the same, calm and green and peaceful. In the distance I could see dust on the road, which meant that trucks were moving up. Then I heard the sharp sounds of small-arms fire above me and to the right, so I headed that way. The sounds grew louder and distinguishable: the crack of a rifle and the riveting-machine

ABOUT MARRIAGE
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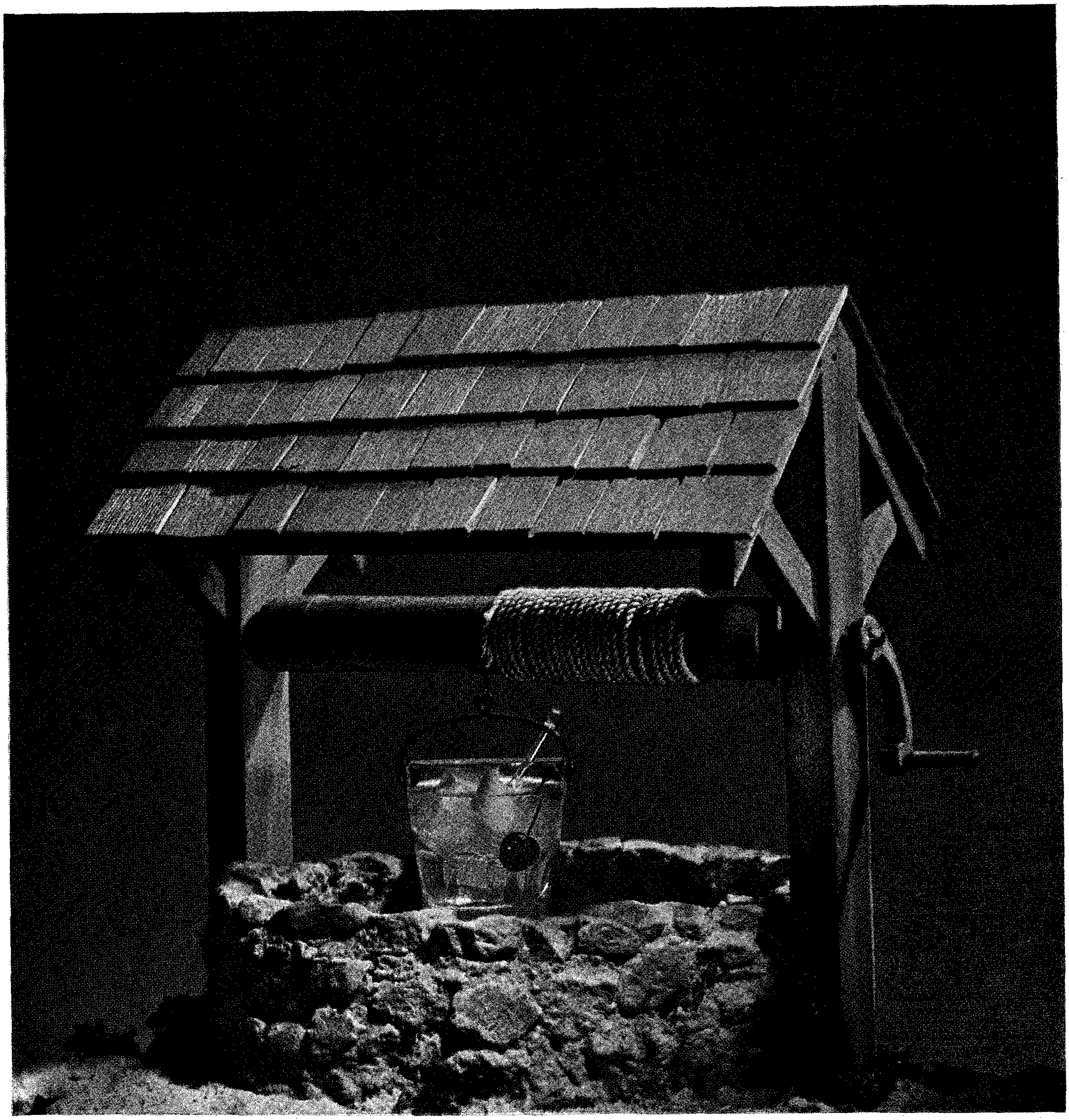

Miracle at the wishing well

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VIRGINIA ROUNDS

burst of a German machine pistol, and then the slower, measured answer of our machine guns. I stopped to get my breath, and when I started again my legs felt very heavy. My pistol dragged at my side and the bedding roll felt as heavy as a sack of flour. But as I approached the firing, I began to feel life-size. The valley fear and sense of insignificance disappeared and I felt human, and very important. I didn't know how close I was to the top of the ridge, but that didn't matter now.

The ridge grew steeper; the rocks appeared again, and then the bushes. I ripped my way through. My uniform was soaked with sweat and my helmet bounced up and down on my head and slid over my eyes. At last I got on a trail which went uphill. The firing was very near now, but it had slackened. Alongside the path, I saw, ahead of me, three soldiers with red crosses on their arms, standing over another soldier on the ground. They paid no attention to me. When I got closer, I saw that two of them were working on the man on the ground, cutting away his uniform around a lumpy brown stain on his side. The third man was standing a little apart. He was a medical captain. I asked him where the battalion C.P. was and he pointed up the trail without speaking. I kept on the trail and began to encounter signs that there had been a fight. There was a German machine-gun emplacement dug in between two trees, the gun still pointing down the mountain, and two dead Germans lying beside the gun. Farther up, cases of German ammunition were scattered around. The trail widened. It mounted a little further and then ran for a while along the side of the ridge, hidden from the top by an overhanging cliff. I came upon the mouth of a cave in the cliff. Two officers were sitting before it, looking at a map. One was the battalion commander, a young, tough colonel with a mustache. The other was the regimental intelligence officer, a child lieutenant who looked about eighteen when he was shaved. He was one of the people I was supposed to have gone with. When he saw me, all he said was, "You're a little late, aren't you?" I told him what had happened. "You missed all the fun," he said. "We've already chased the krauts off the hill." I asked what the shooting was, and he said it was just some isolated snipers the boys were cleaning up. "You can go on up to the top of the hill if you want," he said. "Just keep your head down."

I said I'd take a quick look and continued up the trail. There were infantrymen scattered along it, opening packages of K ration or sleeping or just sitting and smoking. None of them were talking. There were also several men lying on the ground with blankets over their faces. The path grew steeper and then dribbled out among some rocks. I started to climb up over the rocks and a voice said, "Keep your head down." A soldier was sitting behind a large rock at the top. I kept low and climbed up to him. "This is the end of the line," he said. "Unless you want your head handed to you." I dropped my bedding roll, climbed the rock, and looked over. Everything was exactly the same. There was the other side of the ridge dropping off beneath me and at the bottom was a green little valley, and then another ridge. Beyond that were more ridges, rising and falling in the same pattern. There seemed to be no end; it was like being in an airplane over a sea of clouds that stretched forever into space. It was very quiet on top of the ridge. There was no more firing and the air was warm and motionless. Then there was the sound of planes and two of our dive-bombers appeared, flying very high and fast, heading for the next ridge. When they were over it, they gunned their motors and then heeled over and went down with terrible directness in a long, plummeting dive, the motor sound lost in the screaming of the wings; and when it seemed that they would never pull out, they pulled out, and from the bottom of the planes, like droppings from a bird, the bombs fell beautifully down and hit and exploded. Then the planes flattened out and climbed and sped swiftly back toward their field.

I lay there for a while longer and then climbed down to the soldier behind the rock. "How does it look?" he asked.

"It looks familiar," I said.

—Walter Bernstein

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He [Dewey] said that the problem was of too great importance to be worked out by any individual or group of individuals.

—*Washington Times-Herald.*

Job for Superman?

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cleveland Heights (Ohio) Press*]

Miss J—— has been working as an assistant occupational therapist at City Hospital and is now beginning college training to fit her for this work.

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MAE WEST
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Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
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Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St.
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Pick-Up Girl
with WILLIAM HARRIGAN
by ELSA SHELLEY
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
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Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
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HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
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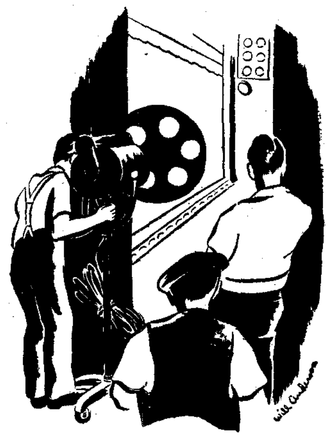
THE THEATRE

HARD GOING

LAST week the theatre produced one farce of really staggering incompetence and a vaudeville show, supervised by Lou Holtz, that might be taken to indicate that this form of entertainment has indeed outlived its public. On no basis of merit but simply because it turned up first, let us begin by considering "Down to Miami," Conrad Westervelt's revision of "Abie's Irish Rose," at the Ambassador. This piece had to do, in a maniacal sort of way, with certain racial disturbances between two families called Applegate and Mandel, both guests in a Miami hotel, designed by Stewart Chaney at what must have been quite unwarranted expense. The Jewish-Gentile humor contrived by Mr. Westervelt was, I should say, equally insulting to both faiths, and the love interest, transplanted almost intact from Anne Nichols' great work, was dull and foolish beyond belief. The author introduced a timely and patriotic note by putting the young men in his cast in uniform, but since all he achieved by this device was what looked to me like a vicious libel on the armed forces, it was no particular help. Not having been in a very retentive mood, I can't give you much idea of the dialogue. Once, I remember, a character, wishing to identify his friend as a hero, says, "His name is Katz, so the boys call him 'Wild Cat.' " This, however, is hardly an adequate sample of Mr. Westervelt's humor, which is approximately on a level with his exposition, or ghastly. The cast assembled for this minor outrage included Robert Leonard, Elaine Ellis, Charles Lang, and Merle Maddern. A preposterous combination of writing and direction undoubtedly handicapped them severely, but I'm afraid they would never really be favorites of mine under any circumstances.

"STAR TIME," at the Majestic, includes acrobats, harmonica players, dancers (both ballroom and eccentric), a singer or two, and, of course, Mr. Holtz. Since most of these people have enchanted their millions, I hesitate to say that the sum of their offerings struck me as a considerable bore. Boredom, however, was what I mainly felt in the presence of the master and his associates, and it would be unethical to tell you anything else. Like most enterprises of this kind, "Star Time" depends very heavily on its master of ceremonies, and I'm sorry to report that Mr. Holtz seems to me pretty routine—suspended somewhere, you might say, between Jay C. Flippen and Frank Fay. The jokes are reliable and generally familiar, the manner is brisk and professionally ingratiating, the clothing is various and fashionable, and the whole personality is in many ways quite overpowering. The fact remains, though, that I can't believe Mr. Holtz is a very funny man, or at least funny enough to get you through a fairly long evening. The others—Benny Fields, the De Marcos, Shirley Dennis, the Berry Brothers, and about half a dozen more—have either been around too long to require any special definition or else have routines of such undistinguished design that there is no point in discussing them. On the whole, "Star Time" is the sort of performance that is apt to make the very young cynical about that tiresome old legend about the Palace and their elders perhaps a little doubtful about it, too.



—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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Please be careful where you throw cigarette butts. Be sure the cigarette is completely extinguished and throw it into a fireproof container holding no combustible material. Do not throw cigarette butts out of the window. Recently there was a fire in the rear of Building which was presumably started by a cigarette butt thrown out of a window. In any case a lighted butt was thrown down among the firemen, hitting one on the hat.—*From a Harvard memo on safety precautions.*

Well, where would you find a safer place to throw a butt?

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"The speedometer turned 92,000 miles the other day — and I've never been delayed a minute by any fault of the car. That's a grand record for any car at any price. It's convinced me that Plymouth is the low-cost car with the high-price features. I'm riding this model through the war, however long that takes. And the next car I get will be another Plymouth."★

A NAVY COMMANDER tells this true story of Plymouth *reliability*. It comes from Plymouth's building cars to meet the toughest driving conditions. In every Plymouth, metal parts are engineered to resist salt air corrosion . . . brakes to operate long and safely in mountain country . . . cooling system to work efficiently in desert heat. Every other feature is as thoroughly proven.

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★ *Based on an actual letter in the Plymouth files.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

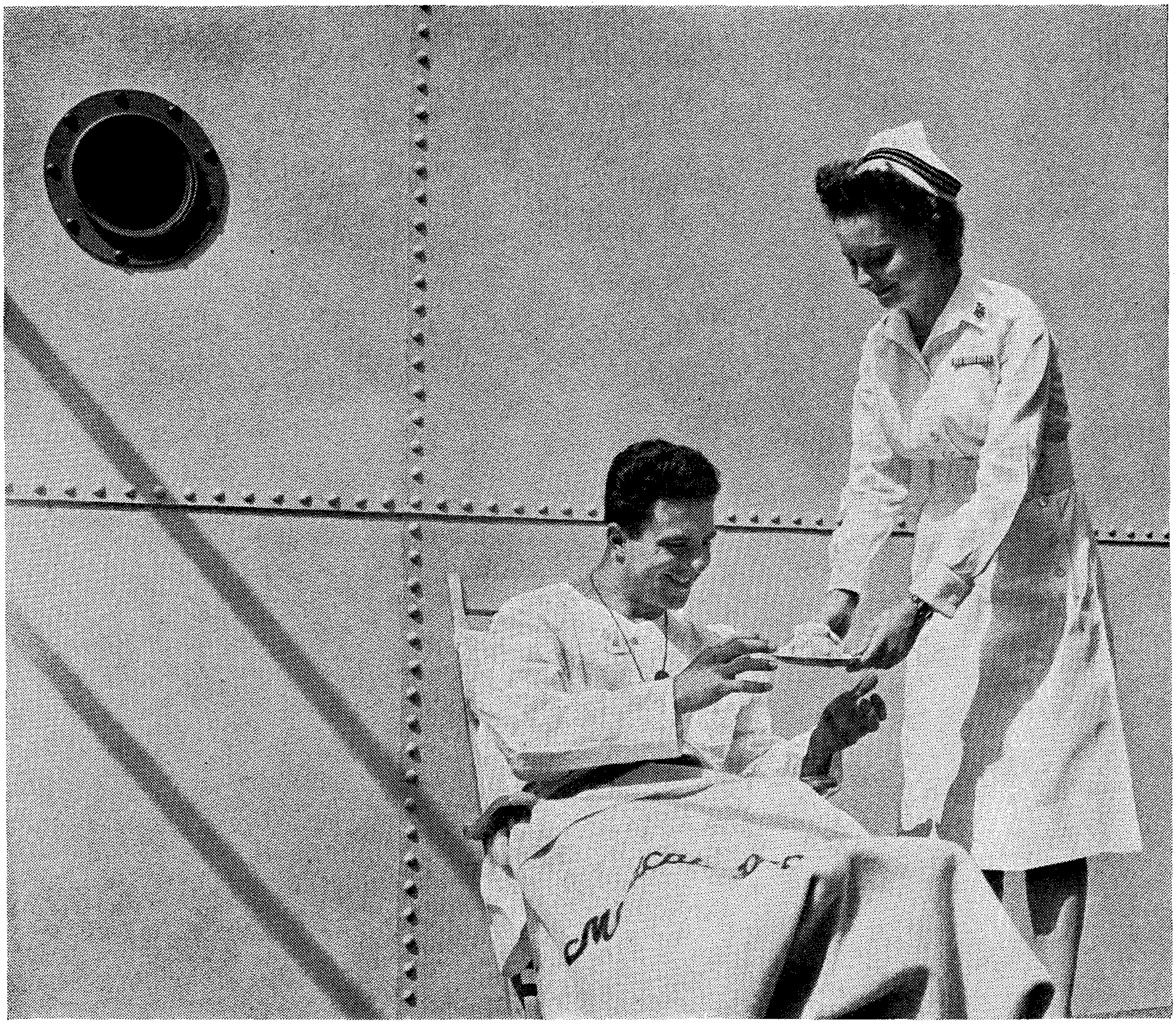
SEPTEMBER 15 (BY WIRELESS)

THE press of Paris, from a professional point of view, is now an experiment. The newspapers are owned neither by private individuals nor by the government but by nonprofit organizations. There are more of them than ever before and new ones appear almost every day. The supply of newsprint is so small that, with two exceptions, the newspapers are limited to a hundred and eighty thousand copies. The Communist *Humanité* and the Socialist *Populaire*, because they had huge circulations before they were suppressed in 1939 and 1940, respectively, are allowed to print about fifty thousand more copies than the others. The papers all have two eight-column pages and sell for two francs. Since the public, which has been starved for honest news for four years, is now apparently insatiable, the papers sell out every day, which gives them enough money to pay their way. Except for *L'Humanité* and *Le Populaire*, the only pre-armistice papers are *Le Figaro* and *L'Aube*, which voluntarily ceased publication rather than print German propaganda and so have been allowed to resume; all the other papers are continuations of the tiny clandestine sheets that played such an important part in the liberation of France. Every resistance group that ever published an illegal newspaper is now represented by a legal one, and the metropolitan press displays names that became familiar during the dark and bloody years: *Franc-Tireur, Libération, Résistance, France Libre, Combat, Le Front National, Défense de la France,* and the rest.

E.
M. ZURK M.D.
EYE SPECIALIST
OFFICE HOURS
WEEKDAYS 10 TO 4
SATURDAYS 9 TO NOON
BY APPOINTMENT ONLY
cobean

The trend in prewar Paris, as in New York, had been toward fewer papers and larger circulations. Parisian newspaper plants were big enough to print editions running into the millions. To make full use of this capacity, a group of three or four of the new newspapers has been assigned to each of the great collaborationist plants. For example, *Combat, Franc-Tireur,* and *Défense de la France* use the old *Intransigeant* building; *Libération, Le Front National, Ce Soir,* and the weekly *Lettres Françaises* amicably share the modern facilities of *Paris-Soir*. The rent they pay for these premises goes to a trustee appointed by the government. After the trials of the newspaper owners accused of collaboration with the enemy, the newspaper plants of the convicted publishers will be confiscated by the government. So will the rentals paid for these properties. Most of these publishers have prudently disappeared. What will happen in case any of them are acquitted has not been decided yet, but it is difficult now to conceive of the acquittal of men who printed the chief evidence against themselves day after day for four years and distributed it by hundreds of thousands of copies. Yet even stranger instances of whitewashing daub the history of the Third Republic, and the possibility that not only these publishers but the great industrialists who collaborated will escape punishment is causing a certain disquiet. France, as General de Gaulle said in his speech at the Palais Chaillot last Tuesday, has returned to the laws of the Third Republic, "which are not perfect, but which are the law." And the laws of the Third Republic permitted an infinity of abuses. Happily, treason is high crime by any man's law, and no special legislation is needed to expropriate the *grands patrons* who have already sold a controlling interest in their plants to Germany.

The new newspapers, unlike most of the prewar ones, are honest, are not subsidized by antisocial groups, and are free even from the pressure of advertisers—who in France always demanded puffs—because there is now no space for advertisements. But they are far inferior to what they were in their clandestine state—little sheets that were edited in the white heat of hatred and in a peril that seemed to heighten the sensitivity of the writers. They have lost their unity of theme. For four years they had two interlocking motifs: a fierce criticism of Vichy and an appeal to throw the Germans out of France. Now, five-sixths of France has been liberated and Vichy is so discredited that attacking it seems like kicking a dead dog—although there are smirking suggestions among the clientele of the black-market restaurants that the spirit of Vichy is merely playing possum. The new press, therefore, having won freedom of expression, has relatively little to express. The great exception, apparently, is *Lettres Françaises*, the weekly organ of the National Committee of French Writers, headed by François Mauriac, Georges Duhamel, and Paul Valéry. Mauriac, the great chronicler of tortured, introspective minds, took no apparent interest in politics before the war, but after the surrender he became a leader of the intellectual resistance, a part he played negatively by refusing to publish anything while the Germans occupied France and positively



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And landing again in the U. S. A. is a tonic to appetites, too. Listen to the busy mess officer of an army hospital, where patients roll right in from the gang-plank.

"Those 700 boys have already drunk up 1500 quarts of milk and the day's not over. There won't be enough milk in the state to fill them up!"

We know you'll willingly share your ice cream and milk with boys like these—even if it sometimes means doing with a little less. For our part, we're proud that our laboratories have been able to develop for the Army and Navy so many products made from milk—nature's most nearly perfect food.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

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AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

by writing for the clandestine press under the name of Forez. What he is writing now is the clearest expression of the need for continued unity and the most lucid exposition of the intellectual errors that were the basis of the debacle. These errors antedated Locarno, the Stavisky Affair riots, the muddle-headedness of the old generals, and the Front Populaire of 1936. They date back to the Dreyfus trial. Members of L'Action Française (a movement which has been dissolved as treasonable), anti-republicans who called themselves "integral nationalists" and are professional patriots like our own Ku Kluxers, after failing to reshape France according to their own desires, worked for forty years to undermine French faith in France. Their leaders, the pseudo-intellectuals Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet, provided the cavaliers of industry with a ready-made rationalization of their thievery—the Republic was sinful and absurd, therefore it was all right to plunder and betray the Republic. When what the Maurrassians called their "principles" triumphed in Italy and Germany, the "integral nationalists" turned anti-nationalist and became the executioners of their own countrymen. Mauriac makes clear the importance of this intellectual manuring of the field in which the poison mushrooms grew. His editorials may prove the most potent weapons against the return of the old mob to power, but politicians and industrialists may be too obtuse and slow to suspect that.

The falling off in the quality of the press is conceded, a little wryly, by the editors themselves, who did so much better when they hid in cold hotel rooms, listening as they worked for the knock of a Gestapo agent on the door. Roger Massip, the present editorial chief of *Libération*, one of the most promising new papers, got out its last twenty-seven clandestine issues, which appeared over a stretch of twenty months. "Maybe it was because it is easier to make it a good paper once every three weeks than once a day," he told me a couple of days ago, "or maybe because the format was so small that a piece had to be very good or very important before we could find space for it. It was not worth risking the lives of our carriers to disseminate an interview with a cinema star. Just the same, we are much happier now."

ONE of the aspects of the clandestine press that always amazed foreigners encountering it for the first time was the quantity of newsprint available to patriot editors. Even though these underground publications were small, it took a good deal of paper to print one like, say, *Libération*, which had an average circulation of a hundred and fifty thousand copies. It wasn't much of a trick to get the paper, Massip says. Wholesalers had laid in huge stocks of newsprint during the first year of the war. The Germans froze all of it and set a low official price on it, so wholesalers were glad to sell it at the higher black-market price. They never asked what the paper bought from them was used for. In many cases they must have known that it was being bought for the clandestine press, but since they were making money on it they never informed. Some of the money for paper and printing came from sympathizers in France; the rest came from the de Gaulle committee in London. It was brought by messengers parachuted into France. Printing was more of a problem than paper, and a problem that often had to be solved anew on short notice when the German Gestapo or the French militia put a printery out of action. *Libération*, like most clandestine papers, began its career in the unoccupied zone shortly after the armistice. The German police were not so numerous there and one could count on the complicity of many Vichy officials. After November, 1942, when the Germans moved across the line of demarcation and occupied all of France, these advantages no longer existed and most newspapers moved their headquarters to Paris, since the risks were now no greater there than elsewhere and since one could feel there the beat of the national pulse and prepare for the liberation everyone knew was coming.

Massip took over the direction of *Libération* in January, 1943, during this transitional period. The paper had decided to move, but because of the difficulty of finding a Paris printing plant, it remained temporarily in the south. The editorial "office" was an apartment in a Lyon working-class district. Massip and two colleagues lived and worked there. They had a mailbox in another tenement where they received reports from regional correspondents. *Libération* had local offices in Lyon, Toulouse, Marseille, and Montpellier. These correspondents supplied news of the underground struggle in their territories. At another mailbox, *Libération* received communications from its political and diplomatic correspondent, an official in the Vichy Ministry of Foreign Affairs. (Most big resistance papers had

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correspondents in the government who furnished them with depressingly intimate details of Laval's and Pétain's *petite combine.*) *Libération's* political correspondent was eventually arrested and interrogated by the Gestapo. He got out of it alive and without "giving" any of his colleagues. According to Massip, the correspondent's body is covered with a tattoo of cigarette burns and, although he is only thirty-eight years old, his hair has turned completely white.

Massip and his two sub-editors sifted the news and wrote editorials and articles. When they wanted something that called for special knowledge or a satirical touch, they called upon some journalist they knew to write the piece, even though the man might be outside the organized resistance movement. No newspaperman ever gave them away. When they had decided on the contents of a number, they made a dummy and a resistance railroad man or travelling salesman carried it to the town of Montélimar, in the Massif Central, where there was a sizable job printery that worked largely for the movement. The printery would set the type and print twenty or thirty thousand papers for distribution in the immediate region. But it was not judicious to print a whole number at one plant, since distribution over a large area was a difficult problem, and besides, there would always be the danger that the Gestapo might capture a whole printing if it should happen to make a raid. Montélimar would therefore send back to Lyon carefully printed proofs on good paper, and technicians would photograph them and make a half dozen sets of zinc printing plates from the photographs. In this work, the resistance papers had the wholehearted aid of the photo-engraving departments of the Lyon collaborationist newspapers. The plates were distributed to little printing plants here and there, from Toulouse to Marseille. These plants were operated by partisans. Each plant printed an edition of a few thousand. Some of the papers were loaded in packing cases deceptively labelled and shipped by train to stations where resistance railroad men were waiting for them; others were carried in suitcases by ostensible *voyageurs de commerce*, who risked their lives every time they travelled, for Vichy agents rode many trains searching for contraband—black-market food and Spanish cigarettes. If, in searching for these, they opened a suitcase full of newspapers, they turned the carrier over to the Gestapo. (If they found food, they

LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 23, 1944

Forty-five awards in ten years from the most astute radio critics in America is the notable record CBS' *Lux Radio Theatre* points to as it starts its tenth anniversary.

Since 1934 the program, directed by Cecil B. deMille, has brought to the ears of American listeners over 400 superb dramatizations of leading plays and films, and the voices of America's most gifted actors and actresses.

Choosing one production a year as a tiny sample of the program's great and sustained quality, the year by year roster reads like this:

1934—SMILIN' THRU with Jane Cowl
1935—COUNSELLOR AT LAW with Paul Muni
1936—THE VIRGINIAN with Gary Cooper
1937—DODSWORTH with Walter Huston
1938—DISRAELI with George and Florence Arliss
1939—IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable
1940—ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS with Raymond Massey
1941—REBECCA with Ronald Colman
1942—THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES with Lionel Barrymore
1943—THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR with Ginger Rogers
1944 (so far)—JANE EYRE with Orson Welles

Small wonder that the N. Y. *World-Telegram* Annual Poll of Radio Editors (now *Billboard's*) and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* Radio Poll have seen fit to give their palms for the best radio dramatic program 10 years straight to *Lux Radio Theatre*, and that the Peabody Award recognized it this year "for meritorious public service". Smaller wonder that it has built the largest single audience of its type on the air.

Today millions of listeners throughout the country are voting for the play and the stars they would like to hear on the program's tenth anniversary performance on Monday, October 16 at 9 p.m. EWT. They're writing to Mr. deMille in Hollywood. Why don't you?

★

CBS opened its series of six programs discussing international security just 40 hours before the delegates of the U.S., Great Britain and Russia were doing the same at Dumbarton Oaks in Georgetown.

Every other Saturday (at 6:15 p.m. EWT) the BBC program *Freedom Forum* matches the CBS discussions with equally prominent international speakers. (On August 26, for instance, BBC broadcast a discussion of how to prevent Germany from starting another war.)

The full series of 12 programs is rebroadcast in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

★

A U.S. soldier lay in hospital at Fort Devens on Friday, October 1. He tuned in WEEI (CBS in Boston) and heard himself officially reported missing. So he called the police and told them he wasn't missing, but was feeling pretty good. So does everybody now who had been worrying about him.

★

A man named Harlow Shapley, whose life is spent measuring things celestial, had this to say the other day about the music you can hear on CBS each Sunday morning at 9:15 EWT:

"The world at large never knew of its own holdings in fine organ music before Mr. Biggs and the Harvard organ and the Columbia Broadcasting System got together on the ether waves. Famous modern composers are writing, sometimes with great effectiveness, for this particular program. And many a lazy lout like me is forced to early rising and similar virtues on Sunday morning, for these half hours with Mr. Donald Harrison's remarkable baroque organ, and for the contact it gives us with the musical giants of the past and with current activities in musical composition. This enterprise gives one a sense of personal participation in something that partially justifies the maintenance of Western civilization."

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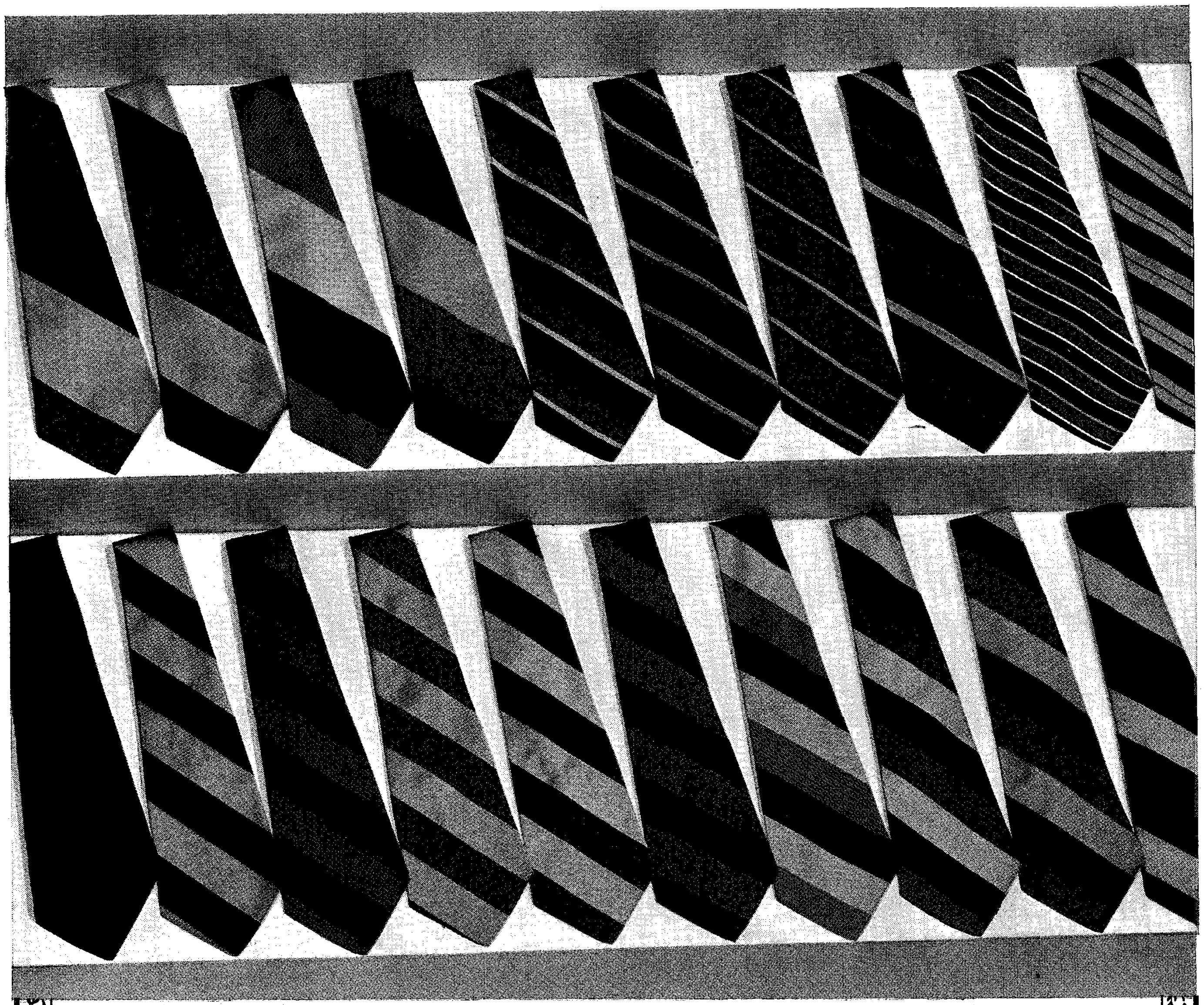
jailed him, sold the stuff, and pocketed the proceeds.) They were always hard on a newspaper carrier, presumably because they were angry when they found nothing to steal. One of Massip's printers was a priest who had a press in his church. The occupation authorities allowed him to have electric power in church only on Sundays, when he held services, so between masses he would print. This priest was caught, arrested, and immersed repeatedly in a bathtub of water just above freezing to make him talk. He didn't talk. He was then given intravenous injections of ice water. He still didn't talk. The Germans next tried to see how long they could hold his head under water without drowning him. They miscalculated and drowned him, but he hadn't talked.

At last the Gestapo smuggled a German officer into the Montélimar plant. He was a linotyper provided with a union card and a complete set of resistance identification papers, and he spoke perfect French. The plant was raided and put out of business, but all the personnel escaped except the foreman of the photo-engraving department. He was tortured to death, but he didn't talk, either.

In the fall of 1943, *Libération* moved to Paris. The new editorial office was an unheated room on the fourth floor of a shabby hotel on the Boulevard Raspail. There was a Gestapo office next door. "Obviously a factor of security," Massip says. "They would never expect to find us so close." Once, however, a Gestapo agent with an original turn of mind stopped Massip outside the hotel and frisked him, but without avail, for Massip never carried compromising papers. The printing problem in Paris was solved in a new way. It was hard to find a plant that was not under surveillance, but Paris was full of big collaborationist papers and all the compositors were militant unionists and Boche-haters. The men set type for resistance newspapers on the machines of the collaborationist sheets. Every time there was a pause in the flow of the copy they had to set for their employers, they set a few sticks for the resistance papers and put them aside. Most of the foremen knew what their men were doing and covered up for them. In the black of early morning, when their shift was done, the printers would take the resistance type away in suitcases. They would stop off, on their way home, at a corner bistro and another resistance man would pick the type up. The average weight of a loaded suitcase was seventy pounds. One linotyper is happily telling his friends now how he set hundreds of columns of resistance copy on the machines of the *Pariser Zeitung*, the German daily of Paris. Finding presses to print on was more of a problem. *Libération* emerged painfully from a dozen foot-pedal presses and hand presses in tiny plants; only the plants of collaborationist papers had electric power.

THE centralization in Paris brought certain advantages to the whole resistance press. These papers had a joint news agency, which furnished them all with political and foreign news; an *agence d'information* for documentation; and a bureau which provided their journalists with false identity papers and changed them whenever an identity seemed to be wearing a bit thin. Still more important, the resistance journalists could now meet and discuss common problems. One of these was preparation for the day of liberation. During the winter of 1943, resistance groups drew up the scheme now in use. Immediately after the landing in Normandy, they made detailed plans to take over the Paris newspaper plants. Each collaborationist plant was assigned to a group of resistance papers. Resistance men, lean and shabby, with their revolvers and their false identity papers in their pockets, must have grinned whenever they passed one of the collaborationist news palaces. Editors recruited the enlarged staffs they would need when they started putting out standard-size papers. Some were journalists who had been discharged for too openly expressed de Gaullism; others were men who had worked on collaborationist newspapers, but without doing any of the dirty jobs, and had contributed articles on the side to resistance publications. The recruits unfortunately included a number of male and female sob sisters who write as badly as their American opposite numbers, but they were at least people of good will. The printers' union, which of course had operated illegally since the armistice, assigned crews to the clandestine journals. Everybody knew for weeks beforehand just where he was going on "Le Jour."

On the night before the police took over the Préfecture and began the armed insurrection, word was passed around among the men of the press to stand by. The editorial and mechanical staffs of *Libération*, *Le Front National*, and *Ce Soir*, which were to occupy *Paris-Soir*, were told to meet at a café near the Louvre the next night. The siege of the Préfecture began on



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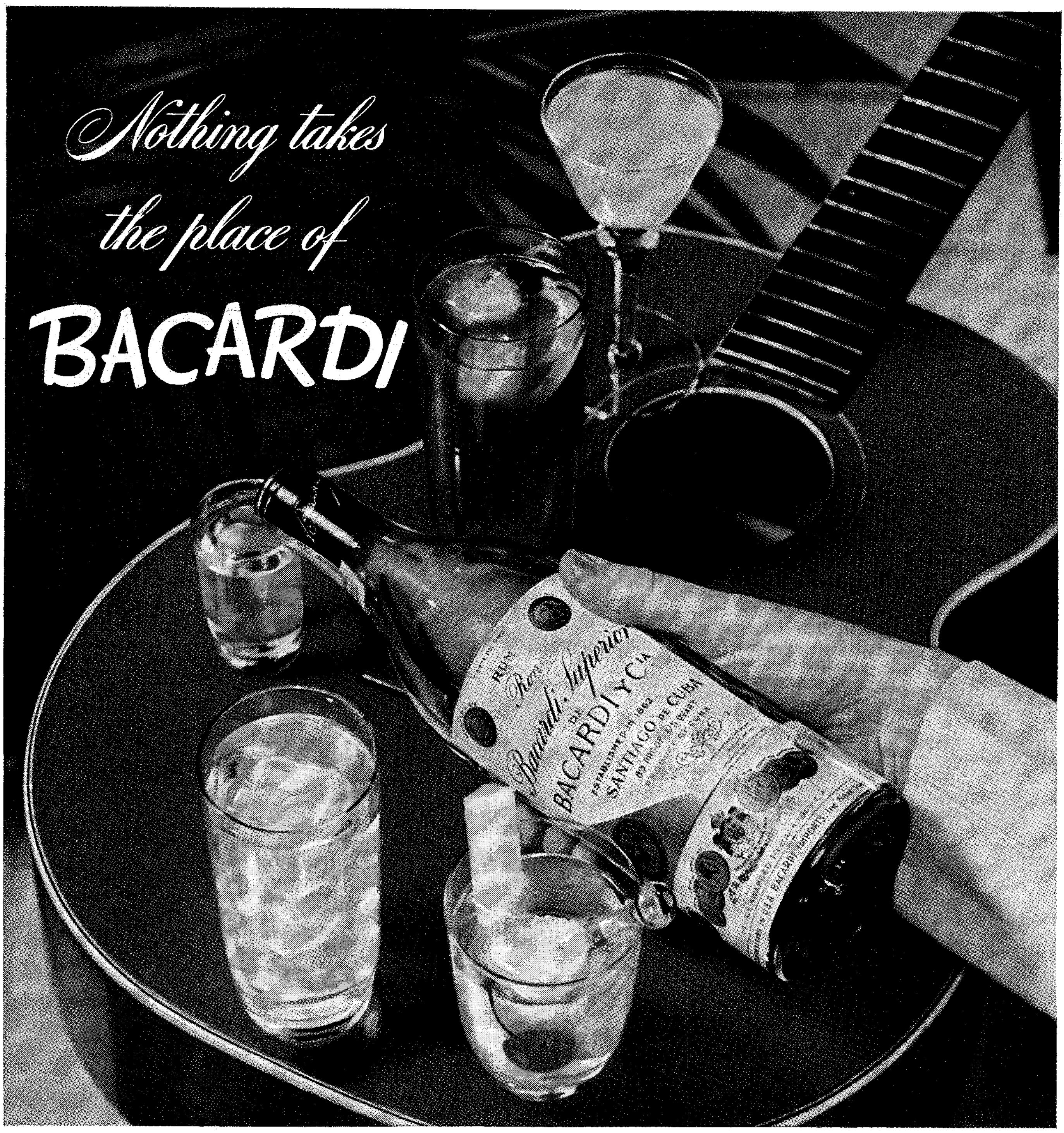
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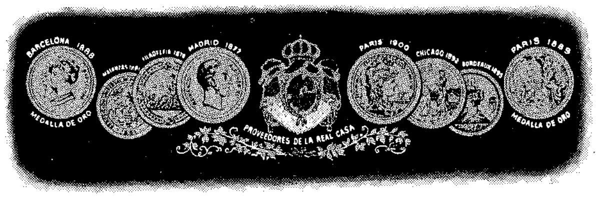
BARCELONA 1888
MEDALLA DE ORO
MADRID 1877
PARIS 1900
CHICAGO 1893
BORDEAUX 1895
PARIS 1889
MEDALLA DE ORO
PROVEEDORES DE LA REAL CASA

★A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with Bacardi (Ruling of N.Y. Supreme Court, Apr. 28, 1936) RUM—89 PROOF—Bacardi Imports, Inc., N.Y.

August 19th, and that night, while German tanks rumbled through the streets firing at anything that moved, reporters and copyreaders, proofreaders and linotypers, pressmen and copyboys and apprentices, armed with whatever they could lay their hands on, marched into the *Paris-Soir* building and took possession. There was no resistance. None had been expected. The old watchmen were glad to see the resistance men move in. The men had brought arms, in case the Germans made an attempt to wreck the plant when they learned that resistance papers were using it. Of some three hundred printers, twenty had firearms, mostly revolvers. A lot of apprentices had Molotoff cocktails—in their version, champagne bottles full of an incendiary mixture of gasoline and phosphorus to throw at tanks. For further protection, there were forty-two members of Marshal Pétain's special guard, fine types in resplendent uniforms, whom the Germans, as a compliment to Pétain, had allowed to be armed like real soldiers. They had helmets and tommyguns and carbines. These guards had been sent to Paris from Vichy to escort some Vichy minister who wanted to go home and was afraid to show himself in the Paris streets without an armed guard. When the detachment arrived in Paris, however, the minister had already departed by airplane. The guards had decided to join the uprising. They occupied the ground floor of the buildings flanking *Paris-Soir* so that they could protect the main entrance with a crossfire. Inhabitants of the quarter pulled up stone paving blocks and built barricades on the street. Massip and his colleagues on the other papers sat down to write their first editorials for the liberated press. The papers began to appear on August 20th, and continued to appear every day, even though there was fighting on the Rue de Rivoli, just a few blocks away, until the evening of August 25th, when the German General von Choltitz surrendered. There was never a real attack on the *Paris-Soir* building; the Germans had too many other things to think about. Stray bullets snicked through windows occasionally, but the copyreaders never even looked up. The circulation department suffered the only casualties. When a boy or a woman bicyclist delivering resistance newspapers blundered into a German patrol, the Germans would throw away the newspapers, confiscate the bicycle, and shoot the carrier. Half a dozen of *Libération's* and *Le Front National's*

Whitney Darrow, Jr

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Blended Whiskey, 86 proof
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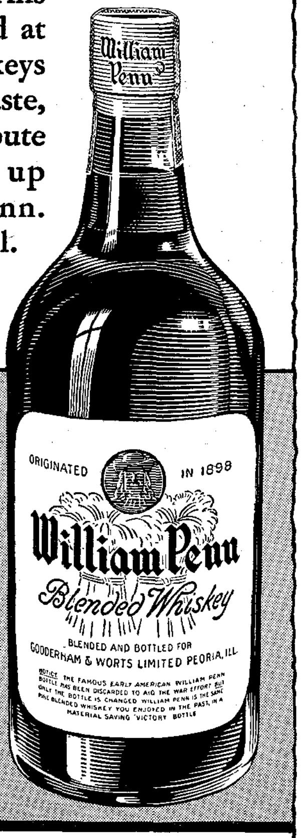
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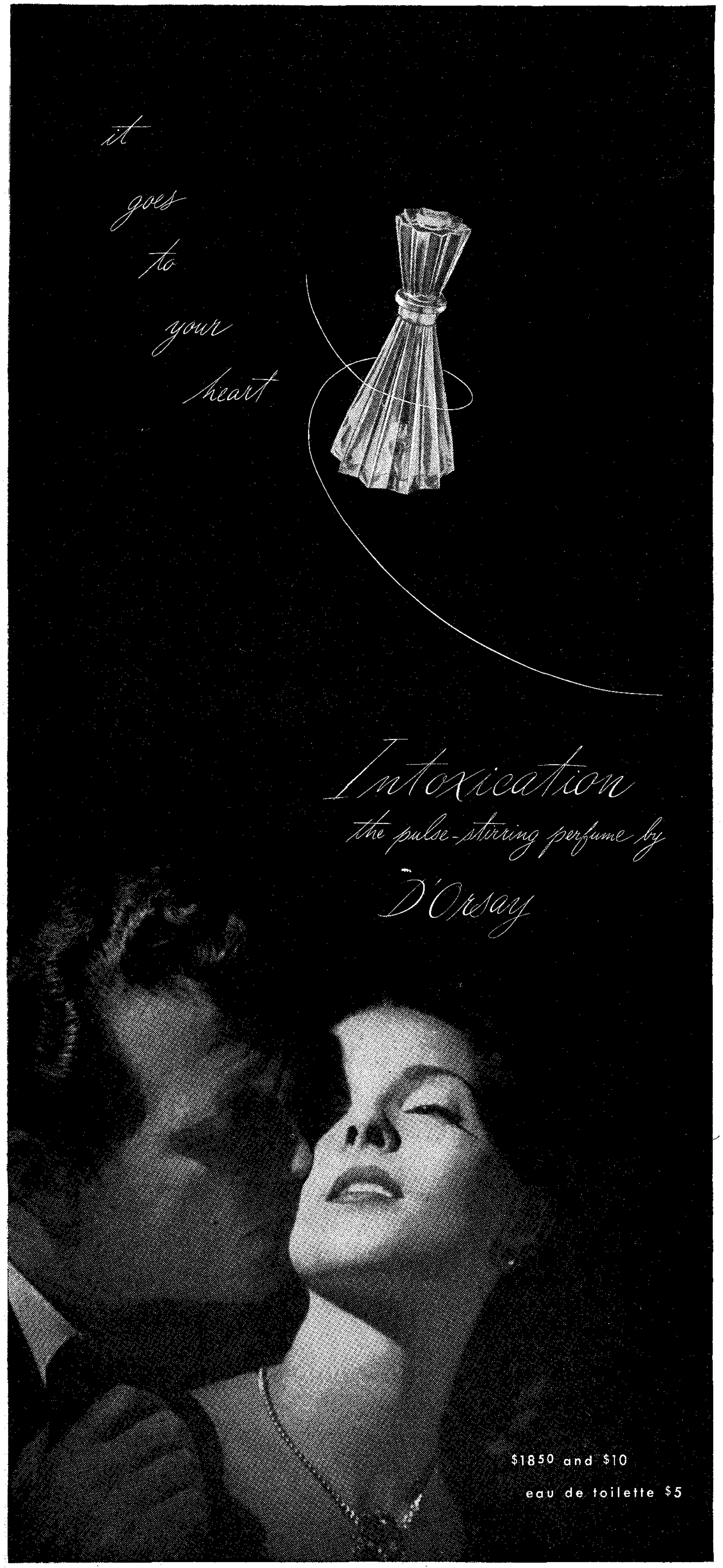

vendors disappeared during those days. (Unidentified bodies are still being dragged out from behind the bushes of the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes every day.)

One of the first things I bought when I got into Paris on the twenty-fifth, several hours before the German surrender, when I was still afraid to turn a corner without the police's assurance that it was safe, was a Paris newspaper saying that the city had been liberated. It is sad to reflect that those days of combat may have marked the end of the golden age of French journalism.

—A. J. Liebling

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POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the West Asheville* (*N.C.*) *News*]

ASHEVILLE

O Asheville! most beautiful
Her clear, warm heaven at noon,
The glorious splendor of her sylvan leaves,
Her hospitable fires burn clear
In friendship warm and true.
O Asheville! Spirit of bliss!
Her men, wise in council, brilliant in debate,
Her women, the wisest in the beauty of voice and pen;
The Grove Park Inn—for a variety of reasons
Well known for purity and chastity of style—a treasure
For any tourist of patience and leisure.
O Asheville! Soul of nature!
Her art, science, taste, and influence;
Her mountains, beautiful woods and majestic homes;
The waters that answers her fields;
The banks and creeks for good fishing;
How glad of all these are!
O Asheville! Soul of love!
Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power;
Hence too her names that adorn and dignify the country's history;
Souls fair to look upon, goodly to meet;
Her gateways graced with flowers
To make life sweet as perfume and pure as prayer.
O Asheville! Daughter of Buncombe county!
Her sons, with manly hearts, in piety sincere,
Thro' this global war, whether sunned in the tropics or chilled at the pole,
The proud task to fight for Liberty, Peace and Freedom!
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie.
O Asheville! fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Oh! could I have borrowed from Time but a day,
To renew such impressions again and again,—
And dear memories that will not fade!
And these, oh Asheville! are richly thine,
What Heaven had made so divine!

—Leon Evans Mertins

THE RACE TRACK

Nothing But Winners

THE practice of betting on a favorite jockey is not a very sound one, but it made life considerably brighter for those who backed Ted Atkinson at Aqueduct last Saturday. Five of his seven mounts came home winners that day. One of them, Best Effort, brought off a 13–1 chance in the Cowdin Stakes, and another, Donitas First, romped away with the Beldame Handicap, the meeting's most important sweepstakes. Atkinson's score was actually seven in a row, for on Friday he won the seventh race on Free Air and the eighth on Morani and then went on to win his first five races the next day on, in chronological order, Silver Smoke, Jean Sickle, Best Effort, Profile, and Donitas First. Seven in a row isn't a record, but it is a feat infrequent enough to be remarkable. Although Atkinson hasn't been going so awfully well lately (he had ridden only eight winners in the previous fortnight), a great many people must have backed all his mounts on Saturday, judging by the applause when it was announced that he was to ride something named Yukon in the seventh race. Yukon finished fifth. If, by the way, you had had two-dollar bets on all Atkinson's mounts that day and on the daily double (he won both ends of that), you would have collected $117.10.

Atkinson, a dark-haired, affable, slender young man, rather tall for a jockey, has been riding for only half a dozen years. His first successes were on the New England tracks. You may recall his handling of War Relic in winning the 1941 Massachusetts Handicap. He is not as spectacular, or as finished, a rider as Arcaro, but everybody who has watched him in action knows that he has perseverance, which has a great deal to do with riding winners. Although Donitas First was outrun in the early part of the Beldame Handicap, Atkinson was not at all flustered. He let her go her own gait until she was straightened out for home. Then he brought her up with a great rush, passed Whirlabout easily, and won by lengths. His tactics on Best Effort in the Cowdin were just the opposite. He never allowed War Jeep and Errard, who set the pace, to get beyond striking distance.

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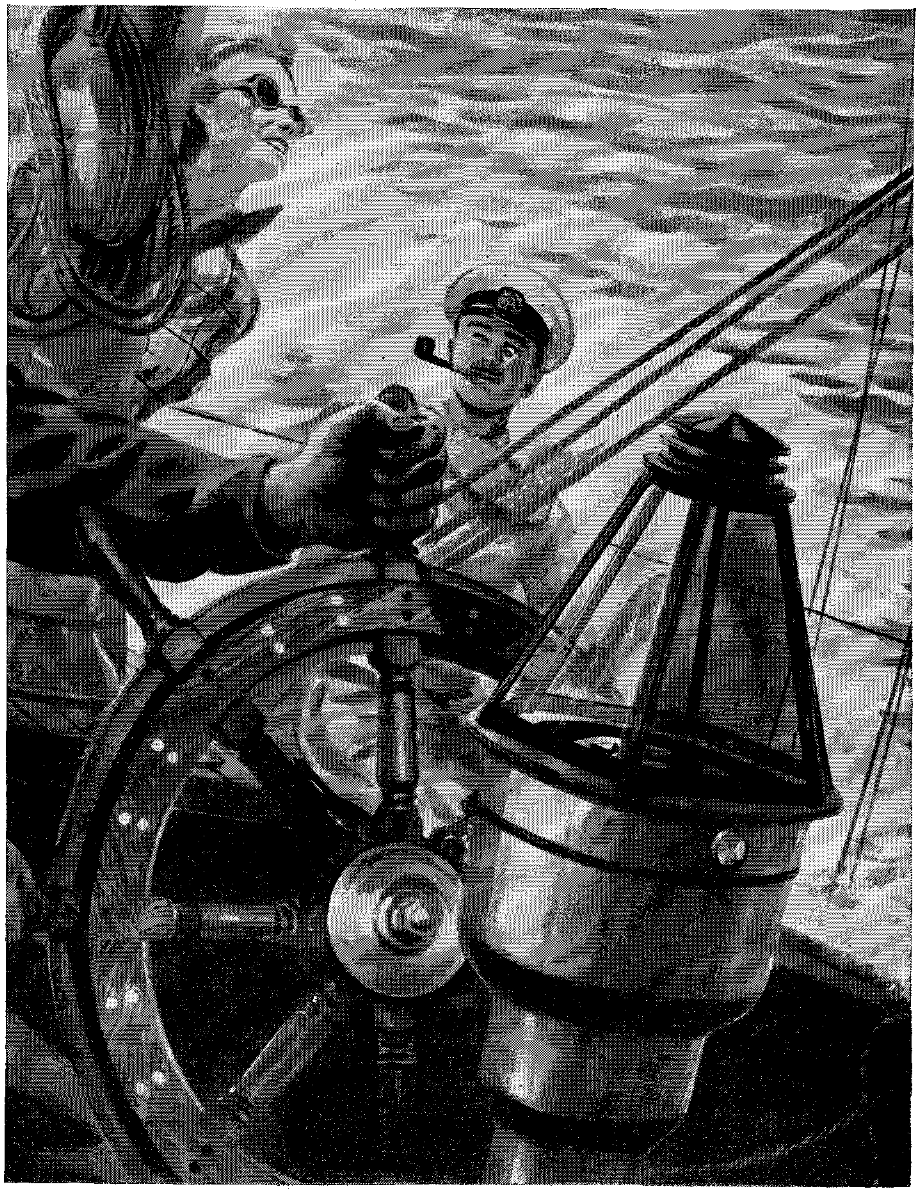

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That is why you will be "at" the Peace Table. There is no other way for democracy to work. You, as a member-citizen of this democracy, have an obligation to be one of the deciders in this hour of decision. And you, as an owner of a radio set, have the power to decide as has been given to no other era. This is an aspect of democracy such as the peace makers of the last war knew little about. And radio has added to the right of free speech the ability to make that free speech informed and intelligent.

Perhaps more than any other radio network, the Blue Network sees in this far-reaching power of radio a deep obligation for service to its millions of listeners. That is the reason for the Blue Network policy—"In The Service Of The Nation."

In addition to clear, concise and straightforward presentation of world happenings—as typified in the broadcasts of such outstanding men as Raymond Gram Swing, William Hillman, Earl Godwin—the Blue is proud of three regular programs on its network devoted to the cause of better understanding of the world that is being shaped today.

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on the Blue Network has expanded the audience of one of the world's most dynamic networks of reporters and correspondents—has added a voice to the world-wide organization established by TIME and LIFE magazines—has brought ideas into clear focus in millions of living rooms.

"WAR CORRESPONDENTS ABROAD"

presents the Blue Network's own staff of eighteen war and diplomatic reporters, speaking from the vantage points of Chungking, Cairo, Rome, Paris, London, Pearl Harbor, Southwest Pacific, France and Belgium.

Here, then, is what the war and the world are all about—the full-blown nutriment on which true democracy grows to fuller strength—with the Blue, as a network, determined to live up to the great obligations of radio's franchise.

Because of this steadfast purpose, people have listened more than a million more hours each day in the past year to the 192 stations of the Blue Network.

THIS IS THE Blue *NETWORK*

AMERICAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.

Best Effort was a rather obscure animal until after the Cowdin. Then everybody suddenly remembered that he had won the Bashford Manor Stakes at Louisville last spring and had been running, and not too badly, either, with the better two-year-olds in the Middle West all summer. He's a black colt, and his conformation and way of running remind you of Ladysman, his sire. C. C. Tanner, a New Orleans restaurateur, who began collecting a stable last season, seems to have made a fair start with Best Effort.

IT'S hard to say what standards to apply in estimating the horses that have been racing in Chicago this summer. We will now have to revise our opinion of Occupy. Last year's winner of the Futurity couldn't get into the money once during the recent Washington Park meeting in Chicago, yet he won twice at Aqueduct last week and popped from Class D into the upper brackets. It couldn't have been just luck. Speaking of luck, or, rather, the lack of it, there must be a hex on the horses John Marsch runs in the Cowdin Stakes. They can win Futurities, but never the Cowdin. However, they are at least improving. By finishing third in the Cowdin on Saturday, Errard did better than Occupy, who finished out of the money last year, and Occupation, who was disqualified the year before that.

AQUEDUCT came through the hurricane much better than Belmont, for, of course, there were practically no fine old trees to blow down. It would have been all right with me if the hurdles on the Aqueduct steeplechase course had been whisked into Jamaica Bay and if the loudspeaker had been stilled forever. Racing was rather fun the day after the big wind, for there was no bleating from the public-address system. The odds board was also out of order, but $1,305,311 was wagered in the tote by customers who apparently didn't let that bother them. Diogenes Checkpoints says that he intends to compliment the management on putting on such a good show under the circumstances. —AUDAX MINOR

◆

BUT—there were also the women
in sprot coats; mocassins; sweaters
the rag bag decorating their hair.
and skirts; unrelated objects from
It was generally pretty much of
a mess.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Seems so.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Allies have punched a sizable hole in the Siegfried Line. The Nazis, on top of all their other worries, will now have to worry about all the decadent democrats and military idiots who are leaking into their country.

•

It is unlikely that Bulgaria will be substantially rewarded for her services in helping to defeat the Axis. The Bulgars will no doubt be reminded that they didn't show up until half past eleven.

•

No nation seems willing to give refuge to Hitler if he manages to escape from Germany. Only misery, it would appear, loves the Führer's company.

•

Reports from the Far East indicate that General MacArthur is planning a visit to the Philippines. He has some old friends to visit and some old scores to settle there.

•

We now have definite proof that the manpower shortage in the Reich is really desperate. Berlin officials say that thousands of German income-tax collectors are to be sent to war.

•

Scientists do not seem to know the exact cause of the hurricane. Dewey's technicians, however, are believed to hold the theory that the author of this disaster was Sidney Hillman.

•

Polls indicate that Roosevelt's popularity has declined since the liberation of Paris. Can it be that our Commander-in-Chief's successes are hurting the President's chances?

•

The new income-tax forms are shorter than the old ones, but the news on the last line is as bad as ever. What this country needs is an income-tax blank with a happy ending.

•

Parisians are cheered by the reopening of their subway, with all its dear, familiar sights, sounds, and smells. This should give us some idea of what they have suffered.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Cashmere Sweaters

WOMEN WITH WHOM the celebrated Brooks Shetland Sweater from Scotland has been a perennial favorite through so many years will be interested in a new Cashmere Pullover we are introducing.

Different, to be sure—of a quite distinct character, in fact—but with a family resemblance, nevertheless, that instantly identifies it as a smooth American first cousin of our famous Scottish Sweaters. ☆ ☆ ☆ Cashmere Pullovers —Cherry Red, Lovat Green, Canary Yellow, Light Blue or White. Sizes 34 to 42. $12.50.

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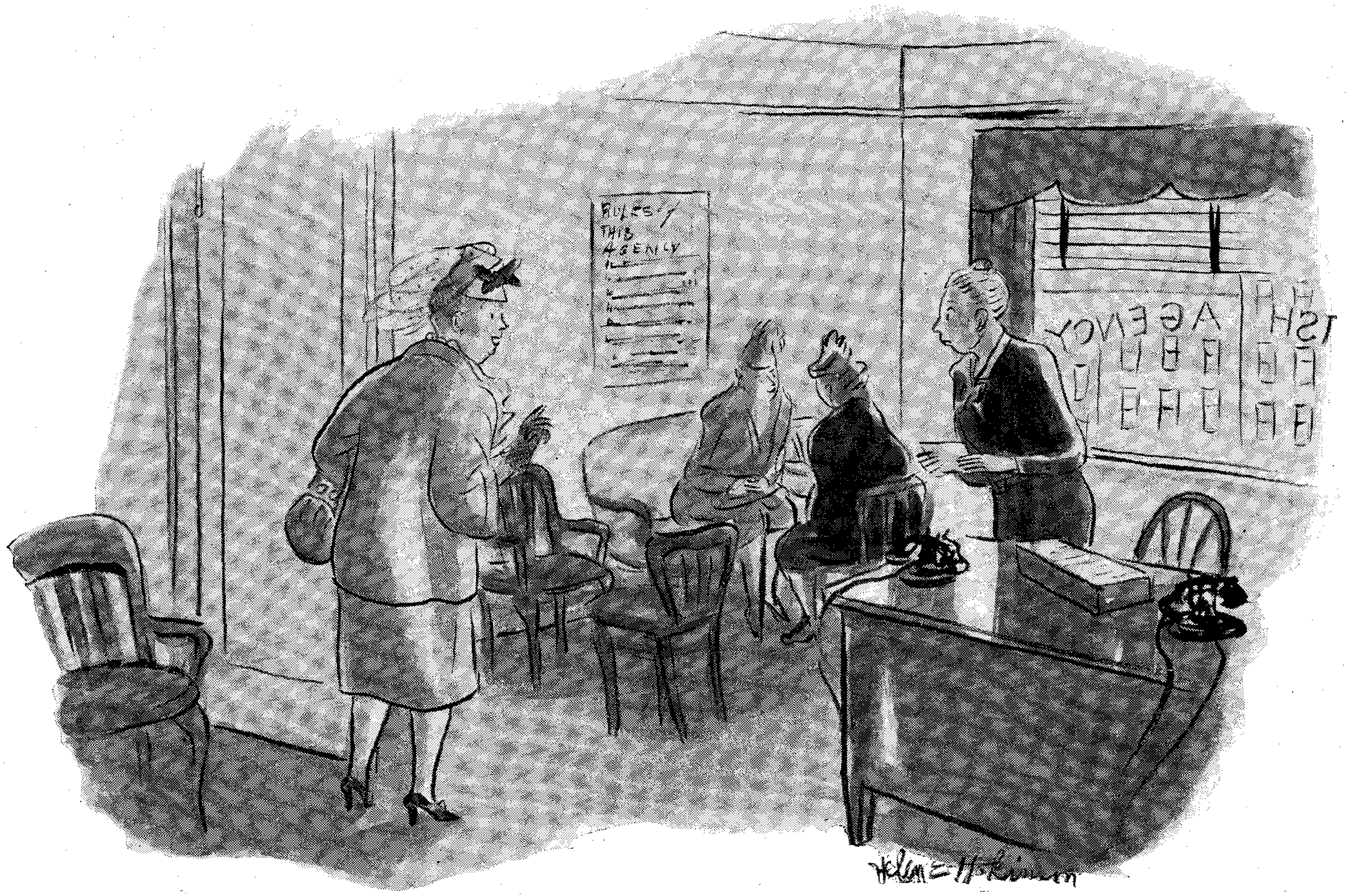
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

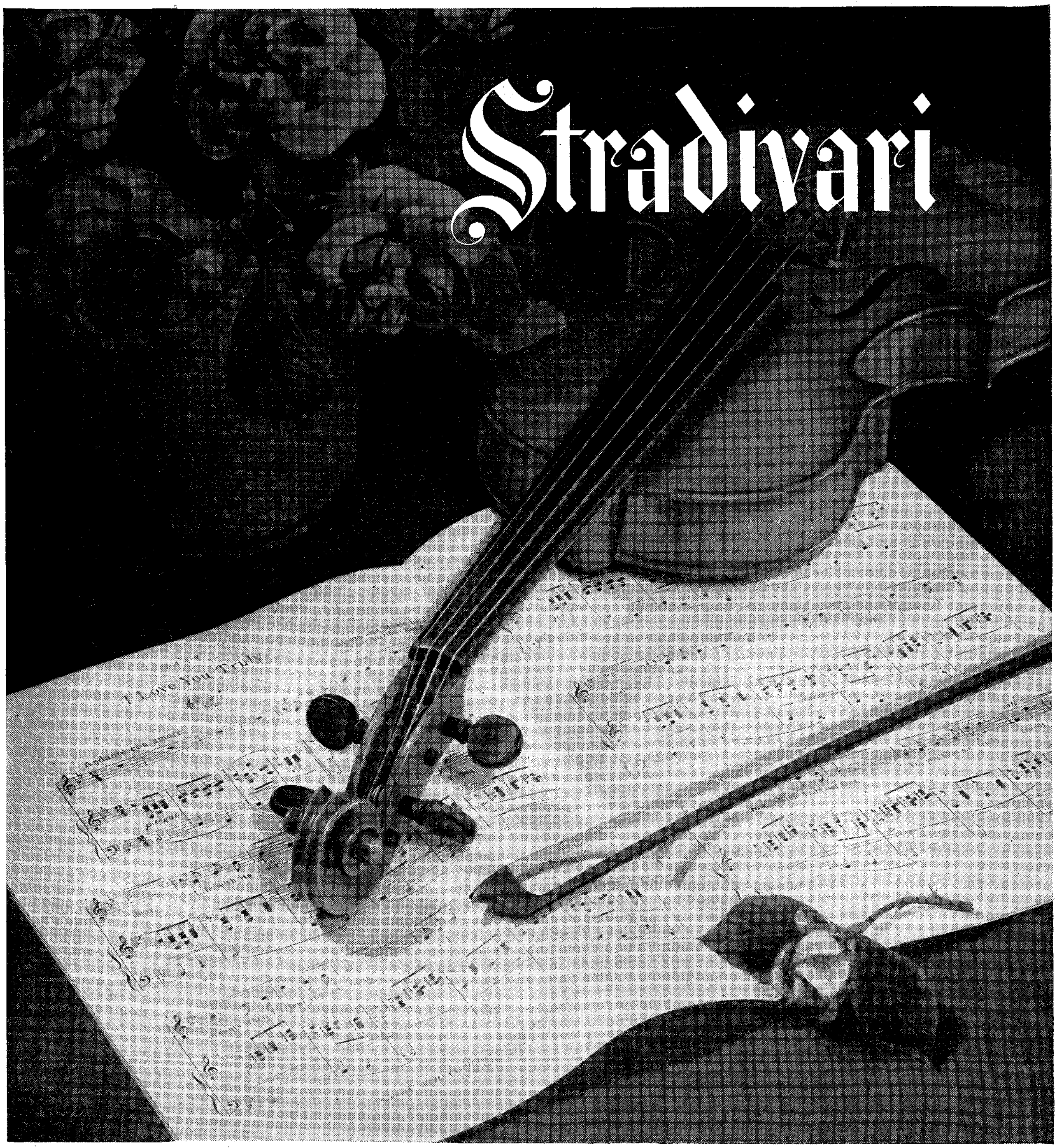
THE flurry among the professionals of the fashion business here since the happy day Paris was liberated and the rush to chisel each other out of reservations on the first available Clipper is, in a grim way, almost amusing. In the first place, it is barely possible that the list of what Paris needs at the moment in the way of imports does not include fashion people. In the second place, it seems odd that so many buyers and designers can hardly wait to get out of the stuffy old United States of America and go to Paris for inspiration when these same people have just finished turning out some of the most inspired fashions I have seen in quite a few years. They'll be letting down an awful lot of nice people, because the United States (as far as fashion goes, that is) has begun to grow up. After the fall of France, our designers and manufacturers floundered along for a few seasons on the French fabrics and the French ideas they hadn't yet used up. Eventually, of course, the imported fabrics and ideas gave out. Then, from the warrens of the garment centre, men and women who had been permitted only to "copy down" the design of French geniuses or "adapt" French models to the American figure were called forth and given a chance to express themselves as they pleased. And American womanhood looked upon the results and found them good. Oh, not that New York has any right to go around calling itself the World's Fashion Centre (even though it has always been fashion's mightiest assembly line). Paris is too important to be lightly forgotten. But couldn't there be some give and take? After all, it was a nice job those newcomers did.

Well, I hear rumors that these talented boys and girls are going to be put back to copying again, and I might as well say that I would hate that. I believe, perhaps too innocently, that women may have outgrown the idea that anything French is automatically their dish. I feel, too, that they may have learned, since 1940, not to buy a dress or suit simply because they are told that it is the thing to buy. And I like to think that they have found that there is no such thing as a smart dress unless a lady feels comfortable in it and it suits her temperament and her mode of life. So our homegrown geniuses shouldn't be allowed to relax; that might encourage the Paris designers to be complacent and take things easy themselves. A few of them were getting high-handed before the war, you may recall, with lobsters clawing their way up white mousseline party dresses and hats made like lamb chops and so on. Ah there, enough of campaign editorials! If the gentlemen will have their cigars and coffee in the drawing room, we ladies will get down to more immediate problems.

ALL through the new custom collections of the big New York couturiers, I've noticed a philosophy and a finesse that simply were never around the place before. There is such variety and sensibility in the new assortments that any woman, no matter what her temperament, can find clothes that suit her perfectly. The Salon de Couture, at Bonwit Teller, shows clothes that are



"Now remember, you're going to phone me just as soon as the butlers start drifting back."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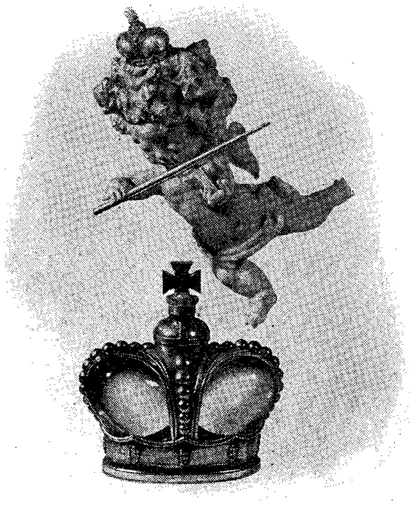

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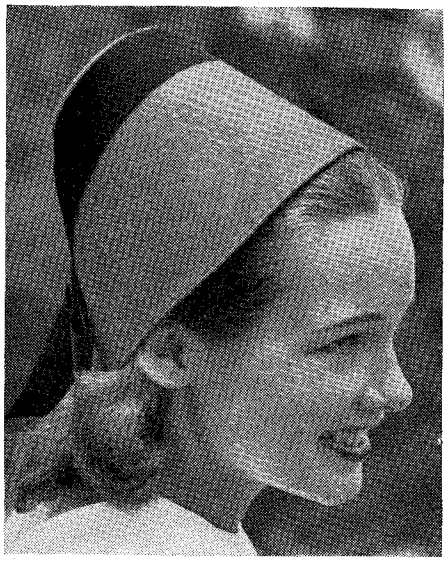

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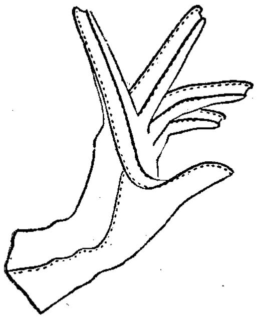


DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

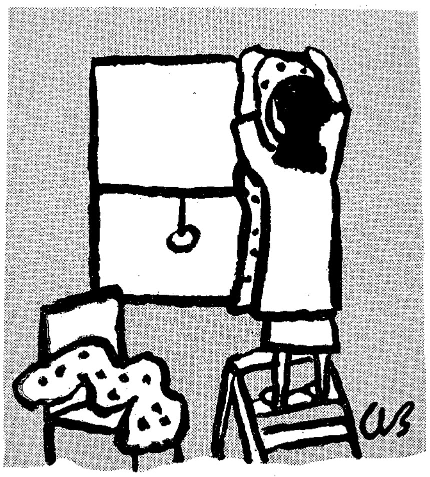
GLOVES SINCE 1854

* U. S. PATS. 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604

for the woman of the world. Most of the collections are a sea of color, but this one sticks to black or to a new color Bonwit calls anthracite blue, a gleaming, dark hue that is good with black accessories. Here you'll find that "little black dress" enlivened by irregular pin tucks, by beading, or by cunning shirring or embroidery. The Salon's black or anthracite-blue satin cocktail or dinner suits stand out in a field of endeavor that is certainly overcrowded. This shop loves a long look through the torso, particularly down the back, achieved by a row of buttons, say, and often emphasized by a horizontal fold of fabric across the small of the back well below the waistline. Bonwit calls this the balcony drape. And there is a suggestion of back fullness in the skirts, but always a very subtle suggestion. Among the jersey dresses is one with a long two-piece tunic buttoned down the back, roundness at the neck, and slight fullness in the back of the skirt. The Salon also loves to combine black Lyons velvet and jersey—a velvet redingote, for example, with flap pockets trimmed with jersey, which goes with a stark jersey dress; and a dress consisting of a long-waisted black jersey top attached to a black velvet skirt and having a loose velvet jacket over all. The evening dresses here are marvellous. Plenty of slender, trailing things, with low décolletages and jackets with high necklines. Others, all lace and net and fragile stuff, are as beautifully done as they always are here. One of them (not bouffant, for a change) is a sheer, wrapped surplice top with short sleeves and a skirt that is nothing but tiers of black lace.

Bendel hasn't a thing that is tailored in the sharp, nipped-in-at-the-waist sense. Here you'll see wide shoulders, straight sleeves, lots of business that gives the clothes a turtle-neck look, and a loose-hanging aspect about nearly everything. The coats include lots of straight things with fur cuffs (often of Persian lamb) coming up to the elbows and sometimes almost to the shoulders. There's a perfect one of mouse-colored wool with deep cuffs of nutria, designed to go over a dress of pale banana jersey which is decorated only with a turtle neck and slot seaming. Bendel also likes jackets to be loose and straight. One, of bright pink wool, has bandings of Persian making big squares around the armholes; it is to be worn over a black wool dress with the same pink wool inset down the centre of the sleeves. Sorrento Blue, a bright, purplish shade and a favorite here, is the color of a short wool jacket to go over a dress that has a blue bodice and a black skirt. Sorrento also appears in a wonderful long, wide-shouldered, fitted coat on which black Persian revers descend to meet a sash that ties at one side. Bendel has a passion for emphasizing the back, and so, apparently, have most of the other important designers. He does it by means of two large tubes of fabric casually descending from the waistline to the hem. This stunt is used with great effect in a gray velveteen suit with a wide-lapelled, waist-length jacket and a skirt which is stark in front but has two of these tubes jutting out in the back. The trick is likewise used in a white faille evening dress which has flaring tubes in back and a simple front. Bendel occasionally goes in for hip drapery, too. One example of this is a day-length black brocaded taffeta with drapery making deep pockets on the hips.

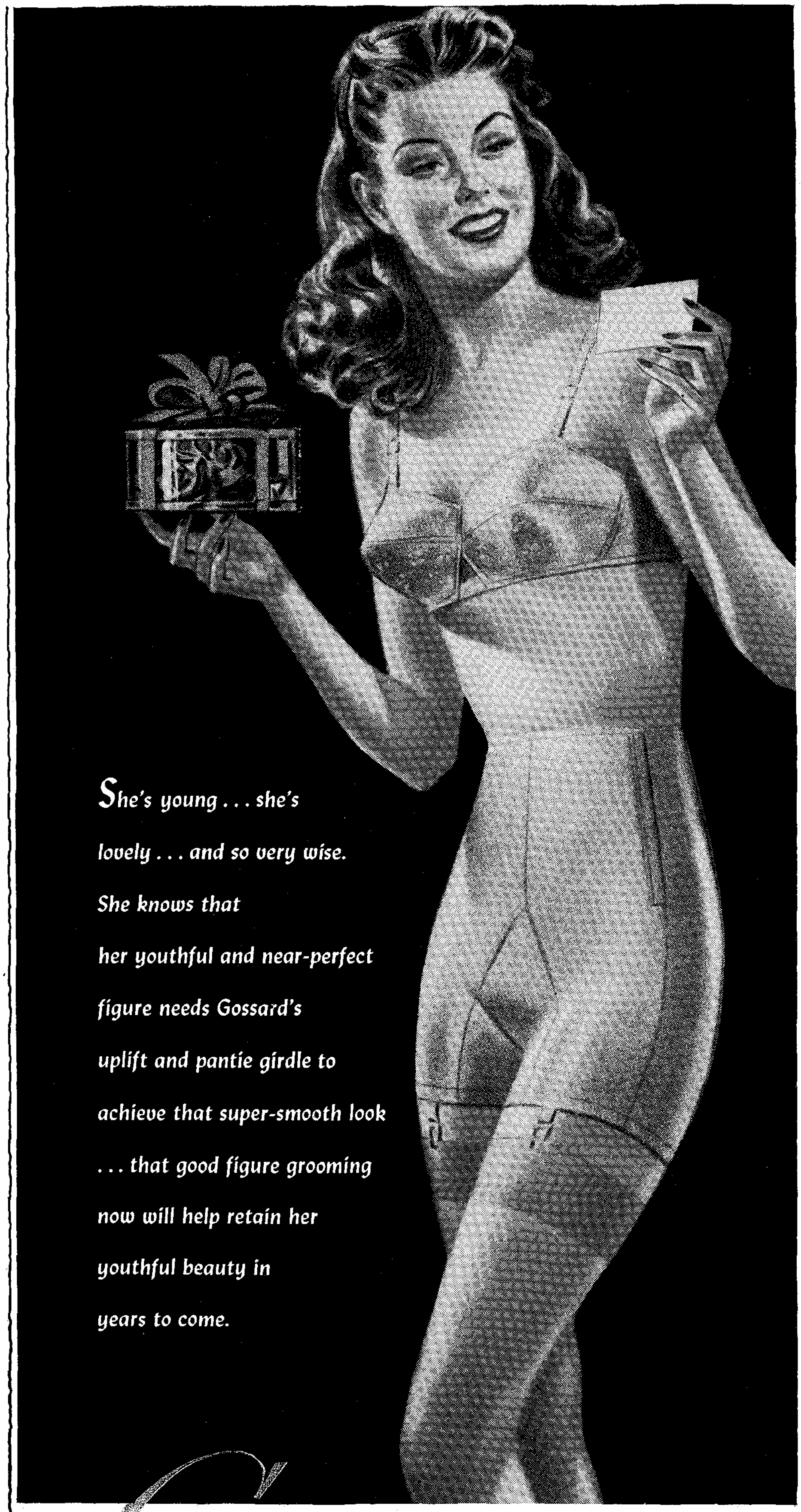
ANY woman who feels that she would like to live in suits the rest of her life should go straight to Hattie Carnegie. Suits have never been lovelier, as the saying is. One brand-new idea is jackets that are buttoned snugly up the diaphragm and have deep, oval collars outlined with fur. One comes in a soft brown wool with black American broadtail making the deep collar and a brown jersey round-necked dickey that fills in the oval; another is in black wool with a mink collar. (Carnegie is using high-necked black jersey blouses with everything, even with lamé dinner suits.) Then there is a lumberjacket suit—a gray duvetyn jacket, which has a snug black Persian collar, and a sleeveless Persian bolero, both of which are worn over a black wool dress. Other suits have fur fronts on longish jackets. Ocelot makes the front of a black wool suit with a string belt, and the wool makes cardigan detail on the fur. The fur, as in many other suits here, ends in deep pockets. Another suit is of bright blue wool with a black Persian



front. If you like straight jackets, one black number has a luxurious ermine lining. And if you like color, you can have every type of grape purple, as well as dashing combinations like a purple-blue jacket with a jade-green blouse and glass-jewelled buttons. Then there are glistening restaurant suits, such as a polka-dotted purple faille, with that Back Emphasis enhanced by a pleated peplum on the jacket and a double box pleat on the skirt. You may, of course, prefer a more devious type of restaurant suit, of black wool, with the jacket edged with narrow bands of Persian and buttoned tight across the throat. When the jacket is thrown open, you see black satin revers and blouse, both embroidered with glittery metallic thread. [Applause.]

Saks-Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne has some absolutely beautiful fitted coachman topcoats, among them a navy wool, belted across the back, that boasts a pale blue wool turnover collar, cuffs, and lining. The pale blue wool dress which Saks would like you to wear under it has horizontal bands of slot seaming interrupted by seamed circles. The detail on these things is perfection. Another coat, not a coachman, is in greige wool and has horizontal bands of puffed work, resembling cording, through the bodice. Its round neckline and edges are bordered with Persian lamb. A wool dress, trimmed with a series of slanting tucks edged with crocheted scallops made of the threads of the material, goes with this. To get variety in its suits, Saks adores the jerkin. One ensemble, in a purple wool with a light pin stripe, consists of a fitted jacket, a straight skirt, a jerkin with a high V neck and a fitted waistband, and a pale blue long-sleeved crêpe blouse.

Jay Thorpe is offering some of the nicest, straightest, most ladylike tailored things you'll find in town. I especially fancied three. One is a dress of gray wool with a dark red leather belt, a deep double-V collar, and wide shoulders; another is a bright green wool suit, with a jacket that has a collarless neck; the third is a black wool double-breasted dress with velvet revers and belt. Some of the jackets on the suits are nipped-in, as in a sleeveless slate-gray wool suit with buttons on the high lapels. Some are loose; for example, a black wool sleeveless jacket with red wool bands embroidered in gold beads, worn over a black wool dress with a tie at the throat. For cocktails and restaurants and such, this place shows simple black crêpe dresses with removable net overskirts. One of these has big snowflake



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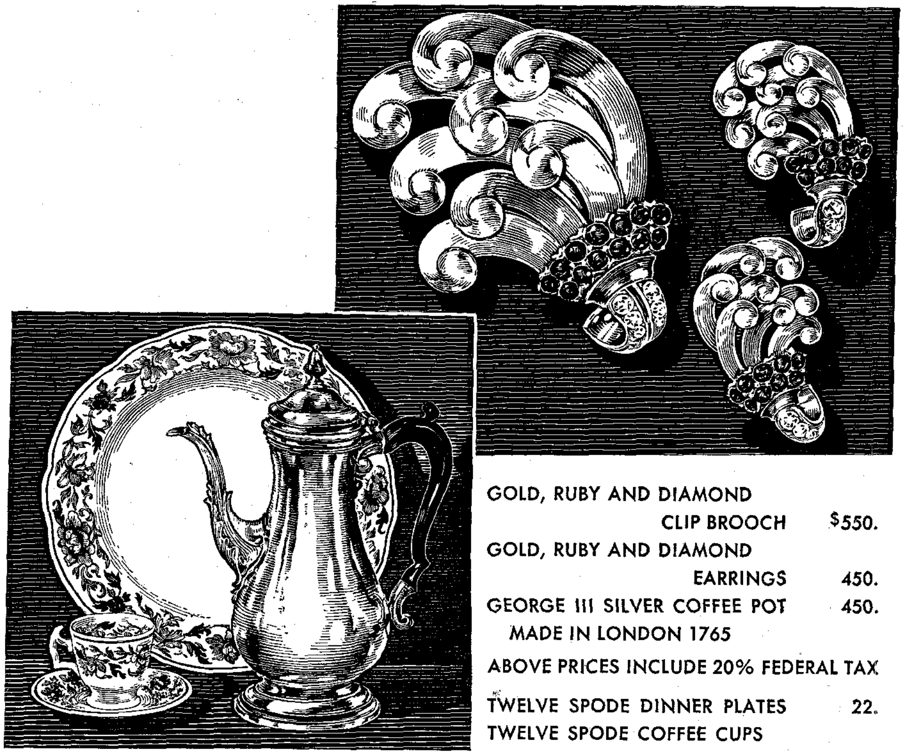

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patterns in white paillettes both on the skirt and on the shoulders of the dress. And, among the coats, there is a really distinguished mushroom-colored wool one with flaring nutria revers, as well as a black one that has a Persian collar high and wide across the front and descending in a deep cowl between the shoulder blades—a line the people around this shop are very fond of.

Bergdorf Goodman, as usual, has ideas for every type of temperament, including the hothouse. Bergdorf sometimes goes in for a wide, rounded neckline of the kind your childhood sawdust doll had. Scallops appear occasionally, too. The darndest new line here, however, is in some jackets that come halfway down the thigh, fitted at the hips but flaring at the hem. For daytime, there is a black-and-gray checked jacket that has a tiny Persian-lamb collar, buttons straight down the front, Persian-lamb patch pockets, and a moderate flare. It's worn over a black wool skirt. For evening (they look as if they came out of your great-grandmother's trunk), the jackets are as high-waisted as possible; for instance, one in black faille, lace-edged, with a jet medallion in the small of the back and pleats below it, and buttoned sternly up to a small band collar. This is to be worn over a dreamy black lace evening dress. For cocktail time, there's a neat notion—a little black wool dress with the rounded doll neck I was just talking about. It has a narrow satin sash and rows of satin ruffles above the hem. The evening version of this is in velvet with satin detail. Both look lovely to me. And I need hardly remind you that Bergdorf is still a haven for the lovely, slinky, slashed dinner dress that never for a moment should have been abandoned.

For anyone who fancies herself as a girl in a frame, there have never been so many period clothes around as there are now. There is an Egyptian influence at Jay Thorpe, evidenced in a lovely Persian-lamé dress with a deep oval draped neck, long sleeves, a long, fitted torso, and drapery, lined with red crêpe, caught up on one hip. They go in heavily for drapery at Jay Thorpe, and nobody is doing it any better. Saks-Fifth Avenue, on the other hand, goes in heavily for French Empire evening clothes, which are fine for emphasizing the bosom (a nice change from emphasizing the back, say I). For instance, a gold-dotted white chiffon affair with a wide separate stole wrapped around the bodice and descending over one shoulder. Bendel, always the old romantic, has Renaissance velvets—two shades of beige velvet in oblong blocks making the top of one dress with a full skirt in rust color. He has a fondness for Dutch Master picture dresses, too, with deep blue-green velvet jerkins over brown, full-skirted taffeta dresses. For ladies who love ecclesiastical fashions, he presents afternoon dresses with turtle necks, drawstring belts, and tassels dangling back of each hip, in stern or bright colors. Bergdorf makes its bow to the Victorian. One magnificent manifestation is a very full circular cape, a bit below waist length. It's made in Persian broadtail and shown with a dark red velvet dress which has jet bowknots over it; another version is all in sapphire-blue velvet. Then there are a lot of Gaby Deslys, naughty-naughty things. The tops of some of these dresses look very much like corset covers to me. The most extreme day or evening versions come in black wool or satin, with narrow satin straps crisscrossing the nakedness of your décolletage front and back. Lillian Russell hats with ostrich plumes are solemnly offered with these. And the ostrich-trimmed hats at Bergdorf are just as gorgeous in their elegance as Hattie Carnegie's snug little casques are in *their* way.

If you haven't found something somewhere along this lengthy stroll to suit you, I think I'll just give up.

—L. L.

•

Spring, summer, autumn, winter. Sunshine and rain, storm and flood. Work. Play. Study. Food and drink and sexual intercourse. Occasionally, a quarrel or a fight or a sly seduction. That was the stuff of life at Westencote.—*From "The Day Is Coming," by William Cameron.*

Sounds interesting.

•

Fearful of hitting a pedestrian among the thousands who packed the sidewalk, Rodriguez pointed his revolver upward as he emptied it, calling upon Barone to halt. Even so, one bullet passed through the trousers pocket of Benjamin Warren of 151 West 103d Street, who was not injured.—*The Times.*

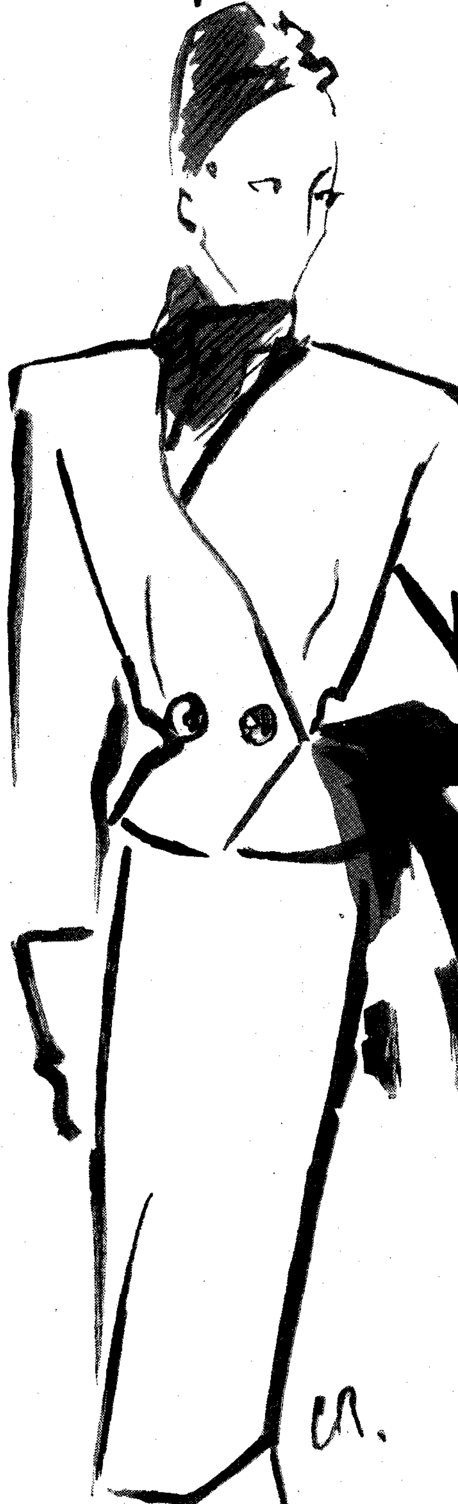
Come down out of there, Benjamin! We see you.

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From "Statement of Considerations Involved in the Issuance of Amendment 69 to Revised Supplementary Regulation 1 to O.P.A. General Maximum Price Regulation"*]

This amendment therefore clarifies section 2.8 (a) by eliminating redundancies, and avoiding confusion of intent by making its application specific.



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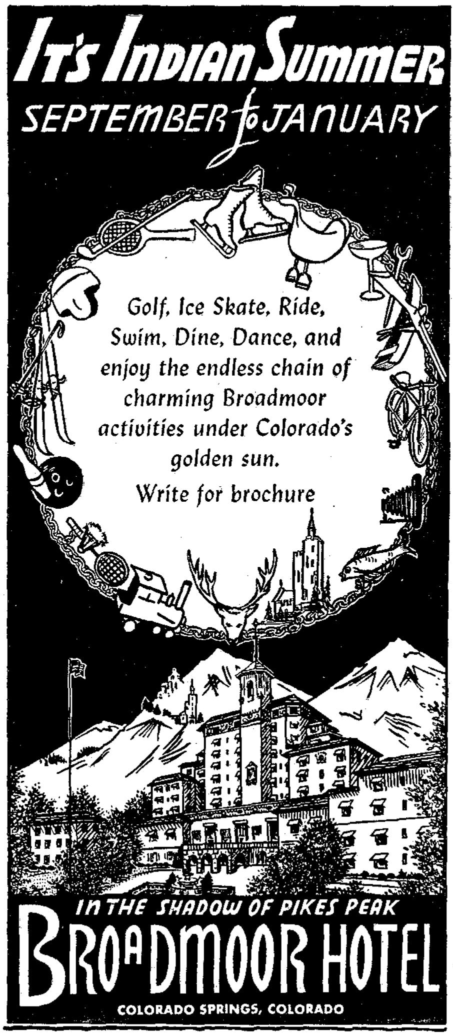
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SEPTEMBER to JANUARY

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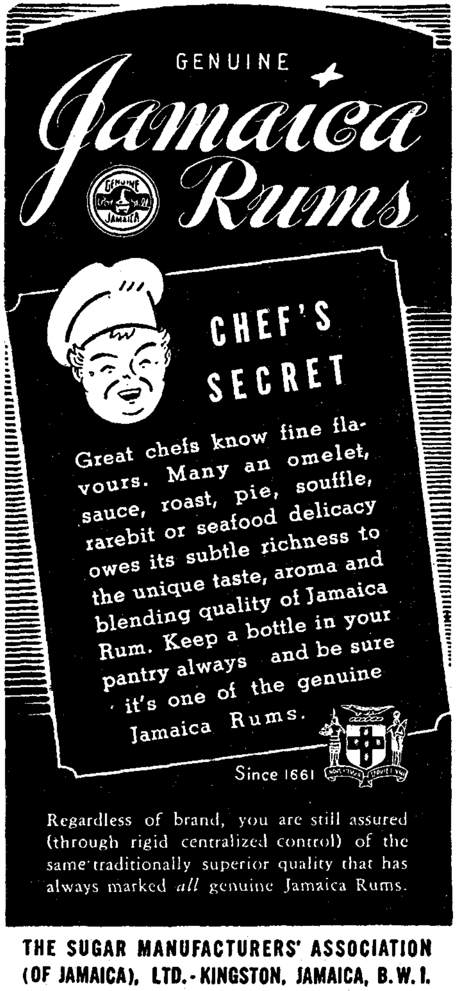
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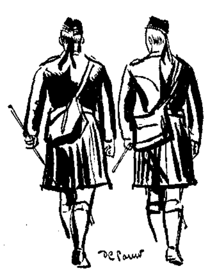
LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 16 (BY CABLE)



LONDONERS end most of their casual conversations these days with the cheerful cliché of the moment, "Well, it won't be long now." They seem to enjoy just saying it. Even though a lot of people here believe that the Germans will try to hang on into the winter and that guerrilla opposition probably will go on for a time after organized resistance collapses, everybody is intoxicated by the realization that the end is now months, rather than years, off. There was little disappointment the other day when a rumor of German capitulation turned out to be false; Londoners philosophically felt that since they had waited so long they could easily wait a bit longer.

The partial lifting of the blackout was in itself enough to raise everyone's spirits. On the morning that the news of this was announced, nobody here or anywhere else in England, it is safe to say, got around to discussing the real war news. In town, the general improvement in manners was beautiful to see. Shop people, instead of snapping that there was none of this or that, said it with a big, happy smile. Almost the only sad story of that cheerful day concerns a lady who, in her excitement, neglected to note that the concessions wouldn't start until September 17th and stuffed all her dark curtains in the stove. There won't be any great blaze of brilliance in London even after the lights go on, because street lighting isn't to be augmented much. For most people, though, it will be a satisfying novelty to be able to pick out the cozy, curtained windows of their own home instead of stumbling up the next-door steps by mistake, and the happiness people have displayed over the prospect of even a small glimmer showing ahead down the long dark tunnel of their street as they come home has been rather pathetic.

THE supposed end of the flying bombs contributed much, of course, to everybody's cheerfulness. During the first few incredible days that passed without the familiar roar overhead and the sudden, sickening silences as the things coasted down, people were glancing up uneasily at the sky now and then as though they had come out with their umbrellas and couldn't understand why it didn't rain. For the first time in ten nightmarish weeks, lots of Londoners climbed into their own beds and slept the sleep of the just and dog-tired. Vanished friends reappeared, and once more it became difficult to get a movie seat, book a hairdressing appointment, or buy the little food extras which had been easy for determined people to hunt down while the town was so empty. Just the same, there was much surprise and a good deal of criticism over the finality of the government statement that the battle of London had been won for good and all. Though hardly anyone expects V-1 to reappear as a major menace, some people think that V-2 is still a serious threat. Nevertheless, so short is human memory that many householders are now refusing to take delivery of the indoor Morrison shelters for which they were clamoring at the height of the flying-bomb attack, only a few weeks ago. What is more, the tone of the statement was so encouraging that, in spite of an official footnote warning evacuees to stay put, several thousand London mothers concluded that the war was over and decided not to languish in the wilderness another moment. The Ministry of Home Security has been issuing stern announcements that there will be no more government financial assistance if the day ever comes when they want to move out again, but the naïve official astonishment over the wholesale return of people who had been told that London was now perfectly safe is itself fairly astonishing. This reading of public psychology may have tragic consequences should any further unpleasant surprises arrive; the immediate results are merely such inconveniences as trains crammed to the roof with family parties firmly going home to daddy.

The stand-down of the Home Guard from their emergency duties was another slight slackening in the civilian cable which encouraged the feeling that the end couldn't be far off now. After receiving the stand-down order, the members of one country platoon rather wistfully set about destroying some menacing orchard wasp nests with their little hoard of Molotoff cocktails, the homemade bombs concocted in 1940 to throw at German tanks.

WHATEVER trials are still in store for London, the present quiet seems blissful. It's nice, as one citizen put it, that windows are once more things to look through instead of flying glass to duck from. People are

"My Mosquito got through!"

"The sky spewed flak. They expected us, but not in a Mosquito! We were over, and out—before the bombs landed. What a show, what a plane!"

de Havilland
Mosquito

The fastest bomber in the world

Classed as the leading day and night reconnaissance-bomber . . . night intruder . . . fighter . . . bomber destroyer.

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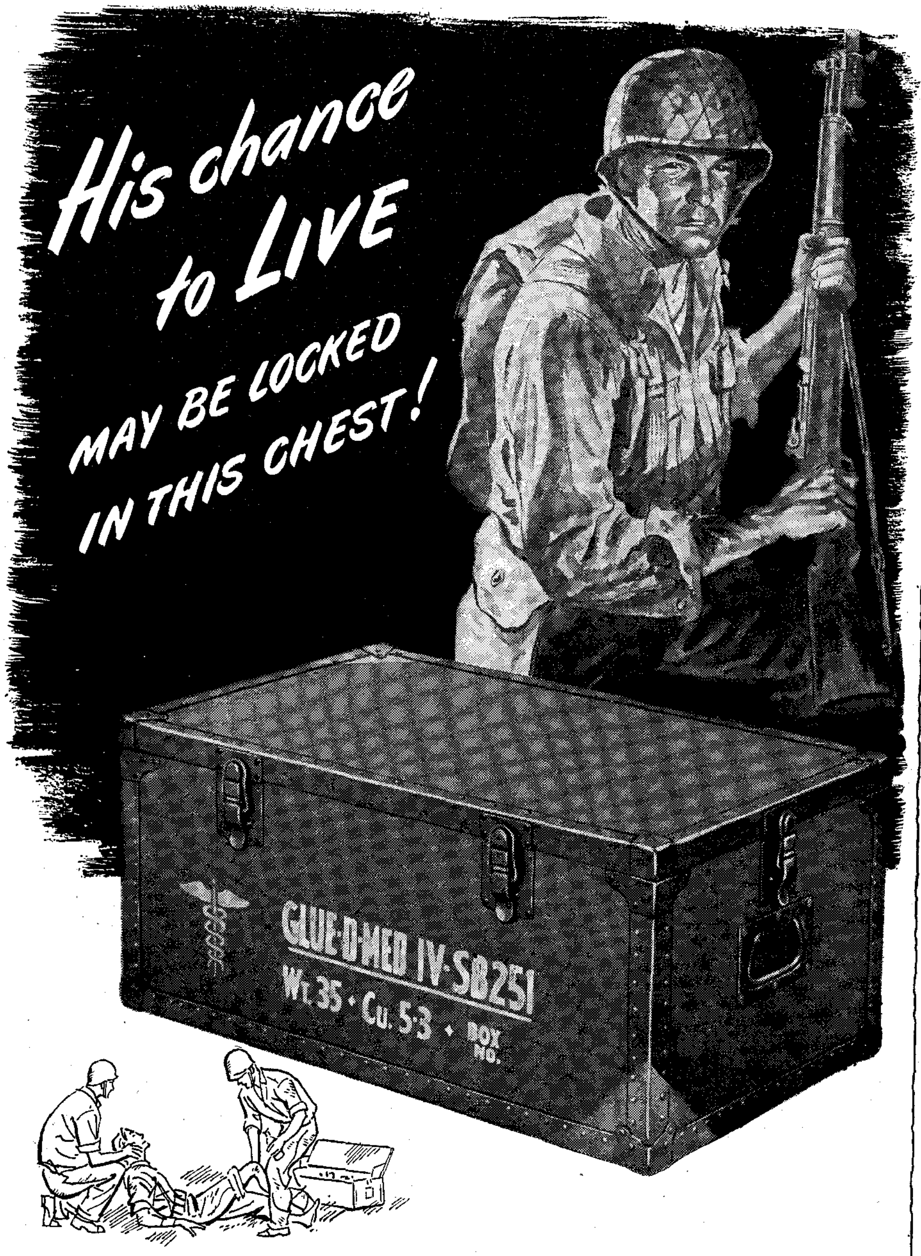
TORONTO


His chance to LIVE
MAY BE LOCKED IN THIS CHEST!
GLUE-D-MED IV-SB251
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In Normandy—in the South Pacific—wherever our boys land, WHEARY moisture-proof chests, filled with finest surgical instruments and precious medical supplies, float to the beach, ready to give immediate help to any casualties. It is this "on the spot" treatment of our wounded that has helped cut war fatalities to an all-time record low. The needs of our armed forces for such war equipment have been great and WHEARY production has been taxed to the utmost. We hope the day is not far distant when more of our facilities can be devoted to making civilian luggage reflecting WHEARY craftsmanship, quality and efficiency. WHEARY, INCORPORATED, Racine, Wisconsin.

WHEARY *The Name to Remember in Luggage*

going out nights again to eat and to take in a show, and the much-depleted list of plays is picking up. The Old Vic repertory company gallantly opened before the official all-clear was given, launching a season of Shakespeare, Shaw, and Ibsen at a time when most managements were temporarily putting up the shutters. Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, and Dame Sybil Thorndike are the stars, if there can be said to be any, since, in true repertory fashion, the players alternate in the fat and slender parts. They opened in a new theatre (the Old Vic itself was blitzed in the early days) amid doodlebugs and all the production difficulties which the raids entailed. The only thing that saved "Richard III" from being played in lounge suits was the determined efforts of a few young students from the Bristol Art School who, when the flying bombs played havoc with the costumers' workroom staff, came up to town and, while the air-raid sirens blew, stitched away enthusiastically at velvet robes. The project not only is giving London the first solid intellectual theatrical treat it has had for months but looks as if it might even provide a permanent nucleus of that national theatre about which there has been so much chat for so many years. —Mollie Panter-Downes

•

NO PI IN THE SKY

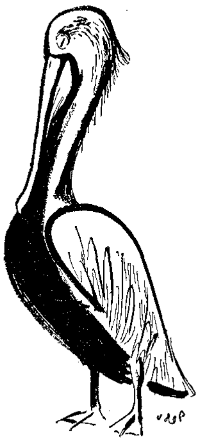
I must confess I liked it best
When East was East and West was West,
When any map would plainly show
What was above and what below
The middle line—to you, equator—
As planned by nature and Mercator.
The straight line was the shortest way
To middle Europe or Cathay.
But now that man has conquered air,
It's wholly different everywhere,
And what was once the simple truth
Is now confused by azimuth,
Which says the shortest way to Rome
From anywhere is via Nome.

If that's the way it's got to be,
It's perfectly all right by me.
I'm quite prepared to go from here
To any spot by stratosphere.
But mapsters can't, for all their tricks,
Avoid three point one four one six,
There still remains the constant pi.
It isn't *shorter* in the sky;
It may be quicker, travelling higher,
And more exciting to the flier.
The shortest way to Tokio
Would be to tunnel as you go.

—Agnes Rogers

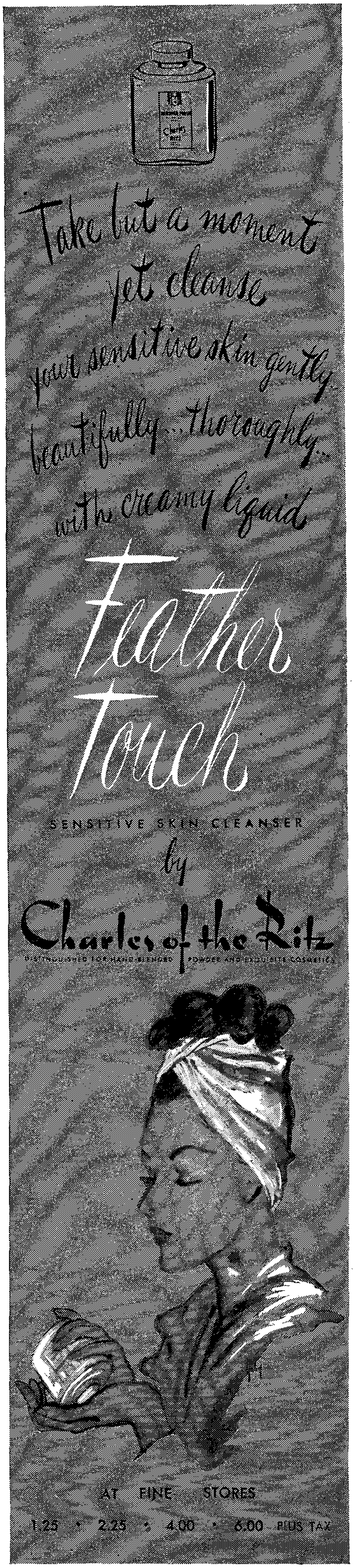
WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY

WHEN they threw open the downstairs windows of the Whittleseys' house, long, ragged sprays of blossoming honeysuckle whipped in over the sills. The house had been closed all summer and gray dust lay everywhere, on the bare floors and on the empty tables and mantels, but the Whittlesey living room was the only one at the Point large enough to seat a hundred and fifty, which was the lowest estimate of the number of people who would want to come that evening to hear the Admiral's impromptu talk. The Whittleseys had been telephoned to and had gladly lent their house. A dozen small, helpful boys scampered upstairs and down, bringing chairs, which were soon arranged to face the empty fireplace. It was decided not to use any of the rockers, but eventually they too were dragged in and placed in corners, where it was hoped their spurs would not trip up anyone. The Point was canvassed for a map of Europe big enough to be seen clearly all over the room, but they had no luck until Mrs. Buckingham suddenly remembered one her children had had, a summer long ago, when their governess had tutored them in geography. It was brought and hung over the mantel. No violent curving lines of battle overlay its innocent, old-fashioned pinks and blues and yellows, no darting black or red arrows, no sickles, no little flags; it showed no swastikas or any other emblem of confusion. It was definitely the map of another day.



Now it was eight o'clock and the room was already packed, and more and more people who had hurried through their Sunday-night supper were streaming to the Whittleseys' along the quiet, privet-hedged roads and pathways. Beams of flashlights swung through the sweet-smelling, cool, end-of-summer darkness. It was not long before even the rocking chairs in the corners of the living room and the kitchen chairs in the hall were occupied. The president of the tennis club stood up at one end of the mantel and said, "... our most distinguished resident... leave from his arduous duties being necessarily so brief... consenting to speak to us this evening..." He sat down and the Admiral stood up, with his back to the fireplace and Mrs. Buckingham's big map. He was given tremendous applause, which echoed up through the empty house. Almost everyone there had known him for fifteen years, and not a few reflected that tonight he looked exactly the same as he had the first summer he came to the Point, a naval commander—almost exactly the same. He was short and straight, with a cap of pale hair, remote blue eyes, and an unchanging kind of face. Everyone felt very pleased and proud. Who would ever have guessed, fifteen years ago, that their neighbor was to become so important!

"Well," he said pleasantly, picking up the pointer that lay on the mantel, "nice to be with you again.... Here we have the southern coast of England, and here is Normandy. The morning of June the sixth was dark and rainy...." Here it is, they thought; here is the real thing, right here in the Whittleseys' living room. What a pity the Whittleseys had decided to try a summer at Easthampton. More than one listener planned to write and tell them what they had missed. The Admiral's audience was mostly made up of women, and of men past middle age, but there was a fringe of wide-eyed little boys sitting on the floor at his feet, and they inspected every detail of his gold buttons, his gold braid, so thrillingly near. More than a hundred and fifty pairs of eyes watched the tip of the pointer as it slipped back and forth across the Channel. "The rough kind of day it was was fortunate. Yes, rather fortunate, because you see it more or less prevented the enemy from seeing us too soon. It helped us fool him," he said, sounding quite well satisfied with the bad weather, which, the listeners remembered, had worried them all so when they had read about it in the papers, invasion week. They smiled now, seeing that it hadn't bothered him. They smiled and sighed, too, realizing that here was history, here was the way it had been. It didn't sound too grim. The way he was talking about it, it sounded like a great, magnificent game, with the winner safely picked out beforehand, the conclusion long foregone. All these men and women in gabardine and flannel and printed silk, watching the short, dark blue figure—so erect, so incredibly neat, such a white shirt, such a black tie, so


Take but a moment
yet cleanse
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beautifully... thoroughly...
with the creamy liquid
Feather
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1.25 • 2.25 • 4.00 • 6.00 PLUS TAX

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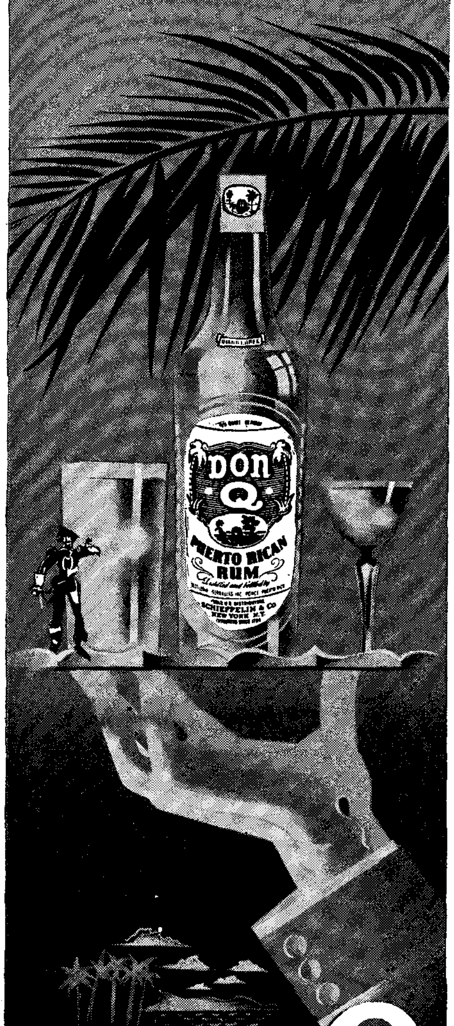

DON Q RUM

86 PROOF

Superb ingredients—and skillful distillation of these ingredients—combine to make Don Q Rum. One sip will convince you that Don Q stands for **Quality** in rum.

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NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

much gold braid—realized all at once that they needn't have worried at all, everything had been bound to work out. The pointer continued to track its small journeys from England to France and back again. "The wind increased," the Admiral said. "Yes, increased in a way we didn't care for at all." But he sounded quite calm about it.

"I read all about that in *Newsweek*," one little boy on the floor whispered to his neighbor. "Ssh," his neighbor said, and continued to gaze upward. There was no other sound in the big room except the pleasant voice, the tiny tap of the pointer on Mrs. Buckingham's colored map, and, far off at the foot of the lawn and beyond the breakwater, the slow crash and sigh of the late-summer sea.

"Minesweepers," the Admiral said. "Very useful affairs, minesweepers. Good things to have around. There was a long line of them, here." His voice was as unemphatic, as undramatic as if he were saying "a long line of baby carriages." The rows and rows of faces, pink and healthy from the summer on the beach, had quite relaxed. They might have known there would be no real trouble with men like this planning and directing. It all sounded so much, well, easier and more orderly than the accounts they had read in the June newspapers and weeklies. "Yes, a good long line of minesweepers," he said. The little boy who had whispered to his neighbor nodded and opened his lips, and bent his head sideways to whisper again, but the other boy gave him a sharp poke in his gray flannel side and said "Ssh" fiercely.

The Admiral told them about landing operations and explained about different kinds of landing ships; he told what the coast was like. Lightly he tipped the pointer against the coast of France. "This beach—too small for you to see, of course—this presented some interesting problems for a bit," he said, and paused. His eyes, remote and blue, looked for a moment over and beyond the rows of attentive heads, through the dark windows framed in sweet, ragged honeysuckle, as if he saw—as if what he really saw with his mind's eye, and had constantly in his thoughts, was that other sea, that other beach, so small and far away. In the brief silence they could all hear their peaceful September sea crashing slowly at the foot of the Whittleseys' lawn. "Well, we got ashore," he said, returning to them. "And by the next day the men were here." The pointer showed them, and the little boy in gray flannel

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The Needle with the PLASTIC "Silencer"

The Plastic "Silencer" acts like a rubber tire on an automobile... it absorbs mechanical sounds.

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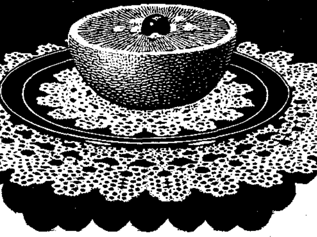
These beautiful, inexpensive lace-paper doylies save linens, laundry. Many sizes and designs.



who read *Newsweek* nodded corroboration.

"Well, that's about all," the Admiral said, soon after. "That's the way it was." He turned away from the map and carefully leaned the pointer against the wall.

THE president of the tennis club led the applause and, when it had at last died away and people had begun to stand up and move toward the hall, he reminded them that they were not to repeat anything they had heard that evening, they were to consider themselves, in fact, practically sworn to secrecy.

"But," said the little boy in gray flannel to his friend, "he *really* didn't—" His friend stepped hard on his sneaker and said, "Ah, shut up."

The room emptied slowly. "It's been so interesting," people said to each other, and sighed to think how close to it all they had been for an hour. "Such a wonderful chance to find out . . . Such a wonderful opportunity, hearing him . . . " they said to each other on the lighted porch, in the dark driveway. Mrs. Buckingham, for one, was so moved that she forgot to take her children's map of Europe. After everyone had at last gone from the big room and the lights had been turned out and the house locked up, the map still hung there in the darkness on the Whittleseys' wall, ready, perhaps, for the Admiral's next visit to the Point, after another mission. Or perhaps for some other year entirely, some other war.

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

•

Transfer of Enlisted Men: How Processed

(Reference: WD Cir. 308, 327, 339, 347 and 363, 1942 and Section V, TM 12-250, Paragraphs 297-302)

As this is the first job of the day to be done on your typewriter, brush off the type with the small brush furnished for this purpose, and dust the entire machine to remove any dust gathered during the night. This should be your regular daily habit. Insert one bond sheet and three tissue sheets with clean, usable carbon paper in the machine and set the marginal guides for proper spacing. Prepare the letter in the prescribed military style (Chapter 5) for the signature of the organization commander. After completing the letter withdraw it from the machine and remove the carbon paper carefully to avoid finger or carbon smudges.—*From "The Army Clerk," published by the Book Service, Adjutant General's School, Ft. Washington, Md.*

You enlisted men are not in any hurry, are you?

Morning Rooster, go away
Under Purrey, leave me lay

**If you do not let me be
You will be a fricassee**

Awarded to the Men and Women of all Divisions for Excellence in War Production.

PURREY BY Nashua $6.45 6x7½ FT.

Regular 72x84 size $5.95.
80x90 *double bed oversize $7.45.*
All prices slightly higher in West.

Though some stores may have a few of the 90" length, Government regulations permit manufacture, since May 17, 1943, of only the 72x84 at $5.95

Whatever your work, you'll do better with the energy you gain from sounder sleep,—the better rest you get under modern Purrey. This warmer but lighter blanket is scientifically proved to hold in more body heat than many blankets costing up to even twice as much—due to Purrey's patented construction—88% Purrey Rayon—wool 12%. Purrey is treated to prevent moth-damage, too.

Buy War Bonds Now and save for Purrey Blankets and Indian Maiden ***Combed*** Percale Sheets (the perfect sleep combination) on all your beds. If you must replace worn-out covers now or if you have to make an especially nice gift, Purreys and Indian Maidens are so modestly priced that their purchase leaves you extra money for War Stamps, too.

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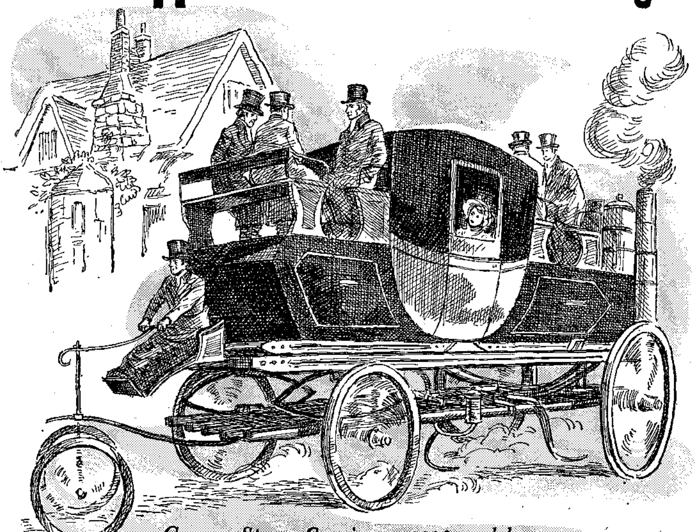
This auto dropped out of the race long ago...



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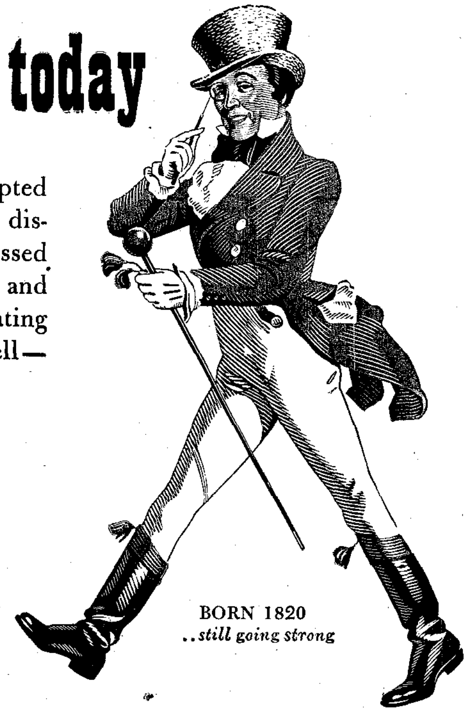
Johnnie Walker's uninterrupted leadership is evidence of its distinctive flavour and unsurpassed mellowness. For the pride and satisfaction that goes with treating your guests and yourself well—serve Johnnie Walker.



Johnnie Walker Red Label
Johnnie Walker Black Label
Blended Scotch Whisky

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Both 86.8 proof

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call... call again.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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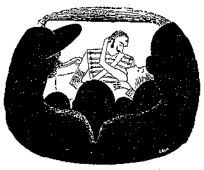

THERE is a moment at the end of "Battle for the Marianas," a two-reel documentary report of our invasion and capture of those Pacific islands, when the camera moves quickly from one to another of half a dozen graves in a Marine field cemetery and the narrator emphasizes the varied origin of the men who lie there—a Polish name, a Scandinavian name, a Jewish name, an English name. This is the only suggestion of editorial comment, or comment of any description, in the film. It is, for the rest, a bald, factual set of action pictures so stripped of trappings that spoken explanation is subordinate to the sounds of battle and the narrator's tone of voice never changes when he breaks in from time to time to say, "We land at Saipan" or "We bring up mortars" or "A Jap tries to run for it. . . . He doesn't make it." The last sentences fall like parentheses around a view of one of our riflemen bringing down a Japanese as he races for cover across a clearing. There is a picture of another Japanese leaping suicidally from a cliff above the sea. It is probably impossible, in the nature of photography and of this war, to give even with first-hand films a full and integrated representation of battle. You cannot show many of the enemy's movements; you cannot show many of ours at the points of closest contact. But the cameramen are working closer all the time, and with greater technical skill. For sharpness of line and wealth of combat detail, "Battle for the Marianas" seems to me the best thing of its kind that has yet been arranged for public circulation.

Marine Corps combat photographers made the pictures and the Marine Corps itself is the producer. Their achievement in this short self-portrait is so forceful that Army cameramen are apt to be working overtime from now on.

MOST of the other entries on the card this week would look better in two reels, but by no means good even then. A couple of cuts above the rest is "Casanova Brown," which Nunnally Johnson made over from a stage play of some time ago, "Little Accident." He has improved on the original, as a good comic writer could hardly fail to do. There is some funny business in the picture, as when Gary Cooper, attempting to conceal a lighted cigarette, burns down the $750,000 mansion of the parents of his bride. These parents, played by Patricia Collinge and Edmond Breon, are pleasant creations, and so is Frank Morgan's part, of a worldly fortune hunter reduced to a $25-a-week allowance. In the end, however, Mr. Johnson's source materials call for no small amount of friskiness in a maternity hospital. "Casanova Brown" rolls downhill from there, reaching its nadir with a jolt when Mr. Cooper kidnaps a baby (his own, to be sure, but what the hell) from the hospital nursery. Mr. Cooper and his vis-à-vis, Teresa Wright, do as well on the whole as two people can who are asked to be sympathetic and half-witted at the same time.

A Russian picture, "1812," is disappointing mainly because the Russians have run up a good score with their films here lately and the subject of this one, Napoleon's bad year in Russia, looked promising. They have given it a pageant treatment, figureheaded by all the generals Tolstoy made familiar in "War and Peace," and their Napoleon is strictly from waxworks. The hero, Kutusov, though, seems pretty much his sly, patient self, and the battle of Borodino gets a handsome and vivid mounting.

—John Lardner

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK
(JUVENILE PHASE)

[*Document found in a book in the Mt. Vernon Public Library*]

Subject: The permittance of class rings or pins.

To: Dr. Elton E. Knight.

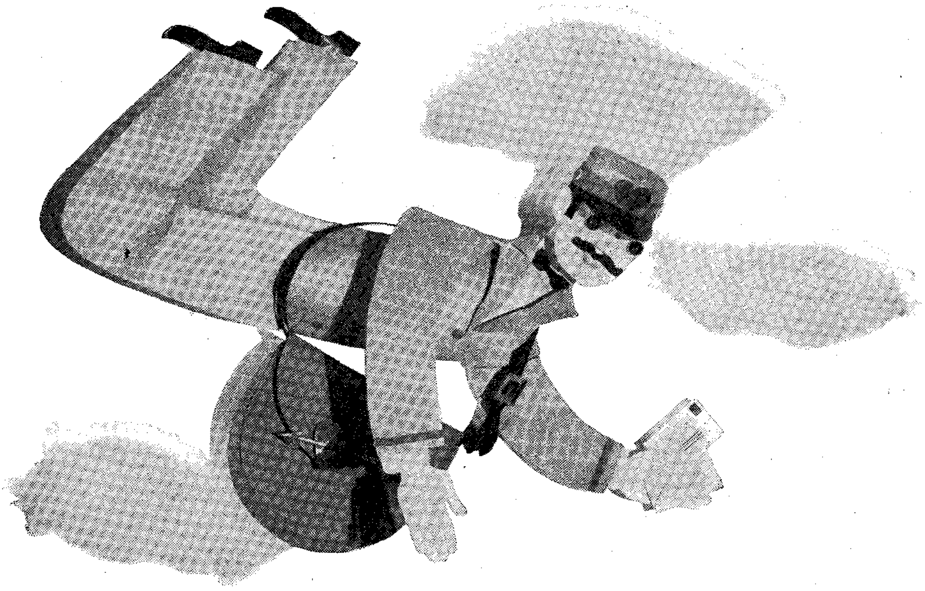
Concerning: Graduation class, June 44'.

1. The 9^2 classes of Graham Junior High School hereby make application for the requestment of permission for distribution of class rings or pins to all graduating members of the appropriate classes.
2. The primary funds needed would be solicitated from the individual graduate ranging in price from between two and three ($3) dollars per clasp.
3. The proposed plan meets the approval of the following individuals:

[Here follow thirty-three signatures.]

BUT NOTE: The writer of this petition has it hereby made known to all concerned that he has no opinion either pro or con and the statements here are purely those of the individual carriers of the plan. He also makes it known that he in no way incriminates himself in its responsibility other than the authorship of the petition in regard to construction and not to *idea*.

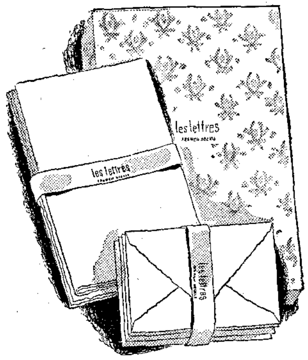
How to Mail a Dream



"It used to be that we could *speak* our dreams. Speak them in the evening by the fire . . . speak them on our Sunday walks together . . . speak them mornings over coffee. But today, all my dreams must go to you in written words." . . . Yes, today, letters carry the weight of our loves and hopes and dreams. What we write is so important! And important, too, is the paper we write on. For good stationery adds that extra something, the something that describes the way *we* think of "*them.*" So be sure that, when you "mail your dream," it's been written on fine stationery — by Kellogg. There's a Kellogg design to suit your personality, to harmonize with your every mood. . . . Write to him today. He'll prize a letter from *you* on stationery

les lettres

With the delicate "continental deckle"
made only by Kellogg
Available in white and colors
in boxed combinations
or by the quire



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THE GRAND PASSION OF LUBOVSKI

I WAS introduced to the affair of my friend Osgood Lubovski, a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy, one shabby Washington morning in the Navy Building. It was a particularly dismal day and the rain, going down the gutters outside the windows of the Educational Film Division, in the fourteenth wing, chuckled like a heavy in a melodrama.

Lubovski came into my office and closed the door. He looked like a figure in an atrocity propaganda movie—starved, pathetic, and overgrown as a brush patch. When I exclaimed about his looks, he said he usually weighed a hundred and forty pounds but that he had lost twenty-seven of them after living in Washington three months. As a matter of fact, though he is an educational-film writer, he had just been offered a job as an actor, to play the rôle of a Navy pilot who had been afloat for two weeks without food or water, in a film demonstrating survival technique.

Lubovski wears his hair in a shock and has a cleft chin, sunken cheeks, and eccentric gestures. He does not think he takes after his father, a painter who generally refuses to sell his canvases and goes to the movies at nine every morning. Sometimes, Lubovski once told me, his father gets up at seven-thirty in the morning to see the commuters in his town running to catch their train and then goes back to bed. Once he painted over the license plates of his car because he didn't like the color of the plates New Jersey had issued that year. Lubovski feels that this supra-social attitude of his Polish parent is not his own. He longs to be bourgeois and successful; he saves his money and has the reputation of being very thrifty. He wants a wife and a home and has lately taken an apartment by himself.

"I met a good-looking Wave last night," he told me that rainy morning. "She's about thirty-four years old, but she looks twenty-six." Lubovski is about thirty-five. "I might marry her if we can get together," he added vaguely.

I pressed him for details. Lubovski said that he had taken the Wave to his apartment and, after a fifty-cent bottle of California raisin wine, had tried to make love to her. Apparently she hadn't taken it too well.

"She didn't think it was right to have just an affair," he said. "She thought

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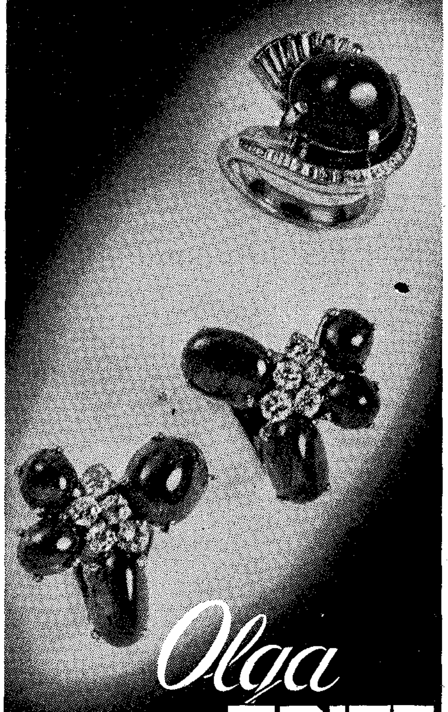

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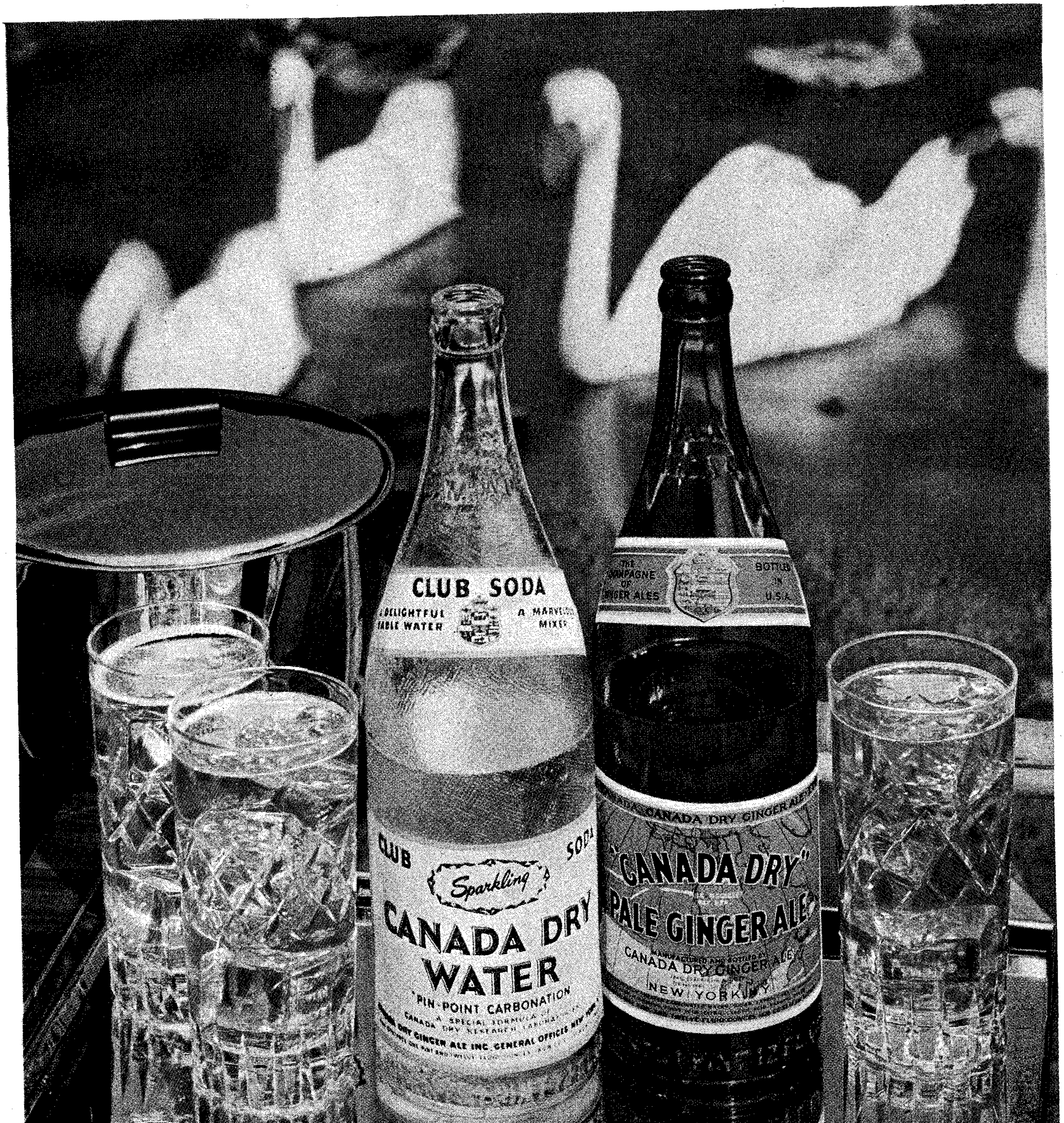
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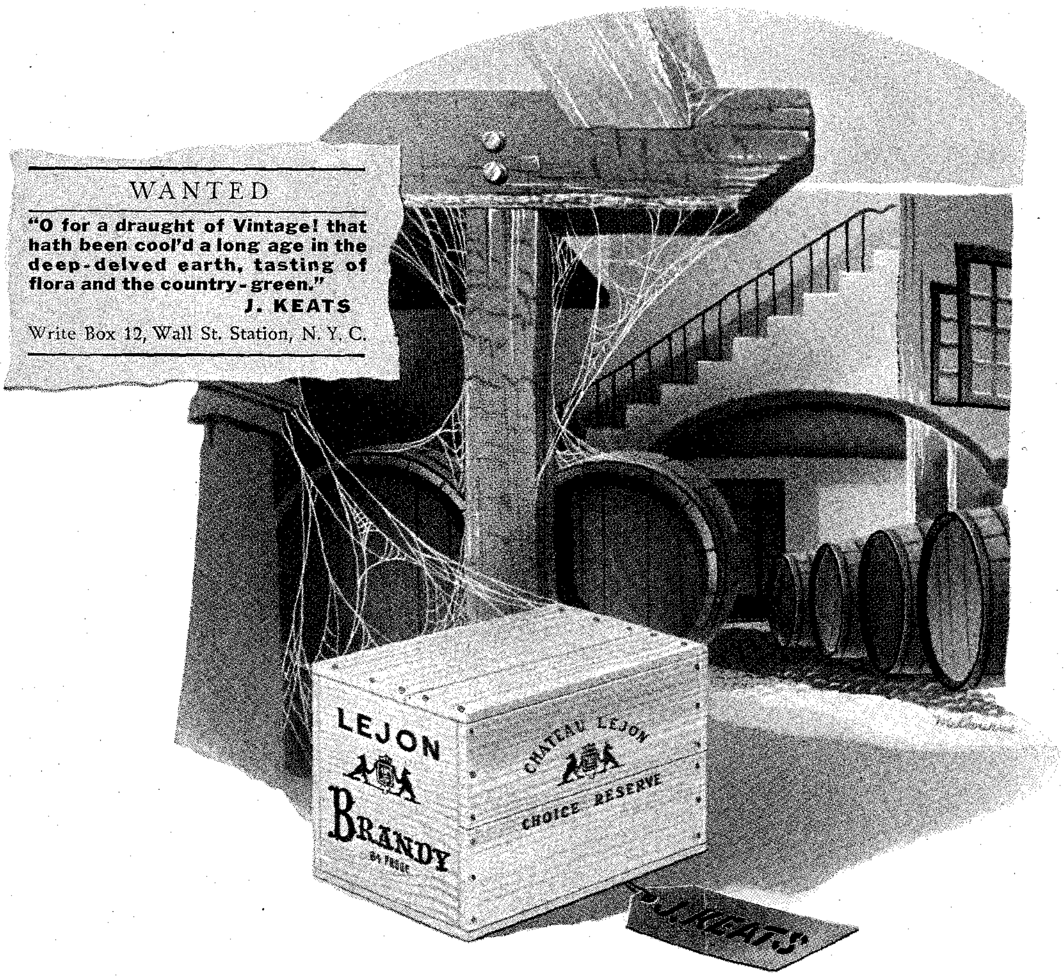

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84 PROOF

we should have something more in common than sex."

THE following morning Lubovski was as buoyant as a balloon. He bounced in and rushed to my desk.

"Where can I buy some Plasticine?" he demanded. I said I didn't know and asked why he wanted it.

"I need some right away," he said. Again I inquired why. Lubovski explained. It seemed that he had seen the Wave again the night before and she had not been discouraging. She had informed him that her coolness might yield to occupational therapy.

"She said if we could make something together," said Lubovski, "like models, figures, things like that, we would have a common bond. Where can you get Plasticine?"

I repeated that I didn't know and Lubovski went off to find someone who did. That afternoon he returned with a happy look on his face and a large package under his arm.

The next morning Lubovski was in the dumps. He came to me like a lost soul. "How long can you keep Plasticine before it gets hard?" he asked. Suspecting the worst, I told him that a wet cloth over it might keep it soft indefinitely. Why?

"My Wave went on two weeks of night duty beginning last night," Lubovski explained mournfully.

During the ensuing fortnight, Lubovski reported various wholly new amorous encounters, but none of them seemed to interest him as much as the unfinished project with the Plasticine and the Wave. He appeared to have no trouble meeting other women in the melee of Washington and he tried and discarded a sculptress from Ecuador, the daughter of an Air Transport Command general, and a couple of Army nurses, in quick succession. A waitress at the Navy cafeteria in the basement and a member of the chorus of a hotel ice show had no better luck. The past, unfulfilled and beckoning, still enthralled Lubovski.

PERHAPS Lubovski thought I had not been properly sympathetic. At any rate, he confided the dénouement of his adventure to another member of the Educational Film Division, a lieutenant (s.g.), who promptly told it to me.

It seemed that Lubovski had taken the Wave to his apartment again. The Plasticine was still pliable and Lubovski had bought another bottle of raisin wine. They began to model furious-

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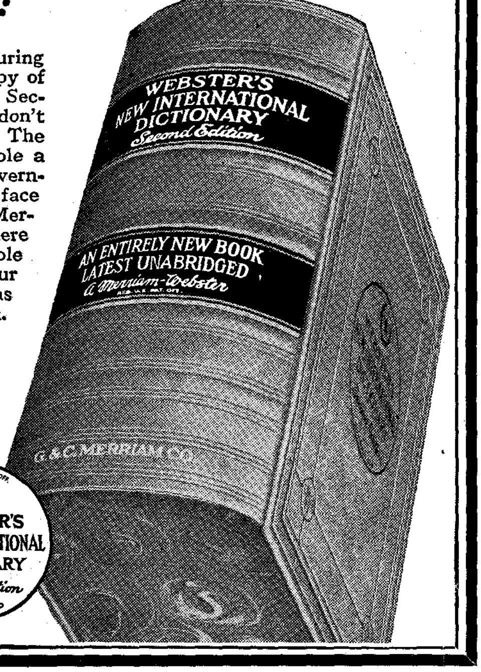
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ly. The Wave did a human figure in classic draperies, and Lubovski, sternly repressing himself, molded a polar bear. "Mine," he told the lieutenant, "was much better."

At length, after an hour or so of a fruitless attempt at spiritual rapprochement, Lubovski conceived his most brilliant idea.

"I turned to her," he told the lieutenant, "and said, 'I would like to do a human figure, a female figure in the nude. I would like you to pose for it.' "

She refused. I do not know what verbal contest followed. It is sufficient that at last Lubovski embraced the Wave, uniform and all, and that she slapped him. However, she did not go home immediately, and before the evening was over she consented to hold his hand.

I asked Lubovski about the affair several times, but I was no longer the recipient of his uninhibited confidence. He told me only a few things. He said that the Wave was a bitter woman who had been jilted three times and could not be expected to find happiness right away. I gathered that things were going along, but rather slowly.

It was in the spirit of friendly sympathy that I refrained from asking any more questions for a time. Only the other day did I venture to inquire of Lubovski about his problem.

"Wave?" he said vacantly. "Wave? Oh, the *Wave!*" he cried, with a sudden dawn of comprehension. He smiled and shook his head.

"It's all over between us," he said. "It's been over for a long time."

"What happened?" I asked.

Lubovski shrugged his shoulders. "We quarrelled about Navy regulations," he said.

—RICHARD G. HUBLER

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

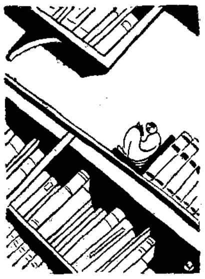
[*Hedda Hopper in the Honolulu Advertiser*]

Speaking of history, I hope you'll read William Bullitt's story, "Consider Now the Tragedy of Versailles," in the current Reader's Digest. The tragedy of the Wilson regime was that Wilson waited until the war's end to make deals with other nations. Then it was too late. The time to make a deal is when you've got the other fellow over a barrel. It always works that way in pictures. I recall the time when Errol Flynn walked out of a film when it was half finished. His agent flew 2,500 miles to try to persuade him to come back. Flynn stated his terms and they were all met. But who am I to presume our President would follow such an unethical procedure?

BOOKS

VERSE

W. H. Auden's new volume, "For the Time Being" (Random House), appears three years after his last, "The Double Man." Even before "The Double Man," Auden had changed from a closed dogmatic materialist belief toward an open moral faith. The general effect of the two long poems in his new book—"The Sea and the Mirror: A Commentary on Shakespeare's 'The Tempest,'" and the title poem, written in the form of a Christmas oratorio—is one of restlessness under control, of talent steadied and enlarged. The two poems, taken together, constitute the most minute dissection of the spiritual illness of our day that any modern poet, not excluding Eliot, has given us.



We are unfortunately used to writers who repeat their pattern, from youth to age, without deviation. They begin as young sheep or young goats and end up as old sheep or old goats. Americans are suspicious of "conversions." In a country where the strongest religious coloring is that of romantic Evangelicalism, we associate conversion with revivalism and expect a spiritual change to be an emotional reaction, slightly hysterical in character. Auden's change occurred on a non-Romantic level, in a region where the beliefs of Christianity and the proofs of modern psychological knowledge intersect. Auden has taken less time than Eliot, indulged in fewer fancy gestures, put less emphasis on ritual in his search for a religious attitude. A streak of Yorkshire common sense, underneath his complexity, has kept the younger man on the side of simple feeling and away from elaborate orthodoxy.

"The Sea and the Mirror" deals with Shakespeare's "Tempest" characters beyond the ending of their play. Each character finds himself, but only according to his original capacity. Nothing whatever happens to the truly evil or silly people. As it turns out, the thoughts of the reformed intriguer, Alonso, King of Naples, are more interesting and more poignantly expressed than the thoughts of the reformed magician, Prospero. Alonso's letter to Ferdinand, on the delights and dangers of power, is one of the high points in Auden. The speeches are a little museum of form: one in *terza rima* is followed by a sestina, a sonnet, and a ballade. The long concluding speech of Caliban to the audience, written in a prose which combines certain characteristics of the later Henry James with baroque periods comparable to the prose of Donne and Bossuet, has an eloquence that one would have supposed a modern poet incapable of producing, and the analysis, in this speech, of the modern spiritual malaise restores to literature a subject long neglected under the present-day pressure of "rational" thought. The lengthy, exact, intricate, and many times terrifying recital is a perfect answer to those advocates of "useful" poetry who would reduce all expression to a mechanical base. There appear to be qualities in the human spirit even now that require a full rhetorical diapason for complete expression.

The oratorio, "For the Time Being," deals in a different way with the problem of modern spiritual estrangement and offers a way out through faith and suffering. Auden here has undertaken a technical problem of large proportions. He is trying to get formal poetry working on a larger than usual scale and to link it to music and the human voice, from both of which it has been long alienated. He has gone back to the one big musical form in which English poetry has been successfully employed. The oratorio, under Handel, succeeded in enlarging the English song into choral magnificence. Auden gets much variety and dramatic contrast into his own work. Its lyric passages are moving, its satire (as in the Herod speech) sharp, its philosophic passages (the Simeon meditation) beautifully articulate, its humor sometimes lively and sometimes appropriately horrifying. We again realize how limited and barren the field of modern poetry has become when we are presented with such a number of human thoughts and emotions, boldly designed and arranged to set one another off. This elaborate work has an interest, an intellectual validity, an emotional range so rare that it should be read with the seriousness and attention it deserves. That it has been seriously composed, as opposed to being thrown together for

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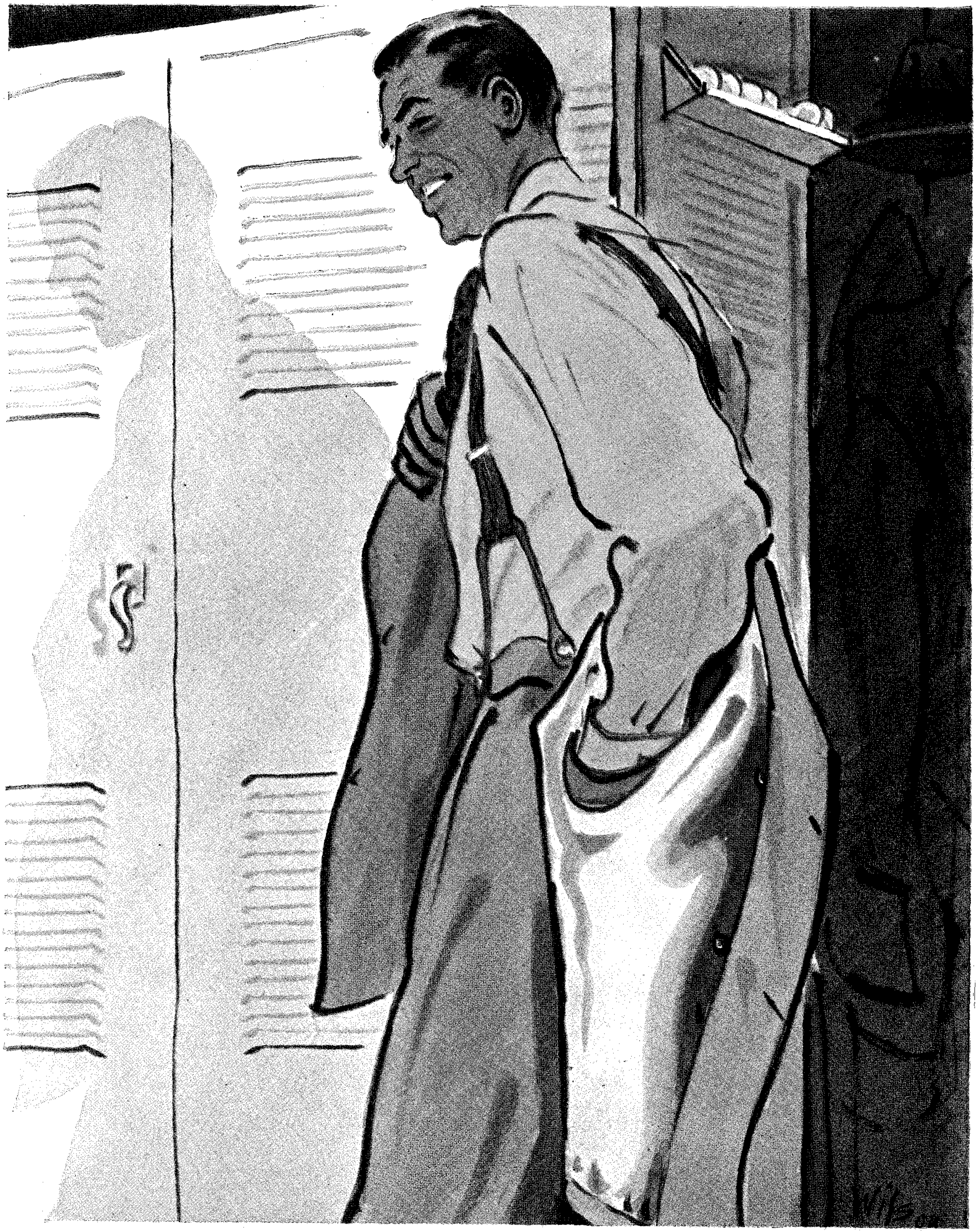
effect, is as evident after a tenth reading as after a first. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BOSTON ADVENTURE, by Jean Stafford (Harcourt, Brace). A first novel which will probably invite plenty of comparison with Proust and which should stand up under it amazingly well. It presents the same ceaseless vivisection of individual experience, the same reflection of the external world at one particular person's angle of refraction, the same wealth of warmly regarded minutiae, of details never mechanically adduced but always organically absorbed in the narrative. The parallel with the French novelist is astonishing—the same scrutiny, half aloof, half allured, to which Proust subjected the Faubourg St. Germain. Laid bare, in rich detail, is a layer of Boston society penetrated at one end by European refugees and titled foreigners, often looked on with tolerance or defensive disapproval, and, at the other, by members of lower-class families. It is somewhat the same kind of social osmosis which Proust (on a larger scale and with a good many thousand more words) recorded. But Miss Stafford's book stands cleanly and brilliantly on its own. The story concerns the childhood and youth of a sensitive girl, Sonia, regrettably magnetized by the wrong things in her environment—by, chiefly, Miss Lucy Pride, who fascinated her as a guest in the hotel where Sonia worked when she was a child; by Nathan Kadish, an egotistical young intellectual; by Philip McAllister, who marries somebody else. But more important than the story the book tells is its substance—its grave and beautiful projection of a human being in the act of living. Miss Stafford is a writer of unmistakable endowment, and it is in no way a detraction to point out the tradition which she has conspicuously followed.

THE CROSS AND THE ARROW, by Albert Maltz (Little, Brown). An absorbing story about a sabotage incident in wartime Germany, which undertakes to unravel the mystery behind the setting afire of a huge arrow of hay which points out a camouflaged munitions factory to British planes. It has all the suspense of a good detective story, but it is much more than that, for the author, who combines a sharp awareness of con-



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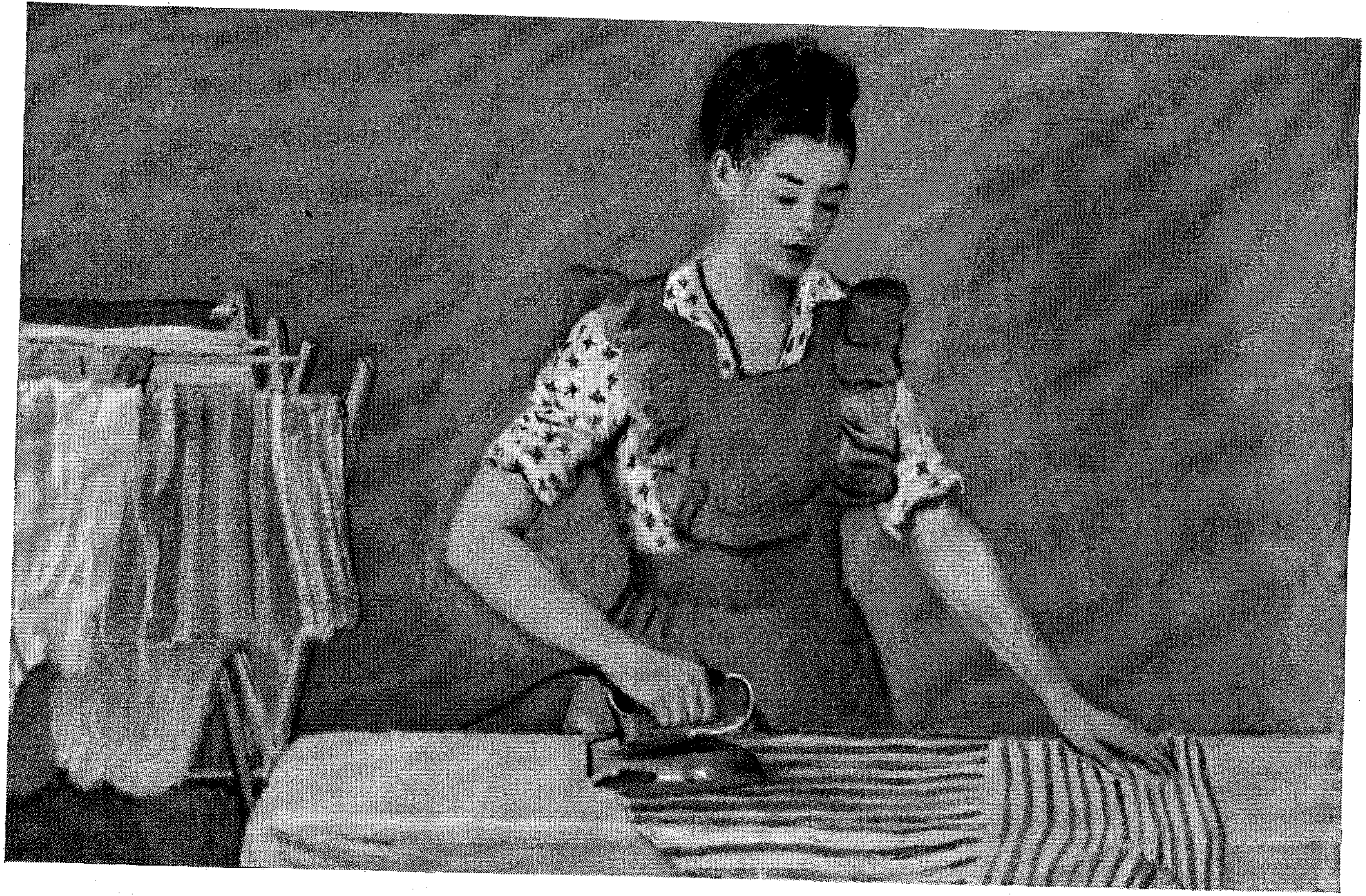

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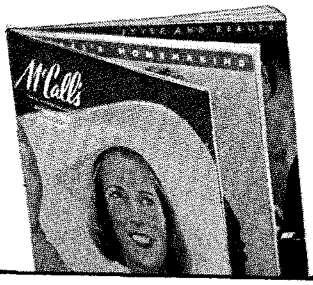

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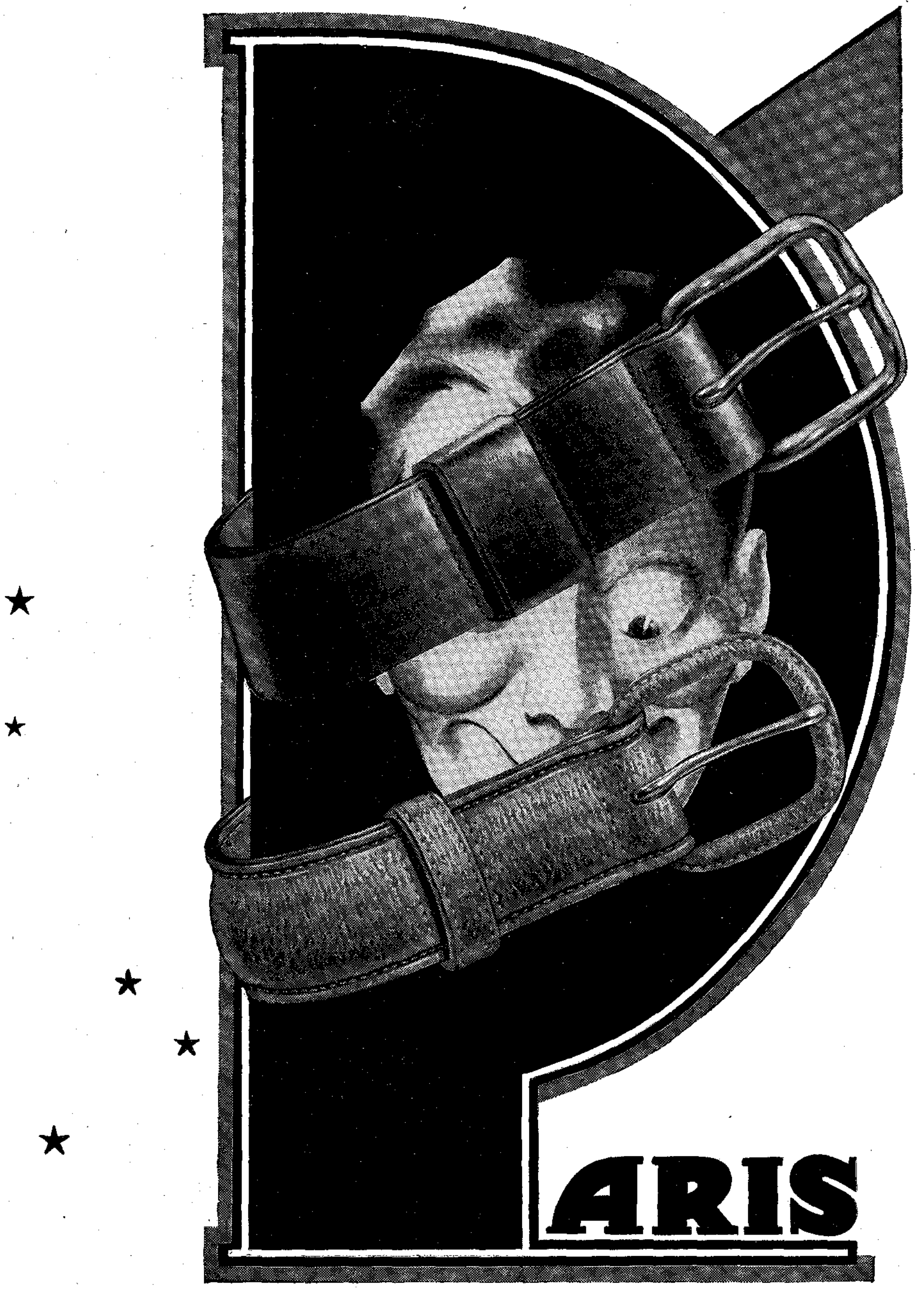
temporary social forces with excellent craftsmanship, is bent on piecing together the psychological as well as the physical factors behind the mystery. Out of the narrative and characterizations there emerges a vivid picture of the conflicting elements which must exist in today's Germany—the cross currents of brutality, fear, resentment, despair, resignation, and smoldering protest.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE SOLDIERS, by Margaret Halsey (Simon & Schuster). This book is in the form of a series of letters written by a young woman to her brother in the Army, and it achieves unity through the extensive attention given the subject of race prejudice. The girl, who is perceptive and has a civilized point of view, advises her brother how to deal with the prejudice against Negroes which he encounters among soldiers from the South and writes him at great length about the anti-Semitism she encounters at the service-men's canteen where she works. Both a timely story about a current evil and a wise and lively discussion of it.

GENERAL

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS, by Karl Schriftgiesser (Little, Brown). A biography of Henry Cabot Lodge, the minuscule Machiavelli who practically single-footed kicked over the League of Nations apple cart. Mr. Schriftgiesser has written a full-length life of Senator Lodge, but such interest as Lodge has, as even Darryl Zanuck seems to have understood, stems from his rôle as villain in the drama of Woodrow Wilson. The Senator apparently had a talent for villainy, but even as a villain he lacked heroic proportions. ("Cabot," Mr. Schriftgiesser quotes Henry Adams as saying, "is just plain feeble.") Although the author tries hard to show that Lodge might have been a great statesman if he had not succumbed to the lure of party politics and describes him as an internationalist gone wrong, what emerges from these pages is a small, vain, extremely limited man who could not have been more than a partisan politician, no matter what, and whose internationalism, like that of a good many other people, was just a playing around with words. It is possible, Mr. Schriftgiesser suggests, that the methods used by Lodge and his colleagues will be dusted off and used again in the near future.

COMBAT CORRESPONDENT, by Lieu-



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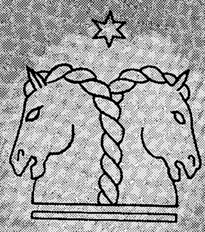
tenant Jim Lucas (Reynal & Hitchcock). From a city room in Tulsa to the war zones of the South Pacific with the Marine Corps. Almost everything Lieutenant Lucas writes about is already a thrice-told tale, but his account of our war against the Japanese, set forth simply and honestly, has a straightforward earnestness that gives it a new interest and, at times, considerable excitement.

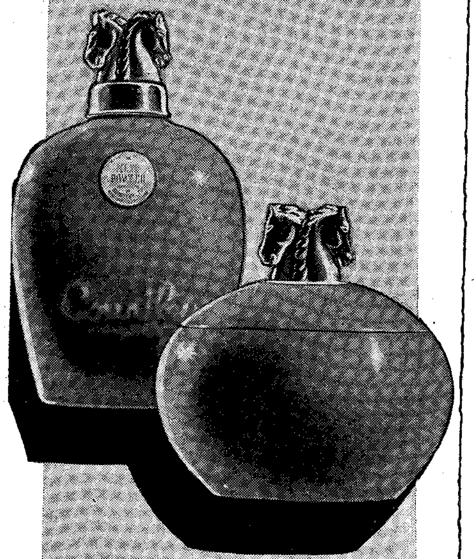
JOURNEY THROUGH CHAOS, by Agnes E. Meyer (Harcourt, Brace). The seamy side of wartime America in a series of unusually perceptive newspaper articles that first appeared in the Washington *Post.* Anyone who thinks we are winning our share of the war at no cost to the civilian population is, according to Mrs. Meyer, crazy. War workers may be making lots of money, but that's only a small part of the story. The thousands of families that have gone to pieces, the sharp increase in juvenile delinquency (largely, Mrs. Meyer says, because of parental delinquency), the growing resentment by the Negro of his status as a third-class citizen, the breakdown of schooling, health, and welfare work—all these, in the author's opinion, will have unfortunate and even dangerous social effects for the next three generations. Not a very pretty book, but one of the best reportorial jobs of the past few years.

ANYTHING A HORSE CAN DO, by Colonel H. F. Gregory (Reynal & Hitchcock). Those who shudder at the thought of helicopter traffic fouling up the sky had better get used to the idea. The helicopter, says this author, is the "mechanical Pegasus" of the future, and he sounds not only convincing but pleased at the prospect of great herds of mechanical Pegasuses going places in a moderate hell of a hurry. His celebration of the helicopter will give those who are planning to spend their postwar weekends in Buenos Aires or Tahiti a lot to look forward to. Homebodies should leave it alone.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by Sir Bernard Pares (Knopf). A new edition, enlarged and revised, of as good a one-volume history of Russia as there is in print. Beginning with the prehistoric origins of the Slavs, the author traces the development of both Russia and the Russians down to 1944. Maps, tables, charts, and a particularly helpful bibliography.

DEWEY, by Stanley Walker (Whittle-





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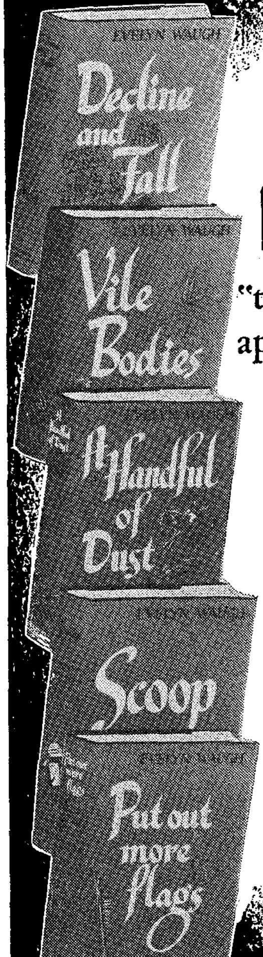

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(1) Sara Henderson Hay, *Saturday Review*
(2) Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times*
(3) Rose Feld, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*
(4) Gerald W. Johnson, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*
(5) Nash K. Burger, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

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sey House). Thomas Dewey, the All-American boy, in a campaign biography by a veteran journalist who, in trying to make him live up to his photographs, presents a character unmatched since Horatio Alger's "Ragged Dick." Mr. Dewey is "adjudged to be less than adept at cussing, isn't fond of card playing or drinking, and likes to get a full night's sleep." In trying to help take him away from the farm he loves so much and from his hens at the hatching season, Mr. Walker may be doing his subject a grave disservice. Included are twenty pages of the photographs and twenty-one of Mr. Dewey's speeches.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GLASS MASK, by Lenore Glen Offord (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A Mrs. Peabody, who lives in a mid-Victorian California mansion with rats in its attic, is distressed because people think that her husband, now overseas, poisoned his eighty-six-year-old Aunt Adeline, the owner of the place. Todd McKinnon, a writer of crime stories for the pulps, agrees to look into the case and is helped, as in earlier books, by his fiancée and her eight-year-old daughter, Barby. Nice atmosphere, and although the plot seems thin at times, Barby always manages to ginger things up.

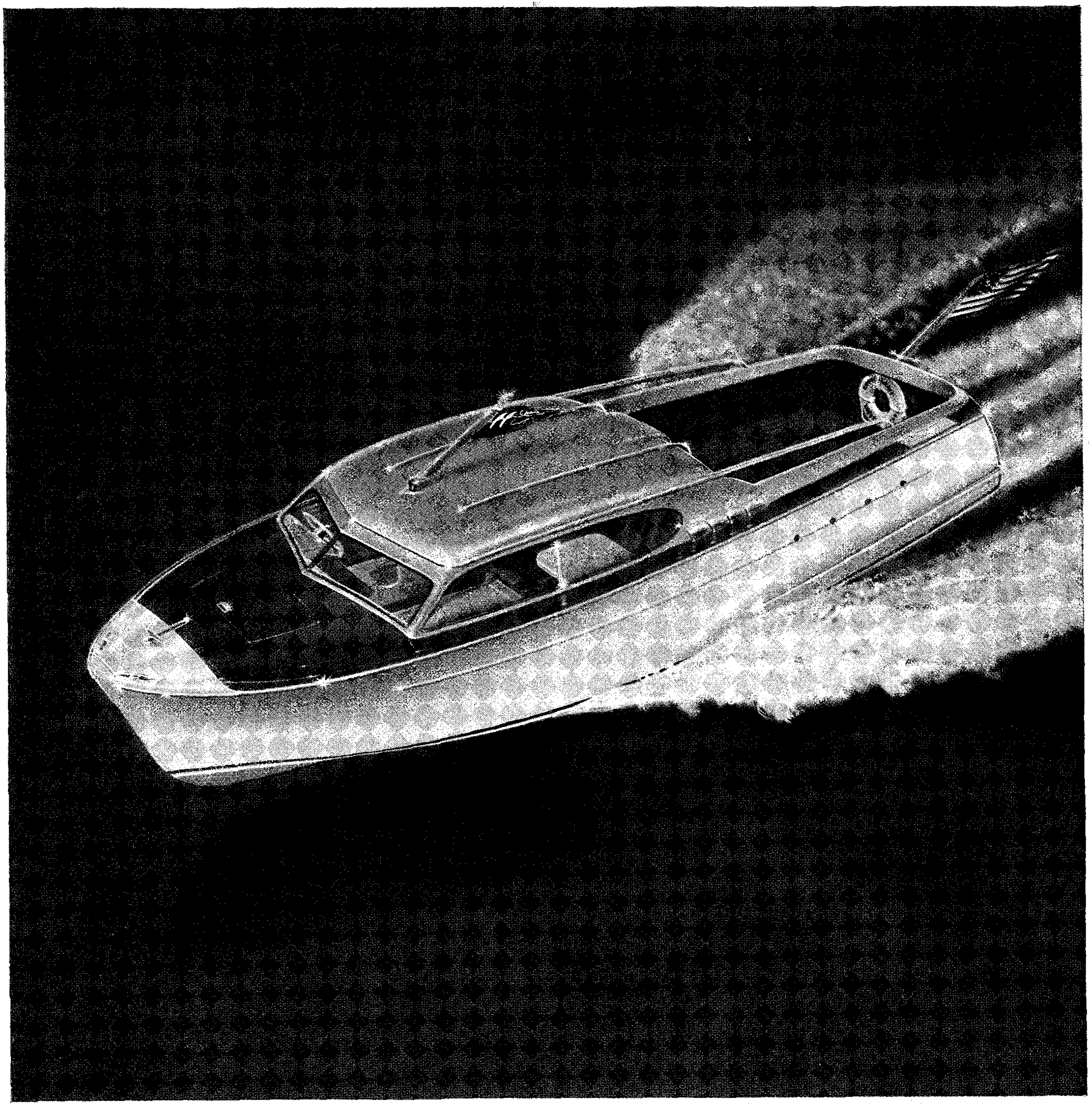
SLEEP NO MORE, edited by August Derleth (Farrar & Rinehart). Most of the current anthologies of horror stories, Mr. Derleth says in his introduction to this collection, keep on printing the same old masterpieces. He has dug up twenty lesser-known stories, all as repellent as possible, by such writers as Algernon Blackwood, H. P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, and John Collier. The majority of the bogies in these stories are of the old-fashioned type which, dressed up in the most scary adjectives these authors can command, creeps out of the walls and tries to frighten you. After you have finished, you may well feel that the old masterpieces aren't so bad after all.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times]

LIBERAL, KAN. (AP)—Pvt. Clyde L. Dobbs wrote friends from an Arizona Army Camp: "Rattlesnakes are numerous here, and they would be a menace if our commanding officer hadn't used great foresight.



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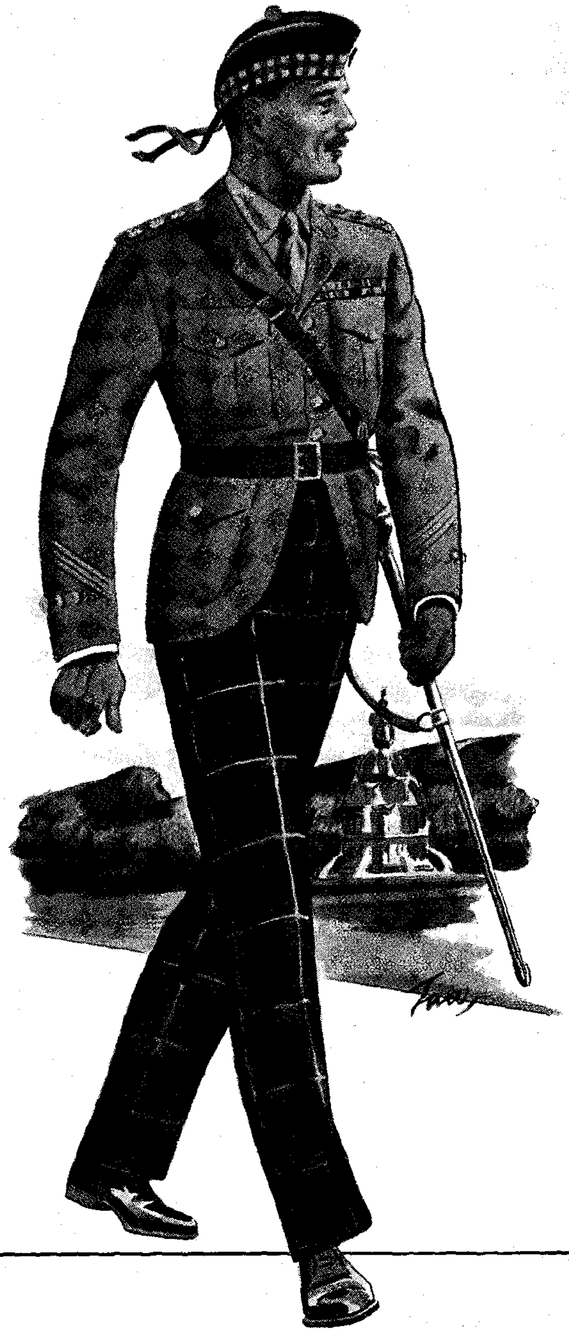

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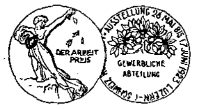
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